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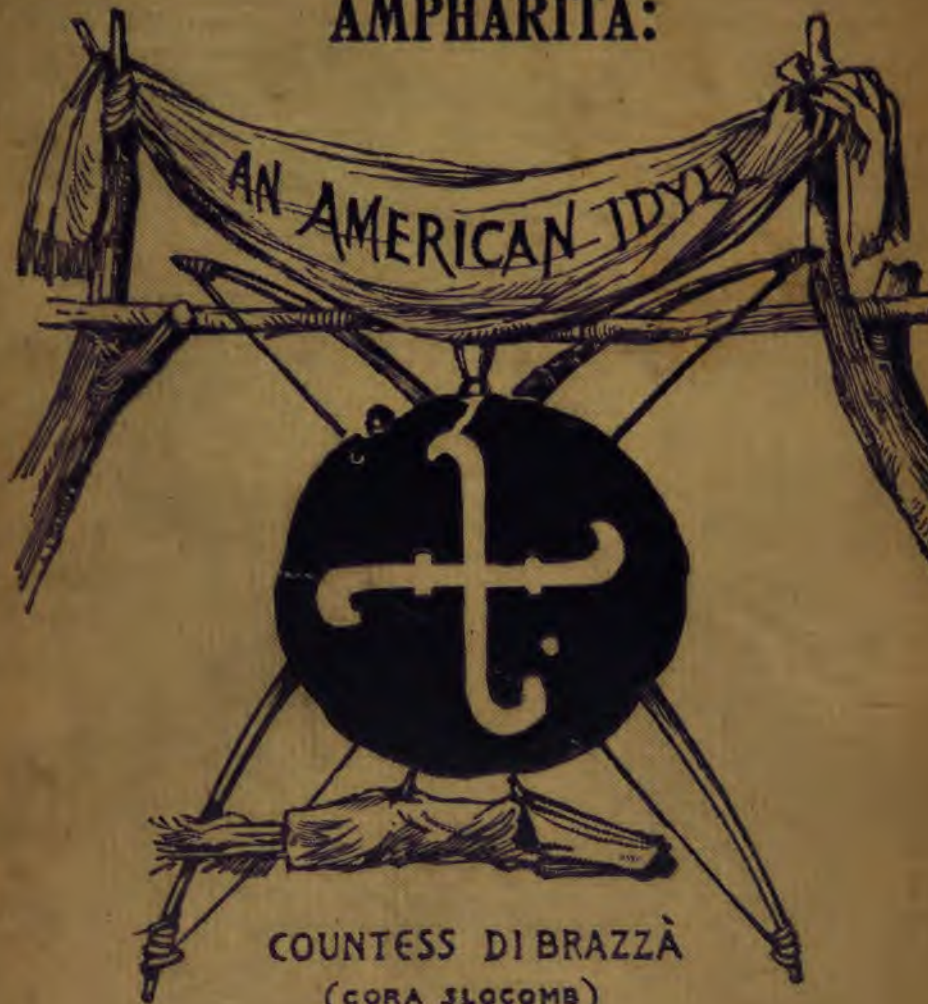
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AMPHARITA:



COUNTESS DI BRAZZÀ
(CORA SLOCOMB)



1899

24

Ampharita

AN AMERICAN IDYLL

Illustrated by the Author

Second Edition

94



THEY RESTED BENEATH A BEETLING CRAG.

Ampharita

AN AMERICAN IDYLL

By

The Countess di Brazzà
"
(Cora Slocomb)

THE
IDYLL OF
CORRA SLOCOMB

"I go in state to court, . . .
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
And none of you can speak for me so well."

Peace Bureau
37-45 West 22d Street
New York City
1897

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TO THE
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A

The author desires to thank Dr. J. H. McCormick, Secretary of the National Folk Lore Society, Professor Mason, Mr. Thomas Wilson, Mr. William Dinwiddie, and other gentlemen of the National Museum and of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, whose kindness enabled her to make detailed studies for the illustrations of this book, and furnished her with much of the scientific information contained in the explanatory notes and the glossary.

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PREFACE.

TO the casual reader the illustrations which the author has made to accompany this book will be of interest principally on account of their quaintness, but for the archæologist and anthropologist those of the American Idyll will, we hope, have far more than a transitory charm. They are the fruit of a careful research, and consist of studies in pen and ink made from original specimens and photographs recently collected in Mexico on an expedition inspired by the United States Bureau of Ethnology. The hero of the story had, of course, made a valuable collection of just such objects; but his captors had subsequently destroyed the fruits of his researches. A few rude sketches on the fly-leaf of one little note-book were all that he could show the author when she met him in Mexico. The collection in the Smithsonian Museum proved, therefore, an invaluable resource.

The design of the Indian shield on the cover of the American Idyll is copied from a Pima war-shield forming part of a private collection. The fac-simile was obtained through the kindness of Mr. Thomas Wilson, the able curator of the Department of Ethnology of the National Museum at Washington, who has exhaustively

studied the wonderful Swastika or Zodiacal cross which adorns it. The descriptive text with regard to it is from his pen.

Dr. J. H. McCormick, the Secretary of the United States National Folk Lore Society, with the assistance of the experts at Washington, selected the specimens which have served as models for the illustrations of the Fauna and Flora of the Sierra Madre, and with these gentlemen he prepared the explanatory notes thereon.

Professor Nason, the curator of the Anthropological section of the Smithsonian Museum, placed the treasures of his department at the disposal of the author, and delegated to Mr. William Dinwiddie, one of the explorers lately returned from visiting the kindred tribes to the Pimas, the care of selecting and grouping the various utensils, relics, and photographs most characteristic of the daily life of the people. Mr. Dinwiddie volunteered to explain the usages and customs of these interesting aborigines, and to him is therefore due the greater part of the appendix.

Illumined by such a galaxy of scientific stars, what might have been an arduous task became a pleasant pastime for the author, who has requested us to unite her hearty thanks to the above gentlemen with those of the firm, and to express to the public her regret that her untutored pen could not do fuller justice to the subject.

On publishing the "Two Types of To-Day" it has been considered advisable for the author to explain her object in placing side by side such widely different phases of human life as the ultra fashionable society depicted in "A Literary Farce" and the aborigines who figure in "An American Idyll," — the more so, as liter-

ary continuity has of late become the totum of a certain class of critics, and the juxtaposition of these contrasting stories might be considered heresy.

Literary continuity is a most excellent quality in an author, and in moderation forms an essential factor of success; but if too much venerated it is apt to usurp the place of creative originality, and lead its votary along the smooth slopes of mechanical proficiency into the slough of perfunctory work. The undue exaltation of continuity is a consequence of the contempt for most of the traditional laws of criticism evinced by the super-educated masses who hunger for cheap and spicy daily reading, as well as cheap and spicy daily food, and purchase what they find for sale without realizing its noxious possibilities.

Through the development of labor-saving machinery, run by steam and electricity, printing has become very easy, inducing an enormous output of books and periodicals; hence writing for the public has become remunerative and widespread. A spurious, effervescent notoriety can be so quickly gained by those who produce what is startling and uncommon, no matter how much it may sin against the laws of rhetoric and good taste, that erudite criticism has lost its prestige, while the salableness instead of the readableness of a book is considered the first condition of success. Then, too, the reign of machinery had developed among the civilized a mania for the economy of time and labor. Men strive passionately to increase the luxury of their lives. They yield exaggerated admiration to exactness, general smoothness, and glossy finish, which seek to supplant the pure, classic love of the beautiful, and cause many readers to overlook the subject and artistic quality

of the design while admiring the technical perfection of the workmanship.

Money has been the most powerful factor in the nineteenth century, and as it has paid well to write, the wielders of the pen have become a legion. It pays still better, however, to invent or improve labor and time-saving machinery, and so the brightest minds have been turned from book-making to practical mechanics. The most material part of mathematics has enthroned itself in the highest place. The Rule of One, a gilded One, instead even of the old Rule of Three, has usurped the position of algebra and geometry. Unknown quantities are at a discount. The man of the period knows just what he and everybody else wants, and he will go ahead of the others somehow. "For money," he says, "makes the world go 'round," and he cannot rest until he "owns a mint."

"What pays well is alone worth while" may be accepted as the axiom of yesterday and of to-day, and book-makers as well as the inventors of machinery have been influenced by its sophistry. Book-making has consequently become mechanical; it has been brought down to rule and measure, so that words are bought and sold everywhere by the yard like cloth, and the literati sedately discuss in the first periodicals whether a story of forty-five thousand words or one of a hundred thousand words pays best without taking into account the exigencies of the subject.

Everything about a book save the design or plot is produced mechanically. Many editors and publishers will not consider any but typewritten manuscripts unless it be signed by a celebrated author. The type is set, the plates are molded and printed, the book is folded,

cut, and bound by very accurate machinery. Its evolution is practically the same as that of wall paper. The producers of both seek to meet the increasing demand for variety and novelty by paying especial attention to the quality of the paper and the general "get up" of the goods. Everything is done to make a wall paper or book as novel and attractive as possible. Provided the illustrations prove pleasing, the printing be exact, the mode of presentation be well planned, and the manufacturers advertise unsparingly, success is assured.

The average customer of hangings, the average purchaser of books, accepts from a well-known manufactory without much examination. He adorns the bare plaster walls of his house or brain with what the salesman tells him is the fashion, serenely oblivious of the soiled rags, diseased and threadbare garments, arsenic, and deleterious poisons which may have entered into the composition of the showy article. The showiest and cheapest is, of course, the most pernicious. Some time ago physicians attracted attention to the poisonous effects of certain qualities of wall paper, and the public, in fear of physical destruction, compelled the manufacturers to use innocuous materials; but how to incite the public to exact a more wholesome quality of mental hangings is left for the present to the humanitarian.

The depraved influence of impure suggestiveness in printed words is just as strong as in printed pictures. This has not yet been sufficiently realized by publishers. Should the ignominy visited upon obscene picture peddlers and traffickers in human bodies for unwholesome or degrading uses be applied to the collectors and emitters of impure suggestions in books and papers which reach hundreds of thousands of human minds, the whole

tone of literature would be metamorphosed, and the coming generation would be relieved of the incubus of morbid suggestiveness which has ground down the present decade, driving many promising youths and maidens towards the house of correction or the lunatic asylum.

The general public, if the opportunity be afforded it, likes to read about intellectual and psychological problems when they are treated with natural simplicity. This is proved by the success of many well-written books which have interested us of late. A dozen names of novels are at the point of my pen, and will also occur to the reader. The enormous sale of these books shows that descriptions of psychic and intellectual struggles are always of interest, and that a tone of sordid realism is not necessary to insure financial success. Why, then, is it so often assumed by young authors?

I think the reason may be found in a general difference about handling the complex realism of every-day life. The reading public is better acquainted with virtue, self-sacrifice, patience, intellectual and psychic questions than it is with crime, and so the author who treats of these phases of life exposes himself to a more enlightened consideration of his efforts. When an average man sees his personal experiences and observations in print he pauses to criticise any inconsistency or discrepancy; he discusses the situation with his friends, and they all express an opinion upon the subject; while when he reads of heinous crimes, pampered vices, or hideous squalor he is filled with a complex emotion which he does not know how to analyze, nor dare to qualify as disgust, and so for lack of experience he pronounces the book a wonderful instead of a horrible work.

To analyze my own simple creations in "The Two Types of To-Day."

The reason why I chose two pure women as modern types is because I think that purity is more typical of the human race than impurity. If I have taken them from the most opposite classes and environments it is to show that the same spirit is latent in every right-minded person, and the same motives inspire the true-hearted, whether educated or in the state of nature. The difference lies in the strength of intellect and character developed by sensible cultivation. Beings who reside continually in the dark lose the use of their eyes, and, inversely, any one can judiciously increase the force and beauty of his whole frame or abnormally develop a single member.

Civilization as we actually know it is inclined to develop humanity abnormally. One part is over-cultivated at the expense of the remainder. Unhealthy customs have been exalted into laws, and healthy laws have been allowed to die of inertia. Whether a being can resist the atrophizing despotism of modern civilization while assimilating the culture and developing his talents depends upon his intellectual and psychic training.

"The Two Types," like two seedlings of the same plant, are organically the same; the whole contrast between the two women lies in their development. Their nationality, dress, habits, complexions, etc., are but accidents of location. Ampharita might have been born in Mulberry Street or on Fifth Avenue; the Baroness might have seen the light as a pickaninny or a papoose. I have placed the Baroness first as a representative of the type of modern woman, developed by means of

enlightened culture, which does not neglect to satisfy the soul appetite while fostering the mind and body. Wise instructors have sought to equip her for the battle with the problems of modern life, but at the beginning of the "Literary Farce" she is as yet untried. She aspires to assist humanity by means of her pen, and she applies for advice to an expert materialist, represented by the Literary Adviser. She has picked up many of the current ideas about literature, but they appear romanesque when compared with what the Adviser divulges. In searching for the expression of her convictions her dormant forces are aroused. With a sudden outburst of soul-full eloquence she expresses herself in a manner superior even to her preconceived ideal. The ardent metal has been tempered by the cold wave of disillusion, a little polish and the sun-god's sword will be ready for his hand.

The Indian maiden feels many of the same yearnings, and is exposed to as severe disillusion, but her aspirations are but the tender outshoots of a rich nature, and must wither when exposed to scorching disappointment.

The Literary Farce is daily enacted in every civilized centre where woman aspires to be a helpmate. The American Idyll is but the old, old story of civilization seeking to possess itself of all that it counts as valuable, and wantonly discarding what it does not momentarily need. Year by year the forests are cut down or burned away, the aromatic herbs are plowed in, ditches are dug, and the face of nature is as mercilessly buffeted and scarred as might be that of an impotent slave. Decades must elapse before the healing hand of art seeks to rebeautify it; and why?

Because the lode-star of mankind has been personal cupidity instead of the co-operative amelioration of the human race.

A bard of the century has prophesied, and who can disprove the hopeful strophe, —

“ The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways.”

Tennyson, in “ The Passing of Arthur.”

C. A. DI BRAZZA-SAVORGNAN.

NEW YORK, 1896.

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

An American Idyll.

CHAPTER I.

He left the barren-beaten thoroughfare,
Chose the green path that show'd the rarer foot,
And there among the solitary downs,
Full often lost in fancy, lost his way ;
Till as he traced a faintly shadow'd track,
That all in loops and links among the dales
Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw,
Fired from the west far on a hill, the towers.
Thither he made.

ELAINE.

THE following is a true story: a plain unvarnished tale, and the hero, — well, he is no hero at all, but simply a scientist. He is now travelling about the Americas, adding glory to his already illustrious name, and you may meet him any day. He gave me the story as it stands; but his name is his own, and I must let him keep it. As to changing it, that would be a deception, and would impair the sincerity of all that follows.

The Indians of Arizona and northern Mexico knew him as the great, white Shaman or Medicine-man.

This was the most honorable title in their vocabulary; and to their ears no other name would have been noble enough for the powerful, blue-eyed stranger who knew so much, and wrought such marvels that to their untaught minds he seemed endowed with supernatural powers.

To the author he was a thoughtful and genial friend, an interesting and eloquent narrator, an original and entertaining Scientist; and such she trusts he will prove himself to all throughout this record of an episode in his eventful life.

This Scientist had long desired to undertake an exploring expedition into the southern portion of what is known as the Great American Desert. His wish was not only to study the topography of the country, the language, customs, and physiognomy of its human inhabitants, its meteorology and geology; but also to collect and classify, as far as possible, specimens of its flora and of the animals, reptiles, and insects of the highlands of the Sierra Madre, which are even less known to science than the scattered aborigines of the same desolate region.



PHILANPELUS TYPHON.

He was determined to travel alone, so that he might feel at liberty to reside as long as he chose in the Indian villages; and he proposed to avoid all contact with the white settlers, whose vicinity induces a marvellously rapid deterioration and annihilation of native traditions and morals. He carefully selected the scientific paraphernalia he considered indispensable to the success of his enterprise. These instruments were of the kind reduced to the lightest and most compact

form, in accordance with the peculiar exigencies of land exploration. He interviewed the curators of the European museums, and the secretaries of the anthropological societies. He sailed for the United States, and at Washington examined the latest notes which had been collected by the Ethnological Bureau bearing upon the southwestern country. He found his suppositions corroborated: no reliable data existed regarding the elevated northwestern portion of Mexico. He accordingly decided to go there as directly as possible, beginning his explorations at a flag station on the Southern Pacific Railway between Ackerman and Silver City.

He devoted a few more days to procuring the proper credentials, and in making a discriminating investment in compactly preserved edibles, the cans of which were to serve the double purpose of carrying his daily rations into the desert, and of safely exporting his contemplated collection. To this he added a store of bolts and remnants of gaudy cotton-cloth, boxes of nails, pen-knives, scissors, and beads, with which to purchase the friendship of the natives.

He presented his respects to his ambassador, left at the embassy his presumable address in Mexico for the forwarding of his remittances and mail, and started out for a year of travel, research, and adventure.

The so-called station, at which he left the express train, consisted of a small warehouse built of pine boards, in the form of an over-grown packing-case. Connected with it by a tarred roof, forming a ramshackle shed, was a coffin-like box labelled "telegraph office," which was hermetically closed. On one side, several rusty cattle-pens, full of sun-baked filthiness, flanked this structure;

on the other, a low cave dug out of a convenient clay bank and rudely boarded across the orifice, formed a dwelling for the railroad employés. Before this "dug-out" extended a deep porch, extemporized out of charred railroad-sleepers spliced together and set on end, roofed by earth and brush-covered planks. This was furnished with two hammocks and several empty barrels and petroleum cans, hacked or dented by long service in lieu of tables and chairs. Near the track on the opposite side stood an enormous wooden cistern painted red, which had been provided by the company to hold the alkali waters of an artesian well, that the boiler of a leaky, or over-taxed locomotive might be re-filled, if necessary, between the usual watering-stations.

Beyond this there was absolutely nothing but cream-colored dust and sage-brush, diversified about the track for a limited distance by an assortment of rags, rusty tin cans, and broken car-wheels, worn or bent rails, bolts, and nails, the meanest and most unpicturesque flotsam and jetsam of nineteenth century progress.

The two unfortunate employés who had been stranded by fate in this inhospitable region, received the unexpected visitor with suspicious surliness. They could think of nothing which could possibly cause a sane man to leave the train at their dreary station, save fear of outraged justice or an order to examine the books and warehouse; the latter of which would have been distasteful to them.

A scrutiny of the Scientist's bright face so far reassured them, however, that the elder of the two, after expectorating an amber jet and safely stowing away the quid of tobacco by a dexterous twirl of his practiced tongue, vouchsafed a remark.

"Howdy, stranger?" he said, jerking up his overalls. His companion echoed, "Howdy?"

"Howdy?" answered the Scientist, determined to follow the customs of the country while letting the men begin the conversation, and giving himself a chance to study their characteristics.

"Du tell, whatever brings you and them queer traps of yours to this Gaud-forsaken country? You'd better look sharp, stranger; this ain't no starmpin' groun' for boomers; eh, Jim?"

"Haw, haw! you bet it ain't," laughed his companion.

The Scientist took this overture more good-naturedly than it was meant, and explained to them that he was a man of leisure travelling for his own pleasure.

At this they winked, nudged each other, and laughed so uproariously that Jim, completely overcome at the thought of any possible pleasure being connected with travelling in Arizona, took refuge in one of the hammocks, where he rolled and flopped about in a most alarming manner, he-haw-hawing and pish-shishing by turns.

The Scientist had brought with him from El Paso a large basket of fresh eatables intended as a remedy for such an attack as he was now witnessing; so calling the elder aside, he untied the wrapping-paper and slid off the cover to exhibit the contents.

At the sight of the fresh fruits and vegetables which were on top, the man whistled and remarked: "Oh, golly, yum-yum, you bet." At which the younger, in the hammock, stopped his gyrations and, dropping out, loped over to the basket to watch with greedy eyes the unpacking of the delicacies.

When the Scientist lifted out several loaves of fresh,

golden-crust'd baker's bread, a brace of broiled chickens, and a roast shoulder of mutton, the men grew immensely respectful; and they offered, as their contribution to the feast, some good Mexican coffee and a can of condensed milk.

While eating, the Scientist inquired about the nature of the country southward, and as to whether they knew where he could obtain a pair of sure-footed ponies, accustomed to privations, so that they could be relied upon to carry him and his belongings across the desert.



AN OLLA.

Between gulps the elder answered oracularly: "'Bout on twenty mile' along that 'ere trail south'ard, mabby you 'd fin' some greasers as 'ud 'av' a mustang or two for sale; providin', of course, as how they ain't moved off af'er fresh grass."

"Thank you, that would be better luck than I expected on looking about after the departure of the train. May I swing my hammock with yours and stay here to-night? I will start out to find them at sunrise, if you will take care of my baggage."

"Yaas, never you min' 'bout your truck, we uns can take care on it right enough, and the sooner it's undy kiver the better, for what with the bloomed heavy djews and them 'ere tramps aas comes along the ro'd on free tickets, hangin' on undy the cars without a 'by-yer-leave,' on the way from down East to Californy for fruit pickin' and any free taking they can fin' 'roun', I say it's no joke!" and, sighing, he took a fresh helping of chicken.

"They's cummin' along purty lively juss now," he

continued, storing the half-masticated food in his cheek, "an' if they once sees them things, they 'll pick your boxes as clean as the tater-bugs eat off a crap. 'T ain't for nothin' they says, their 'on'y business's a pickin', — addin' on 'an' stealin'!' under their breaaf! Just to quote Scriptur for luck!"

All three men laughed; and the Scientist expressed his thanks for the information, and offered to put away the things at once if one of them would unlock the door of the shed.

"Look a here," said the younger man, "I like your looks, stranger! I say with my pard, it's all right if we lock up this 'ere bloomin' truck o' yourn; but if you wait to start to walk twenty mile under to-morry's scorchin' sun, your 'sperience won't help you no-how. Why, you 'll lie down gaping and wriggling for a little brush shadow, worse 'an a fish out o' water. You 's tender yet from the States; an' it would take more hardening an' you 's had in your hull life to keep your brain from siz-zling right up under this 'ere sun."

"But remember it would be impossible for me to find my way over these wastes at night. You know the country; but I've lived here just two hours."

"'Ump, that's true! Stranger, you never said a truer word. Where there's only two, we two's the oldest. He's one; but I's the oldest, stepped off the train firs'," — laughed the other man, as he spat on his hands, and rubbed them together before setting to work to store away the Scientist's stuff. "But, as you says as how you be a 'splorer, and I he'an tell, when a kid, as how the odds atwixt a 'splorer and a reggallar man was, 'caus' a 'splorer was sure to fin' his way 'thout knowin' nuthin' 'bout the country. Ef that ain't so, where's the differ-

ence twixt you an' we uns? Why, stranger, then we's got the majority of the very firstest class 'splorer, — *here* leastwise."

The Scientist laughed again as he said: "Well, you see an explorer's business is to find his way where no one has ever been before; but as you have been to this Indian camp — "

"Greaser," corrected the man.

"To this Greaser camp," continued the Scientist, "it would not be exploring at all for me to find my way there, as all the inhabitants of this place know where it is. Could n't one of the inhabitants manage to show me the way then? — I could travel to-night."

The elder of the men stroked his unkempt beard, while the eyes of the younger flashed with anticipation.

"Lemme go," he exclaimed.

"It's agin the rules," said the other.

"T ain't," asseverated his aid. "If one of us be sick-abed, or have business for the Comp'ny, tuther keeps guard, an' it's O. K. The Comp'ny's the sarvent of civilization, an' this 'ere gent has been sent out 'splorin' in the sarvice of civilization. That's clear as the nose on your ugly mug. I'll show him the trail to the Greasers in the sarvice of civilization; therefore the Comp'ny and he and we's all one and solid," he added didactically. "An' 'the leas' said soones' mended,' as my old ma 'u'd have said."

"Hump!" growled the older man, "you allus had a way of argying as fitted your likes, Jim. You see, stranger, Jim was the oratur of his debatin' club down East afur he cut and run because he took to — "

A loud fit of coughing, which convulsed the younger man, drowned the end of the explanation.

"Afore I took to rollin', sir, and got stranded 'ere with this bloomin' ijjut," Jim asserted on recovering himself. "' A rollin' stone gathurs no moss,' said ma, too. But my Lord, nuther does a sittin' one 'ere in Arizony."

"The Lord forgot Arizony when He dictated them proverbs, you bet!" added the elder man, as a general explanation and compromise.

"It's too dry," suggested the other, deprecatingly. At which both swore and roared with laughter, and thus harmony was restored.

"We'll start affer clearin' up an' a smoke; an' we'll take with us what's leff' of the vittles," said Jim, authoritatively. "The sun don' set nohow these blamed hort D'june days till all hours, an' by the time the daylight's all gone the moon will be startin' up.

"See a here," he added, leading the Scientist aside and whispering hoarsely that his partner, who was scratching about in a fit of tidyness, might not hear, "if you had sutthin' stronger 'an milk an' coffee we could make a fine bargain; but don't yer let my pard know wot can you takes it from, or the loss 'ill be all in quality, an' gain in alkali at this end of the line. Thar won't be no man to work the signals neethur when the next train comes throu', an' you 'll fin' a mighty weak alkali toddy in your can next time you wants sutthin' straight pretty bad."

The Scientist thanked Jim for the suggestion; and they managed to remove a large can of whiskey from the stores without the elder man suspecting the presence of its mates among the saddle-bags and boxes which he stored away in the warehouse; for the Scientist was a wily young man, and had ordered the whiskey cans marked with flaring tomato-catsup labels.

The tramp across the desert in the bracing night-air was not unpleasant ; but when the Scientist and his guide reached the spot where the Greasers had been encamped, they found that they had already sought fresh grazing lands. The hour was still early, but there was light



A WOMAN COOKING.

enough to see the unmistakable signs of a recent exodus ; and when the sky brightened, and the dawn lit up the face of Nature, they were able to discover by what trail the caravan had moved away. Following this, the white men presently came upon the herdsmen encamped a few miles to the eastward, at the bottom of a sparsely-wooded gully.

Jim had warned the Scientist not to announce the object of their visit, but to allow him to be both spokesman and manager of the transaction, to which the for-

eigner gladly assented. Jim led the way, and saluted the men near the fire in mongrel Spanish, asking them if they had seen a stranger dressed something like his companion who should have passed that way.

The Mexican who was standing over the camp-fire, where some jerked beef was cooking, easily fell into the trap, and gave a minute description of all the men they had seen during the past winter. He asked the strangers if they had breakfasted, and, receiving a negative answer, invited them to share the meal which was now ready.

Jim in return opened the whiskey can, and presently the combined effect of the hot sun and the fire-water served to elate the hospitable half-breeds, and they descanted upon the merits and demerits of their various ponies, and put them through their paces and tricks for the amusement of their guests. This was just what Jim wanted, and by means of compliments, questions, and "fire-water" he drew them on until they showed him two fine creatures, which they declared were knowing and fleet as deer, but as tame as pet dogs.

A few judicious observations and a little more flattery settled the business, and the ponies changed hands for a very small sum, of which the larger portion remained as an usurious percentage in the possession of Jim. A Mexican saddle was added as a return for the almost empty whiskey can, which Jim had offered to them as a token of good-will.

The Scientist placed the saddle upon the larger of his purchases, while Jim mounted the other and rode bare-back to the station.

Here the Scientist wisely ignored the money which he had seen cleaving to the palm of his guide during

the transfer at the Greaser camp, and paid him in full for his services. On getting his traps from the storehouse to form the pack, the Scientist was alarmed by observing unmistakable signs of the pard's inquisitiveness; but a hasty examination proved to him that, owing to the labels, the cans containing the whiskey had not been molested, and he decided to condone all other delinquencies in consideration of the valuable assistance he had received.

While Jim had been engaged in the purchase of the ponies, the Scientist had interviewed an Indian from the southwest who was in their employ, and had gained from him a good deal of information about the country he intended to traverse. So he was in haste to be off before the two men ate up any more of his provisions.

When he left the station, he turned southward, leading the heavily-laden pack-horse by means of a lariat tied to his saddle-bow; for he feared that it would not follow after him until accustomed to his voice, and to have it return to its former owners, laden with his instruments and supplies, would be fatal to his purpose, and would endanger life itself.

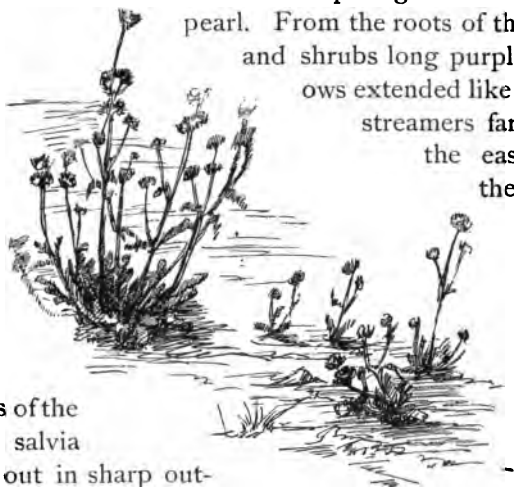
After less than an hour of steady travel the railroad, which cut across the desolate region, its path marked by a livid scar of shadow, had been hidden from view by the rolling sand-hills, and with it he lost sight of the last trace of modern civilization he was destined to encounter for months.

The trail he followed turned southward, and, after crossing an arroyo, was soon lost amid a network of hoof tracings, which were mostly the tracks left by animals seeking food and water.

As the afternoon wore on, the sun's fury diminished,

and the alkali dust lost its blinding whiteness. The light changed to golden, and the dry soil about the Scientist grew pinky, while the sparse clumps of saccaton grass and brush became iridescent with the play of color found upon green mother-of-

pearl. From the roots of the grass and shrubs long purple shadows extended like ribbon streamers far, far to the eastward; the bright blue



flowers of the desert salvia stood out in sharp outline upon the velvety smoothness of the wind-

SALVIA COLUMBARIA.

blown sand, and here and there a scrubby clump of *Thamnosma Montanum* stretched out its leafless yellow twigs, starred with purple blossoms, as though to attract the passer's attention to the aromatic and curative qualities which it possesses.

Like a lagging lover aroused to the lateness of the hour, the sun took leave of the earth and dropped below the horizon. The sky grew gray, a cool, yellow light lay upon the face of Nature. Then, as if with jealous blush at memory of the ardent kisses it had witnessed, the sky became suffused with rosy red, which, spreading from the zenith, descended on all sides, until

the chaste canopy of heaven was transformed into a copper dome, beneath which the meza clothed itself in the gorgeous coloring of the nasturtium, until, when the dewy freshness of evening began to fall, all faded, and the earth donned a blanket of indigo and russet before falling asleep beneath the stars.

The Scientist had not expected to reach water that night, and had provided accordingly. Arousing himself from the reverie into which he had fallen while contemplating the phenomena of Nature, he noticed the lag-

ging steps of his ponies, and stopped them upon the first patch of grass they reached.



TILIFOLIO, TEMNOSMA
MONTANA.

That night he tethered them securely; for he knew that they were still too near their former companions to be allowed to roam at will upon the prairie. Personally, he felt more tired than hungry, so he was content at the thought that the remains of his dinner would serve as supper, and, rolling himself

in his blanket, fell asleep on the hot sand, while the cold touch of the desert night chilled his exposed face.

The next day the wanderer rested at noon and travelled late, so that the night was well advanced when he reached a spring which had been indicated to him by a party of Indians he had met in the morning. Here he rested for a day, examining the flora and insects, and the next dawn saw him again pushing southward. Thus he advanced for many weeks, sometimes straight for-

ward, and at others, deviating to the east or west in pursuit of knowledge.

He kept as much as possible to well-worn trails, and frequently encamped with the Indians. He was sometimes received coldly; but as a rule the people were hospitably inclined, and glad to welcome him.

Though young, he possessed a store of valuable experiences which he had acquired on previous expeditions. He had begun travelling in uncivilized regions almost as a child; and, grown familiar with a score of languages and their derivatives, he could dextrously evolve simple phrases quite comprehensible to the natives. He was especially well versed in Spanish, and found all its modifications easy. Besides this, being a fluent, magnetic, and very graceful speaker, when words failed, gesticulation and glances became his interpreters, and through their assistance he could carry on sufficient conversation.

He was growing tired of constant change when at sunset, one evening, he perceived in the distance before him many faint wreaths of smoke ascending from a high plateau. They stood out white against the blue background of the Sierra Madre, and streaked with violet the glowing western sky. His ear caught the faint but welcome sound of lowing cattle. A dark belt of rustling cornfields swept upward from the plain on which he stood, and he realized with a thrill that beyond it might lie the chief settlement of the Pima Bajas, about whom he had read and heard so much that was interesting, yet illusive.



A PAIR OF SANDALS.

Curiosity urged him to proceed, but prudence persuaded him to await the dawn; and he encamped for the night, full of exhilaration at the thought that he might have reached at last the proposed centre of his explorations.

As he lay stretched beneath the stars, with the sound of the crickets and the rustle of the corn filling his ears, he reviewed what he knew about this isolated people.

The best of all the Piman tribes which inhabit Arizona and New Mexico, the Pima Bajas, have lived for generations upon the elevated tablelands which slope gradually from the Sierra Madre to the arid regions between El Paso and the more fertile neighborhood of the capital of Chihuahua.

The Spanish explorers of the sixteenth century discovered these Indians, and passed on to California. The missionary friars paused on their way thither to instruct them in the rudiments of the Christian religion, and their pueblos still contain places of worship, much the worse for wear, while a native priest travels about among them, baptizing, confirming, and marrying the living, or consecrating the graves in which lie the bodies of those who have departed during his absence.

Southward extends the land of the Tarahumari, heathen and Christian. Far to the westward, in the hot and sandy regions, many miles beyond and below the mountain defiles, roam the Papajos, a tribe which long ago detached itself from the Mexican Pimas, and has been decimated by many diseases which the Indians of the elevated regions escape.

All these tribes were said to be inferior to the Pima Bajas, who live upon the central tableland, and belong

among the most interesting of the races indigenous to Mexico. Some go so far as to claim that proofs exist philologically, as well as physiologically, that they are a branch of the original Aztec stock, left by the way on its early emigration southward, or else thrown off at a later period as a hardy colony.

The Pima Bajas are everywhere described as hospitable, peace-loving, and genial. They are, as a rule,



THE CEREUS GIGANTEA CACTUS.

prosperous, and live in large villages, or pueblos, composed of houses built of adobe, mesquite, and cactus wood. The early authors of the Spanish conquest have much to say with regard to them, and chronicle at length what the friars reported of their ancestors, whom they extolled for their culture, virtue, civility, and facile convertibility to Christianity.

Such were the last thoughts with which the Scientist closed his eyes for the night, and when on awaken-

ing at dawn he looked again towards the plateau, his practiced eye confirmed the surmise of the evening before.

A wide well-beaten trail stretched before him zigzagging between the waving cornstalks; and as he ascended it on horseback, he could see above the floating green ribbons to where hazy lines of purple shadow, on the other side of the meza, indicated well-watered barrancas, or gulches, full of the promise of that luxuriant life he was so anxious to study.

A bit of waste land came in sight, and beyond it lay the village, its grass houses and heaped-up roofs sparkling in the morning sun.

The Scientist assumed his most engaging manner, and approached the pueblo. Dismounting beneath a tree half way across the strip of land, he seated himself beside the road in full view of the village, and waited for some one to come out and invite him to approach. In due course this occurred; and he thanked the native with great attention to Indian ceremonial and a determination to ingratiate himself so as to secure a welcome. His interlocutor asked him in return how he could serve him, and he requested an interview with the Chief. This was obtained; and he was soon led into the august presence. The grave and stately individual also welcomed the stranger. The hour was opportune, the presents well chosen; and the Chief gladdened the stranger's heart by suggesting that he should occupy as his domicile, a comparatively spacious cactus-hut which had been built for the use of the Christian priest on his rare visits.

A day or two devoted to visiting the sick, a solemn pow-wow with the notables and old men who assembled

after sundown, and smoked with him in a circle before the Chief's house, the exhibition of a few juggling tricks, and his first success was confirmed. Evidently he was a very great shaman, and the blessing of his presence among them should be insured for as long as possible. A feast was therefore ordered; sheep were slaughtered and immediately cooked; and, according to the usages of the tribe, he was formally invested with what, in some European cities would be called "the freedom of the city," for as long as he would condescend to prosper them by his desired presence.

Opportunities to give proof of his appreciation of the confidence of the Pimas were numerous, and he never shirked them. He bestowed his medicines and attentions upon any sick Indian for whom his services were requested; and as he possessed a good general knowledge of therapeutics, it proved of the greatest service in winning the personal friendship of his older neighbors, while little presents, such as a bead, a brilliant ribbon or button, or the exhibition of a simple juggling trick assured to him the unswerving devotion of the eager swarm of half-grown lads and lasses who foraged about the outskirts of the settlement in pursuit of amusement, and became an easy prey to the demons of mischief if not properly occupied.

They seemed to divine just what he wanted, and to revel in the companionship of one who had time and sense enough to appreciate the ineffable joys of a beetle chase or reptile hunt. Woe to the insect that crossed their path, or the plant that sprouted in sight of their keen young eyes. They uprooted or pinioned everything they encountered, and transported all with whoops of joy to the astonished Scientist, who expected to be



TESTIMONIALS OF THEIR UNTRAMMELLED ZEAL.

buried beneath the testimonials of their untrammelled zeal.

Seeking to direct their exuberant forces, he showed them how to handle and transfix a butterfly ready for study. What was his surprise the next afternoon to see a score of boys arriving with moths and beetles impaled upon cactus-needles and agave-spikes, which their tormentors flourished aloft as though they had been the dripping scalps of so many vanquished foes.

A minute explanation, most carefully illustrated, followed, and after this second lesson the Scientist could



BROWN COLUMBINES.

rely upon the intelligence and good-will of his youthful volunteers. They brought him the plants and insects carefully gathered and delicately handled. They attracted his attention to the queer habits of their prey. Ever ready to answer his whistle, they formed in line, or scattered over the country like a battalion of diminutive Cossacks raiding the homes of the leafy, furry, feathered,

and scaly inhabitants of the mezas and barrancas. But this regiment of youngsters at his beck and call often proved a nuisance; for the girls and boys came and went by turns, relieving each other from the interesting task as inspired by their pleasure or the simple needs of the household they belonged to, and just at the moment when he most needed an assistant with a little dexterity and experience, only a raw recruit would be on hand.

CHAPTER II.

There to his proud horse Lancelot turned and smoothed
The glossy shoulder, humming to himself.
Half-envious of the flattering hand, she drew
Nearer and stood. He looked, and more amazed
Than if seven men had set upon him, saw
The maiden standing in the dewy light.

For silent, tho' he greeted her, she stood,
Rapt on his face, as if it were a God's.

Her face was near, and as we kiss the child
That does the task assign'd, he kiss'd her face.

ELAINE.

THERE was one child however whose curiosity was less demonstrative than that of the others, and who, the Scientist thought, avoided him; for she had not offered him her services, and was not among those who impaled the insects in misapplied zeal. Busying herself in the care of her young brothers, tending the cattle, or passing him swiftly and silently on her errands about the village, the Scientist would have ignored her existence had not her graceful carriage attracted him, and the sweetness of her expression aroused his interest.

On the day when the children returned with the tortured trophies of their first beetle-hunt, she was standing near the cactus hut leaning against the mesquite pole which supported the rude porch. She was

occupied stripping ee-hooks and rolling the shreds into well-secured rings from which they could be easily drawn for basket-weaving. From beneath her long lashes she cast a glance from time to time upon the stranger, as he carefully demonstrated to the excited volunteers the proper way to handle an insect. Her apparent indifference piqued him; and he asked one of the boys who lingered longest, who she was, and thus learned that her name was Ampharita, to which her people had added the cognomen of "The Silent-one;" for though



MARTYNIA PODS FOR BASKET MAKING.

fleet and diligent, she was never noisy, and hardly ever spoke.

The Scientist further observed that she belonged to a large family which inhabited a very tidy group of huts near his own, and after he had watched the preparations of food that went on in the divers kitchen-rings of the neighborhood he decided that the one where her mother and grandmother presided was by far the most appetizing, and so made arrangements with the women to tend his domicile and supply all his meals for a small remuneration in cloth.

Ampharita was often sent by her relatives to replace

them in waiting upon the stranger. Dextrous and observant, she quickly learned to wait upon him better than her elders. She kept the hut floor swept, and, learning of his fondness for water, she saw that the porous olla of drinking water was always full, and that the big jars which stood about the hut to hold the flower specimens and serve his ablutions were regularly replenished.

One morning the Scientist decided to remain at home to assort and classify his rapidly increasing collection. After Ampharita had brought him his breakfast and cleared up the hut, she disappeared, and as he sat at work in the porch all day long he heard her people calling for her in vain. His curiosity had become aroused, when at mid-day the grandmother brought his food. The ollas stood empty, and no one fetched him more water, the sun was setting, and still the child was absent. The hut was littered with scientific paraphernalia, and bits of dried plants floated about everywhere; his throat was parched, and he began to realize that this Silent-one had become an element in his well-being. Then he heard her name repeated in various keys and with an unmistakable accent of surprise.

Looking up, he saw her coming down the irregular street between the huts, her smiling face shaded by the fresh grasses which covered the kee-ho. The women seated at work before their huts called to her, and sought to detain her; but she advanced steadily to where the Scientist stood.

Slipping the straw band from her forehead, she slid the heavy basket from her back and leaned it against the cactus wattles, and, lifting off the leafy covering, she raised a few calla leaves and exposed to view a collec-



HE SAW HER COMING DOWN THE IRREGULAR STREET.

tion of flowering mountain plants, fresh as when she had culled them hours before in their native barranca. One by one, the Scientist lifted out the flowering specimens, — not a blossom had been crushed or mutilated, and before he had emptied the hod he realized that the intelligent assistance of the silent girl would be worth more to him in collecting than that of any of the other children.

Her mother called, and she sped away before he had a chance to thank her; but on entering the hut he noticed that she had paused long enough to pick up an olla. She returned presently with it freshly filled, brushed up the refuse, set aside the instruments, and fetched his supper. When she had placed this before him, she was about to depart, but he caught hold of a fold of her drapery.

“Ampharita, wild shy bird that you are, will you not give me a chance to thank you, and tell you how pleased I am? You have worked for me to-day, not only with will, but with intelligence. You are a brave girl, and I shall tell your mother how clever and helpful you are.”

The girl said nothing, and gently detached his fingers from her drapery; but in the gloaming an exquisite smile lit up her dusky countenance.

Its charm lingered while she finished her work; and as he watched her closely it dawned upon him that hers was the sweetest face he had seen since leaving El Paso.

She was not robust enough to carry off the palm in the opinion of her dusky countrymen, but her every movement was replete with archaic grace. Her thick hair, though coarse, was long and glossy as a gypsy's;

and as he had spoken to her and looked into her eyes, they had pleaded eloquently for confidence and kind treatment. Her limbs were slight as those of the other children of her race, but smoother and more shapely. The indigo-colored blanket which formed her sole garment was edged with a brilliant stripe, and caught together over one shoulder by a rude ornament. A parti-colored girdle elaborated with fantastic designs was wound about her waist, confining the blanket so that it fell in heavy symmetrical folds to the knee, modestly draping her lower limbs, while her neck and arms and budding bosom rose out of the dark woollen stuff, as naturally as does the calyx above the unfolded petals of a flower.

Indeed, as the Scientist came to be more with her, he observed that Ampharita had something of the native flora about her whole person, and resembled an embodiment of all the graces of plant-life. Her dusky skin had borrowed its color from the rich and fertile earth and was as satiny as the bark of the famed mulato-tree. In walking she swayed as do its branches in the breeze, or danced along as gracefully as do the brown columbines upon their slender stalks, or the big golden blossoms of the bottle yuccas, sending out waves of perfume in answer to the touch of the current of air that draws through the barrancas, seeking to carry them with it as an offering to the naiads of the stream.

When Ampharita ran, her movements were those of a tempest-racked field of maize, or a grassy meza after the rainy season, — gracefully undulating, even in their wildest tossings. Nor did she prove, on closer acquaintance, much more talkative than a plant. She was obedient, sympathetic, tireless; but she would not talk,

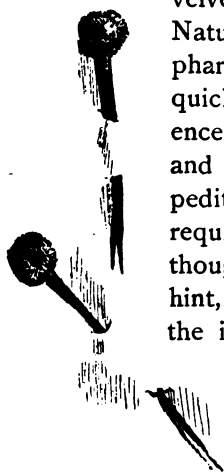
although, when necessary, she delivered a message with great exactness, the few words, well-chosen, well-pronounced, being uttered in a voice so soft and modulated that it resembled the rustle of the mesquite leaves, when a flight of vagrant titmice alight upon a bough that sways back and forth, and murmurs a protestation against the inquisitive visitants. Ampharita's taciturnity, however, bore no trace of moroseness. Her smile was luminous, her expression always cheerful.

Egotism had no part in her composition. She was keenly sensitive to the moods of others, and her emotions responded to her sympathies as naturally as the notes of an Æolian harp answer Nature's breath; if her tears were as ready as her smiles, they were without bitterness, and hung upon her long lashes, or glistened upon her dark cheek, with the enchanting grace of the dew-drops which the Scientist surprised upon the lustrous blossoms of the deep barrancas.

He admired these luxurious growths in her company, for Ampharita soon became his invaluable assistant, and he made arrangements with her parents to have her at his disposal, not only as care-taker, but as guide, having found that she knew more of the topography of the neighborhood, its flowers, fauna, and insect life, than any one else in the settlement.

Of course, her knowledge was only that of a keen observer and lover of Nature, but it was none the less accurate; for her fondness for solitude had led her away from her rough companions to seek playmates among Nature's gentler creatures. Whether as guide, leading him on arduous expeditions up the mountain sides, or when seeking for unknown growths on the mezas, or in the barrancas, he found her never at fault. On the days

of analytical study, when he remained within the hut to classify the unknown plants and insects which they had brought back to the pueblo, her deft fingers rendered him a thousand services. Their touch was as that of a fairy. They left the pollen intact upon the stamen, the



NATURE'S PINS.

velvet on the most delicate butterfly's wing. Nature herself seemed to have taught Ampharita the quality of her creations. She quickly learned to recognize the differences and families of plants and insects, and assort them with ease, materially expediting the work of classification. It required but a sign for her to grasp his thoughts and fetch what he wanted; a hint, and she unmounted and stowed away the instruments, and led him to the home

of a rare flower, the favorite haunt of a bird or insect, the lair of shy beasts and stranger reptiles.

By means of a trick of her own, she allured the silly moths and lumbering beetles which fluttered about her, or settled upon her outstretched palm as fearlessly as if the girl had been a stalk of honeyed cactus blossoms. Ampharita fondled them, and let them go again, save when the Scientist claimed them as specimens; and then she turned away, distressed, and hid her face as he dropped them into the poisoned, wide-mouthed jar, and they struggled helplessly for pure air.

When Ampharita noticed that it pleased the Scientist, she decorated his hut with fresh and varied flowers. When he told her about a new way of preparing some edible plant, she cooked it again and again, until he

pronounced its preparation a success. Mindful of his every wish, she washed his linen, provided him with soap-root, and moved the olla of drinking water until she found the place where the draught would keep it coolest. She brushed away the flies, and hung up mats and aromatic boughs in his porch, that he might study and rest undisturbed by the sun or insects.

"Is she a culprit fay, or a peri banished to expiate in these squalid surroundings a neglected duty?" he mused one evening, as he smoked in the moonlight. "She is cleaner, tidier, more intelligent than any one I thought it possible to meet with in these wilds. A little instruction and a few more clothes would make her an excellent servant. If taught to read and properly trained, she would be of immense use in a laboratory of our museum. What luck to have found so useful a creature ready to serve me," he thought, and decided to give the boys each a little present, and get rid of their officious services. He knew they would still bring him what they found, in the hope of gain, but he had made up his mind that the only way to work systematically was to make use of but one and ever the same assistant, and Ampharita seemed created to serve his purpose.

As time went on he grew fond of his silent companion. He looked upon her as an ingenious toy, a winsome child, full of exquisite possibilities and delicious surprises. By nature he was gregarious, a born leader and expounder. He required some one to talk to, and found her an appreciative and sympathetic pupil, with a phenomenal memory which often put him to the blush.

When there was nothing to teach, he beguiled many a homesick hour while resting from his arduous studies, or on a long and tedious walk, by describing to her

his birthplace across the bitter blue water beyond the warm yellow waters, as the Pimas called the Gulf of Mexico, which was familiar to them through the tales of the medicine men and hikori hunters. He discoursed for hours about the teeming life in the cities of the civilized world which lay far beyond the mezas and the forests to the north and south, and of the Old World where the sun rose at midnight, and aroused the rich and poor to work or pleasure or pain in the great fatherland of the white man. He told her about the schooling of the European children, and the amusements that attract educated men and women. He sometimes took as his theme music as it is known to the cultured, and Ampharita, enthralled hearkened to his strong tenor voice as he sang for her a stirring patriotic air, or repeated the catches of some popular opera.

He described to her the museums, with their great crystal walls, behind which are stored strange stones, and thousands upon thousands of dried birds, beasts, and insects, from every region under the sun. But Ampharita found far more wonderful the accounts he gave of the customs and numberless accessories of every day civilized life, — the furniture, cooking utensils, toilet articles, and varied wardrobes, hats, parasols, and ornaments of the white women, the artificial food for babies, the wonderful image toys and picture-books of the children.

She would ask him over and over again about the hospitals. The idea of the darkness, the whiteness, the order, the obliteration of impurity, the painless healing of wounds, awed and fascinated her. The description of the churches was very grand, but left her somewhat cold, for she did not like the idea of the roof, the emblazoned

walls and stained glass windows, which she said must shut out the breath of God.

A remark, a few idle words of his, would give her inexhaustible food for meditation, and she would dream all day, trying to grasp the stupendous suggestion contained in such an assertion as: "We have especial homes for poor children who have lost their parents. Many of them, wider and higher than this barranca, and filled with more babies than there are men, women, and children in your whole tribe."

Fond as he was of talking, the Scientist would often grow tired long before Ampharita was satisfied. From time to time she uttered an ejaculation to encourage him if she found his tongue lagged. If he paused for breath, she pleaded with sweet insistence to hear more, and pressed him for fresh descriptions of home life; for to her all the commonplace things were as the tales of adventures among fairies, hobgoblins, talking-birds, enchanted beasts, and aborigines are to white children.

The more Ampharita heard about the world as white women know it, the more her wonder grew, and at last it gave birth to an intense yearning actually to behold some of the marvels with which she had become familiar by hearsay.

She seized the opportunity to mention her desire one day, as they rested beneath a beetling sandstone crag at the entrance to an especially fertile barranca. The Scientist sat opposite toying with a flower, and the calm beauty of the secluded dell gave the girl strength and courage to express her thoughts.

"My master," she said, but the water rushed singing and laughing so noisily down the defile below them that

the man did not hear her soft voice. She looked about her as though for counsel from dumb Nature.

The walls that rose on every side were hung with rank, spray-spangled verdure; for, as the descent was complicated and perilous, the larger animals shunned it, and the Indian hunters but seldom entered it, so that it was unmarred by the hand of man. For a scientist and nature lover, it was, therefore, a paradise, with virgin growth untorn and untrampled, its fair beauty veiled by soft mists which caused the vegetable and insect life to expand in wild luxuriance, while the intoxicating wealth of perfume and color attracted every variety of epicurean trogon and dainty bird which made their home beneath its sun-powdered foliage.

The Scientist had fallen into a meditative mood, and was sitting oblivious of his surroundings, as he pictured to himself his white-haired mother and dignified sisters beneath the spreading lime-trees on the terrace of the ancestral home.

"My master," said Ampharita again, a little louder; but she received no answer.

She touched him with a soft caressing movement, full of shy confidence, the better to attract his attention.

"My master," she repeated, as he looked up surprised, "does the water sing so loud to-day that you cannot hear my voice? I spoke twice! Will you promise me something, dear master," she pleaded, as he looked at her more kindly; "won't you please take me across the warm, yellow waters, and the big blue ones, to the other end of the world, where the sun shines while we sleep, and show me the wonders of the white man's birthplace?"

"Why not?" said the young man, smiling at her

quaint choice of words. "But do you really want to go so far from the pueblo, little one? Are you not afraid of the unknown?"

"You were unknown a few moons ago," she answered. He smiled and said nothing to this.

"Oh, yes, I do so want to go," she continued, folding her hands prayerfully. "Take me, oh, take me with you, my master! I must see it all myself; when I have understood it, I will come back to teach my people the uses of the treasures God has placed within their reach, and the working of the wonders you seem to think so natural, — even as you have shown them some things."

"You would be a little Moses to the Pimas," laughed the man, as he noticed the dreamy light in her eyes. "You would lead your people out of the Egyptian darkness, eh?"

Ampharita looked puzzled, and, seeing his smile had taken on a certain roguishness, she blushed with the first consciousness that her ignorance might make her appear ridiculous, and two tears gathered upon her long lashes.

"You have misunderstood me. Never mind, little wild one," said the young man, seeking to reassure her, "when you have been six months in the white man's land all will be clear to you."

"Then you promise!" she exclaimed, her momentary embarrassment forgotten in joyful anticipation of seeing her most cherished dream realized.

"Yes, I promise," he repeated, soothingly, as he arose, and, pointing to the *kee-ho*, continued on his way, while Ampharita, kneeling, slipped the strap about her head, and followed him down to the water's edge.

In half an hour a new variety of beetle had caused the Scientist to forget his promise. Not so the Indian

girl. To her his words had opened the gates of a paradise of speculation where she roamed at will. She dreamed the nights away amid the entrancing scenes he described in answer to her questions.

She had evolved a system of her own in dealing with her master, and by pertinent, well-ordered questions learned much of the land of promise. Her imagination clothed what she had heard in trappings of her own devising, and her heart lived in the fantastically gorgeous future she had evolved.



A FAMILY FETICH.

For hours she sat motionless in the shadow of the kitchen-ring or the white man's porch awaiting his orders; but the patience which he extolled was no patience, for the time flew by in the sweetest dream-life. Entranced by the prospect of her future, her ears sometimes remained closed even to his voice, and, thinking that she had succumbed to the heat or fatigue, he smilingly performed the errand himself.

Meanwhile the seasons did not lag, and at last a day

came on which the Scientist decided that he had studied all the specialties of the neighborhood, and it was time to move forward in pursuit of a fresh field for exploration.

He had developed a certain amount of kindly affection for the whole hospitable tribe, whose members had vied with each other in seeking to make his stay among them pleasant, and he felt regret that the time was approaching when he should bid them good-by. At the thought of Ampharita he grew very grave, and for the first time felt that he should not have shown so marked a partiality for her society, nor so accustomed himself to her unobtrusive presence and delicate attentions.

It would take some time to pack his belongings and prepare for his departure, and, as he was averse to sad faces, he decided not to announce his decision until everything was ready for the start.

His ponies, thanks to the care of Ampharita, were in excellent condition, so there was no excuse for delay, and he began to unmount and clean his instruments. Ampharita had often helped him do this as well as to assort his notes and pack away his specimens, so she found nothing unusual in his conduct. During one of her spells of dreaminess he corded up the boxes and disposed everything in readiness for his departure, and managed matters in such a way that she did not again enter the cactus hut.

At dawn the following morning, while the maiden was busy with her mother at the cooking-ring, he sallied forth to visit the Chief, and express to him his thanks for the unvarying kindness he had met with during his sojourn in the midst of the tribe. He made a present of a pistol to him in token of gratitude, and received in re-

turn a valuable personal charm consisting of a basket containing rags and feathers of great antiquity, which the Chief was persuaded would protect him against every danger.

He was going to take his departure, but to have said so would have been a mortal offence. The Scientist therefore explained to his host, with the ceremoniousness customary among the Indians, that he felt that it was time for him to "continue his walk."

His host bowed gravely, and said, "Continue your walk," which among the Pimas takes the place of the old scriptural phrase, "Go in peace." Then the Chief arose, and re-entering his adobe house, shut the door of saccaton grass, and the Scientist realized that the audience was over.

Later, as he walked about the village, with a parting word and gift for all who had assisted him, he observed that the Chief came out beneath the front shed, constructed out of mesquite poles, cactus beams, and heaped-up grass, which formed his porch, and seated himself there to watch the proceedings, at which the other members of the tribe followed his example, while the small boys ran about after stray animals, and whooped and hallooed as white boys are wont to do when excited. He approached the cooking-ring, and ate a hasty meal. Then, sending off Ampharita and her father to fetch the ponies, he paid her mother, and bade the rest of the family good-by. Even the small boys smiled upon and thanked him for the pretty gew-gaws that he gave them to remember him by, and he had a kind word of leave-taking for each, which filled up the time until Ampharita and her father led the saddled ponies into the open space in the centre of the pueblo.

The sun had risen high above the horizon. He visited the cactus hut for the last time to see that nothing had been forgotten. Ampharita held the bridle of his riding pony, while her father tightened the cords that bound the sack and load upon the pack-horse. The Scientist took the reins out of the girl's passive hand, and looked once more upon the band of gaping urchins and the wide, ceremonious circle of the great men and



A GORRITA WEAVER AND A KEE-HO CARRIER.

their families seated before their thresholds. He vaulted into the saddle; the pony started, eager to be off, but the white man quieted him.

"Ampharita," said the Scientist, in a low, tender voice, "it is time to leave, the sun is very high."

The girl approached quite near to him, and placed her right hand upon the high back of the Mexican saddle. With one bound she could mount the horse behind him; but she awaited his invitation.

Dropping the reins upon the animal's neck, the Scientist fumbled at his shirt front. The pony turned its head and looked at the young girl inquiringly, and rubbed its nose in the palm of her hand.

She did not notice the animal; she had eyes for the white man alone. At last the Scientist found what he wanted, and drew forth a golden chain to which hung a cross of the same metal. He gazed at it a minute, and performed the sign of the cross ere he kissed it reverently, took it from about his neck, and gathered it into his hand, where he held it while he spoke slowly to the girl.

"Ampharita," he said, "all the others have had presents; but you, my brave, clever assistant, deserve a token more lovely than anything I had in my boxes. I thought and thought, until the memory of how my mother gave me this little cross when I was an innocent child, to guard me from all ill, came to me, and I said to myself I would not part from it for any one but Ampharita; but she must be protected, for she is young and tender, while I am strong and can care for myself. Here it is, child, hold it dearer than life for my sake. I may come to ask about it some day, and you must then show it to me; meanwhile I shall think of you often, and my heart will long for you, the sweetest blossom of the Pimas."

He leaned forward and clasped the chain about the girl's neck, while she stood like a statue, her whole soul in her eyes.

With the last tender words, which he had meant as those of parting, he had uttered the sentence used by the Pimas as a declaration of love and offer of marriage. He had spoken low, and none but the girl and her father

had heard what he said ; but the Indian watched curiously to see what would follow. Surely Ampharita would not accept the stranger ; but before her lips parted the Scientist did a very natural thing. He stooped and kissed the girl on either dusky cheek, and in the eyes of the Indian father and those of the whole onlooking village this was a sign of appropriation,— for kisses are reserved for their offspring and their wives by the men of the Sierra Madre.

The boys nudged each other. There was a perceptible rustle in the shade of the porches, audible from end to end of the pueblo.



STILL AMPHARITA DID NOT MOVE.

Still Ampharita did not move. The Scientist placed his hand beneath her chin, and looked once again into the deep, luminous eyes ; then, with a push, which was rendered brusque by the sudden upflaring of an emotion he desired to hide, he pulled his hat down over his eyes,

and, giving spur to his pony, galloped rapidly out of the village with the pack-horse following after.

From beneath the hurrying hoofs of the fresh steeds a cloud of rosy dust was thrown high into the air, veiling the departing traveller, so that when he turned in his saddle he could see nothing of the pueblo.

Long after his powerful form had disappeared from her mortal eyes, however, Ampharita stood immovable, following him in spirit; while the Indians beneath their porches watched the eddies of dust which, blown upwards by the current of air, twirled high against the sky, and indicated his position, as did the cloud which followed the Israelites across the desert.



PERSONAL FETICH.

CHAPTER III.

"So ye will grace me," answered Lancelot,
Smiling a moment, "with your fellowship
O'er these waste downs whereon I lost myself,
Then were I glad of you as guide and friend."

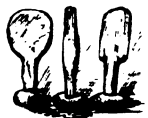
ELAINE.

THE projected journey of the Scientist was to be a long one, and as he wished to keep up his ponies' strength, he decided to pass the first night at a solitary Mexican ranch a good distance to the east of the Pima pueblo, where he learned that excellent accommodation could be procured for man and beast.

The ponies jogged along lazily enough after the sun had somewhat wilted their ardor; and he had nothing to do but keep to the beaten track and let the animals suit themselves with regard to gait. He felt unpleasantly sensitive to the discomforts of the tropical heat. The blazing sun, the burning sands, the insects, and the choking dust irritated him intensely. His tongue was parched, and his eyes smarted. He found that his pony's gait had roughened since his last ride. Little things he did not usually notice teased him beyond endurance, and he slapped and swore himself into a fever over the horse-flies which settled upon his neck and hands.

What really irritated him was the tearless silence of Ampharita.

"How stolid are the best of these Indians," he mused. "They appear gentle, hospitable, intelligent, friendly, — aye, devoted. Here I have been worrying for days in advance about the effect of my departure upon the Indian girl. Why, I actually lost my self-control at the critical moment, while she, who had seemed to live and breathe in subservience to my every whim, and who shed tears over the immolation of a roach or scorpion,



THREE VARIETIES OF OLLA PADDLES.

looked on dry-eyed, and her emotionless features remained impassive while I poured all those tender parting words into her ears, and presented to her that cross which had been my dearest treasure since childhood. I would have picked Ampharita out of a thousand as an example of a girl with too much sensibility; but to-day she gave ocular demonstration to the contrary. No wonder she said there was no word for what we call 'love' among the Indians; they do not know the emotion. Bah! It is better so, and what a fool I have been to think twice of this parting. Women are even worse than men: playthings or blue-stockings, they are at best passionless prolific organisms, with fine clothes and more or less soft voices and alluring manners. Science has profited by Ampharita's services, and she made me as comfortable as she knew how while I lived among her people. I should give her due credit for that; and it was only proper that I should pay her well for it. But I wish I had thought of something else; she is unworthy of my mother's cross. I wonder what the dear old mother will say when I return home and cannot show her the

trinket. I should never have given it away. Ah, well, I cannot get it back now; but I feel we are more than quits, and I will think no more of the soft-voiced Indian girl."

Still over and over like the sharp clatter of an interfering horse-hoof, or the persistent attention of the gad-flies, memories of Ampharita intruded themselves instead of the subjects he had planned to think out, and compelled him to argue, over and over, against his disappointment, and invent strange and improbable solutions which he no sooner discovered than rejected, until, chafed and fretted in body and spirit, he found the long, hot ride longer and hotter than any he had ever undertaken.

At sunset, weary and demoralized, he arrived in sight of his temporary destination; and he hailed its shabby adobe walls as an agreeable termination to his exhausting speculations and unpleasant ride.

The gates of the patio seemed stretched wide on purpose to welcome him; but yet he entered and dismounted without any alacrity, and he bespoke a night's lodging in almost surly accents. He did not know the people, nor care what they thought of him. It was no use taking trouble to be pleasant with Indians or Mexicans; they were all alike treacherous and heartless. He was short and sharp to the pæons in giving the necessary directions about the disposal of his ponies and impediments.

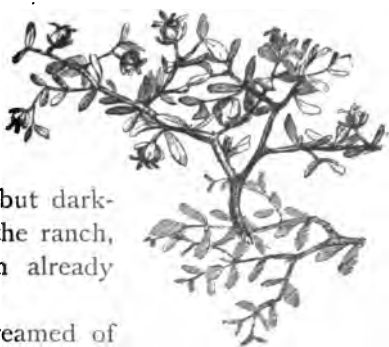
When the Ranchero's wife asked what he would have for supper, he growled, "Whatever there is;" and when, with many compliments, she served up the elaborate meal she had prepared for him with great pains, he did not even thank her, but began to eat in stolid silence.

"Faugh!" he thought, with a grimace, "how bad

this food is, — soaked in rancid grease and stiffened into a paste with red pepper. The Pimas prepared their dishes of maize and game with epicurean discrimination as compared with these messings of this half-bred creature. The touch of civilization spoils the savage; and this woman is not worthy to hold the basket for an Indian to roll her dough in. How hot and close these mud walls make the place! They exclude the evening breezes while encasing every unimaginable scent. In this God-forsaken land, so far from the mountains, I suppose it never rains, and there is no hope of a shower to cool and purify the air. I am burning up, — I have not been so hot in months, — I must have fever! Surely with my experience I should be hardened to every discomfort, and yet to-night my head feels as though the sun had fried my brain, as that ill-omened jail-bird Jim prophesied at the start. Good God! I am going to have an illness! Why did n't it come on while I was in the salubrious air of the Sierra Madre, with the whole tribe of those good-natured Pimas to run errands for me. To lie down in one of these gloomy dungeon-like rooms for a week would drive me mad, and to have that noisy, slatternly woman buzzing around as sick nurse would kill me outright before I got a chance to summon one of the Pimas. All my medicines are packed at the bottom of my specimen cases; I tossed everything in so hurriedly at the last I don't even know where I put the quinine. Who would have thought that after six months without a finger ache, the very first night I start off again I should feel like this? The woman assures me the canvas cot in the guest room is new; that will be clean in any case, so the best I can do is to turn in. A civilized bed, even if it is without

springs, will be quite a luxury after all the nights I have spent on a sand bank or a mat-covered heap of saccaton."

The Scientist forthwith retired to the bare, windowless guest-chamber, and, undressing, rolled his coat into a pillow and threw himself on the stretched canvas. He fell asleep without looking at his watch; the sun had not set over an hour, but darkness fell early within the ranch, and it seemed to him already late.



SUMMONDSIA CALIFORNICA —
THE QUININE PLANT.

As he slept, he dreamed of Ampharita for the first time in his life. He saw her standing beside his horse as at the moment of parting. Again he hung the golden chain about her throat, but the dream cross was jewelled, and gleamed with the violet glow of the amethyst. He kissed her velvety cheek, and the salute was greeted by a tattoo upon a score of dance-drums. The girl flung her arms around his neck, and swung herself upon the horse behind him. The noise continued and grew in magnitude. The Indian girl seemed to fly higher up, up far over his head, borne aloft on a ray of light until she disappeared entirely, and the ray descended to earth again and glowed in the darkness.

Then he distinctly heard a man's voice calling him, "Caballero, Caballero, I say, wake up! there is some one out here who wants to speak to you."

"What has happened? — who's there? — what do you want?" — called out the Scientist, opening his eyes and observing that the ray of brilliant light with which his dream had closed still played upon the floor of his room, which it penetrated through a chink in the door-way.

"There is a messenger out here from the Pimas who will not rest without speaking to you. The matter seems to be very pressing."

"Not at this time of night," called out the Scientist.

"The messenger arrived only half an hour after you had retired, she was covered with dust and sweat. My wife looked after her, and begged her to rest until to-morrow; but she wept so piteously when she learned that the Caballero had barred himself in his room, and left orders that he should not be awakened until he chose to arouse himself, that I consented to disturb you, or I think the women-folk would have done it instead."

"Let her wait till morning," growled the Scientist. "I feel ill; say I have fever. I will not get up in answer to such childishness." And he tried again to go to sleep. But he could hear a whispered altercation going on without the door, and again and again the ray of light was cut off or glowed as though figures were passing to and fro between its source and the entrance to his room.

Presently the Ranchero knocked again. This time more gently. "Caballero," he said, "are you awake?"

"Naturally I am, since you awakened me," called out the Scientist.

"Then listen; the messenger must see you. She begs to be allowed to slip in at the door and watch over you, Caballero. She will nurse you and take away the

fever. She seems half distraught to reach you. I tried to open the door from the outside; but you have barred it from within too securely. I dare not retire to sleep and leave her by herself for fear some harm may befall her. Indeed her message must be urgent, or she would not insist so, for she seemed the most timid and gentle of creatures when she arrived, though she grows strangely excited when I seek to pacify her and take her away. Oh, Caballero, please let her see you for one moment."

The Scientist growled, "Por Dios, are you all mad? Be off to sleep. You have had too much teswin."

The noise without his door ceased, and the light streamed steadily through the crack. It made the objects in his room half visible, and his eyes refused to close. He hated any light in his room at night, and the irritation he felt at being aroused from his first sleep caused his skin to prickle. He would have liked to have pommelled the Ranchero and the messenger, had they been within his grasp. No matter how good were their intentions, they had behaved unkindly in arousing him, more unkindly than they could devise; for, in arousing him, the Ranchero had awakened the demon of curiosity. It seemed to gnaw his nerves and hammer at his brain, suggesting reason after reason for the untimely visit and persistence of the messenger. Presently he thought he heard some one sobbing without his door.

Could a serious accident have happened after he left the pueblo which had led the Chief to send an Indian after him? Why should the messenger be in such haste to see him? Perhaps the illness of some prominent man, or, what was more probable, he had perchance forgotten a bit of cotton or a knife by which they thought

he set great store. Some one might have been wounded; for he remembered a fishing expedition had started into the Sierra, which the Chief had been too aged to accompany, and ordered to be undertaken under the leadership of his son, who was young and had but little experience in dealing with the treacherous *pala de flecha*. What a fool the *Ranchero* was, not to have found out the cause of the messenger's persistence and called it through the door. He could then have decided easily enough whether he should rise to see the messenger, or the errand could wait till morning.

Meanwhile the sobs continued, and, curiosity overcoming laziness, the Scientist arose and wrapped his blanket around him. The ray of golden light showed him the way to the door. As he approached it, the sound of sobbing became more distinct, although when he lifted the heavy bar out of its socket and pulled back the rough board panel, which creaked discordantly upon its ungainly hinges, the court-yard became still. He peered out into the patio, determined to rate the delinquent who had not only refused to go to bed, but robbed him of his own rest.

The lantern common to every Mexican cloister swung like a pendulum upon its chain, so that the shadows beneath the arches crept about like living things. The warm glow illumined a slight figure muffled in a *rebozo*, which had started forward at the sound of the opening door.

"Who are you who dare to disturb me?"

Casting off her scarf, a girl dropped upon one knee, and raising her hand held up a tiny object that sparkled in the lamplight which fell full upon her weary, tearful face.



A MESSENGER FROM THE PIMAS.

The Scientist recognized Ampharita, the slight Indian girl he had left behind, not the bright, idealized Ampharita of his dream. She held out the cross as though to secure indulgence thereby in a way that touched him, but he would not show it, and sought to harden his heart.

"My master," Ampharita murmured, timidly, "you look so very angry. O pray forgive me, or I cannot find any more words to explain."

"What, Ampharita!" he exclaimed petulantly; but he came forth from his room. "What brought you here at this hour? What will your parents say? Could not one of the runners have come? Who was cruel enough to send you so far? Why did you hasten so? This morning you seemed loath to move a finger for my sake; what aroused you afterwards?"

The girl did not answer. "Speak, I say," the white man commanded.

"Forgive me, my master," she again pleaded, with upraised hands. "The Ranchero said you had the fever."

The Scientist saw that the rough tone which he had never before used toward the child confused her, and that if he would elicit a satisfactory answer, he must assume his usual manner in addressing her. So, with an effort, he controlled his irritation, and asked her gently: "Ampharita, tell me, child, what ails you? Has some one at the pueblo fallen ill?"

He could think of nothing but his reputation as a leech that could have caused the girl to run so great a distance to catch up with him, and to be in the sad plight in which she knelt before him. If in truth she had followed him, and insisted upon seeing him at that

unreasonable hour, to call him back to save the life of a human being he would forgive both her and the Ranchero for their insistence.

Ampharita meanwhile somewhat regained her self-control: —

"Thank God, all are well at home," she said, timidly. Then, as he began to frown again, she added hurriedly, "But, O dear master, you forgot something when you left us this morning."

"The child has always been careful of my interest," he thought, and all his rancor vanished. "Poor little maid, she has run thus far of her own free-will to return to me some paltry knife or screw, for all the instruments were safely stowed away. I saw to that. Still, I may have overlooked, possibly, a useful bit of an instrument, in my hurry to get away, and whether what she brings is useful or worthless, she meant well just the same." So he added aloud: —



"O MY MASTER, YOU
FORGOT ME!"

"What was it, Ampharita, that I forgot? show it to me."

"Can you not see?" she exclaimed, clinging to the little cross for inspiration. "Do you not remember? O my master, you forgot me!"

"You!"

"Yes, do you not remember how you promised that day in the deep barrancas, that I should go with you across the warm yellow waters and the big blue waters,

to learn to read and write and understand many mysteries? You said that, like the pale-faced maidens, I should learn to make lines with a broom full of color, that no one without a sense of smell would be able to tell from flowers that come out of the ground and blossom on the growing things. If one tried, thereafter, to take them off the white paper, one would find that they were not really there, but only looked to be there, like the water one sees but never reaches in travelling across the desert. Oh, don't you remember?" she pleaded. "You said that I was to learn to make them in cloth, too. You said that though there is no smell in that kind of flower, it is more real than the one marked upon the paper, and one can wear it like a living flower; but it is stronger, and lasts a long, long time, for man has fashioned it, so it is long-lived like the spirit of man, and one can keep it always by one without its beauty fading, and its petals shrivelling up into ugly, little dried bundles as do the flowers of the barranca. When a pale-faced girl wants to keep one of her wonder-flowers, she can look at it whenever she will, and can touch and fondle it, without seeing the dead petals dry up and then crumble to dust upon her loving breast."

Ampharita paused and laid her folded hands upon the blanket-covered side of her bosom, while even in the lamplight the Scientist observed the color deepen upon her dark cheek, and a wave of emotion cast its spray into her eyes.

"Why did you not tell me all this before?" he queried.

"You never told me that you were planning to leave the pueblo altogether," she answered, "I thought you would let me know in time to make a bundle and take leave of my parents. I have nothing much besides these

clothes, and I could have fetched all I own in the space of a long breath. This morning you surprised me as I awaited your commands, by suddenly pushing me away, and my heart sank so fast that I had no strength to run or even call after you. See, at the thought of it the breath leaves me again now," and she leaned back against the column, struggling to regain her composure.

"Poor child," the Scientist exclaimed, "shall I get you some water?"

"No, no, I am well again, am I not with you? When I could, I got up," she presently proceeded, "and followed you, my master; and I came along as fast as I knew how to, but you were already asleep when I reached here. The ponies' legs are long and strong; but my master did not retire so early when he slept among the Pimas!"

The Scientist understood the meaning in the girl's quaint sentences. He had lived long enough among the Indians to know that they consider the breath as the true spirit of life. Had they not observed it on frosty mornings issuing in a thick white cloud from the mouths of both men and animals, and had it ever been seen to veil the lips of the dead? Poor little Ampharita had evidently fainted, and on coming to herself had started up and run all the weary, dusty miles that stretched between the pueblo and the ranch, in a brave attempt to catch up with the ponies. The Scientist understood just as clearly what the Indian girl expected of him, and the effort he made to find an answer was as severe as that made by the Indian maiden to construct the long explanatory sentences. She had been forced to stop frequently to search for the uncommon terms expressive of the unusual ideas that she had imbibed,

and, between physical exhaustion and nervous excitement, she had indeed but little breath left at the close of her story.

The Scientist had observed, too, that despite her timidity, she was strong in her faith in him, and believed so entirely in his given word, that the thought of his having intentionally repulsed and abandoned her had never entered her mind. He had not a doubt as to her capacity for profiting by instruction. Had she not learned to assist him with ease and dexterity? Had she not gleaned much more than he thought possible from his idle descriptions of European life? He began to realize that there is an unwritten code of moral obligation toward the untutored as well as the powerful. A forgotten law, yet every infringement of which has been jealously avenged by fate in an upheaval of the ignorant aimed against their indifferent but more prosperous brothers. He felt that he, who believed in physical equality, and the obligations entailed by culture, had behaved like an unreasoning brute. Had he given a promise to lead a hungry white man to an oasis, he would have considered it binding. Was there any greater justification for the breaking of a promise to an Indian girl? He blushed furiously in answer to the questionings of his own spirit, although none could hear its irrefutable logic, none could divine his hidden principles, and no one save Ampharita had heard his idle promise in the barranca. Ah, that was lucky! pleaded his perspicacity. That would enable him to close his heart against her pleading, and by some subterfuge find a solution to the dilemma she had forced upon him.

But just here, unfortunately, he looked up into the

child's honest eyes, his perspicacity was routed, and he could think of no vague and comforting answer.

Ampharita was weeping bitterly. A word from him would console her; yet he would not formulate that word. To concede that he had promised would be to yield. To deny it would be to lie. He could arrive at no decision. The tables were turned; it was the teacher now who had no voice, no words, with which to answer the pupil. He opened his mouth, intending to say something like — Poor little one, do not cry, everything will come right; but he said, instead, "Yes, I remember I promised, Ampharita." The words escaped him automatically; he knew not how, and he would have given much to recall them.

"Then it is settled!" the girl exclaimed, joyfully, in a burst of tears which fell like the sunlit shower that refreshes all Nature after a parched and torrid day. Then, drying her eyes and rising to her feet, she approached with extended hand, "Forgive my anxiety, which made me childish. See, I am a woman now, and will weep no more. How fortunate that I followed you! I am indeed glad God gave me strength to catch up with you. I felt all the time that all that was needed was for me to find the right words to remind you, — and I prayed so hard!"

"No, we cannot settle so grave a question all in a flash!" the man protested, his perspicacity striving to recover the ground that it had lost. "I am not going across the big warm waters at present. I am going to travel about a great deal amid the mountains and deserts of México. I am going to visit that country of which you have heard, where the awful mountains smoke continually, and sometimes vomit fire, to the

destruction of all that is within reach. Do you not remember hearing about them? Think if you were forced to approach so close to them as to feel the ground tremble and heave beneath your feet? Yet I am going even closer than that, to where the thickest sandals will be scorched to dust, and the noise is often so great that one can no longer hear the human voice. But even that is not the worst of all. I am going, first, right into the country of the children of the White Chief of Chiefs, who are at war among themselves. The Chihuahuans are killing their brethren. Any moment I may be taken prisoner; and they would treat you rudely despite all that I should say. Fancy, you might be shot dead, or killed by a fearful accident, or carried away, far away, from me a captive, alone at the mercy of cruel men, when you had not been a week away from the pueblo! You had better let me go alone. Suppose a snake should bite me as I press through the brush, and I die of its poison, there would be no one to look after you, and lead you to a place of safety. You would die of hunger, or be devoured alive by the coyotes! Does none of this frighten you?" he added, in desperation, for she listened with an expression of indifference.

"Where it is safe for you to go, it is safe for me to follow," she answered. "Have you not said that I am brave and strong beyond my years? Have we not often been together to places shunned by the young braves; and did I ever tremble or draw back? Where it is not safe for most men to go, or suffering and danger awaits you, I will be of help to you, and will use cunning tricks to protect you if needs be. Ah, do not smile! Even an Indian girl can place herself between a man and



POTTERY MAKERS.

death, or if her body screen him not enough, she can use the secrets of the Pimas to lure him back to health and strength.

"And if death indeed strikes me beside you, or alone," she continued, "what difference is there in the horror of dying now, or after a few more rainy seasons, provided one die doing rightly? We Indian girls see death's blighting touch so often, we know all about it, even when we are very little. Don't you know, if one is not afraid, and does not struggle, the breath-spirit slips out quickly, easily, as it does with babies and birds and beasts and the very old that die naturally. Then the sun-spirit draws them up towards heaven, just as it does the mist and the frost, and while they sleep soundly the breath is gone. Oh, yes, the messengers of death prowl about everywhere, just like the hungry coyote; but, unless one fights them, they need not be feared. They stop one in the dance, or another while fetching water, digging for roots, or potter's clay, hoeing the corn, or gathering berries in the barrancas. They strike the ball-player as he runs swiftly along the course, and he falls without strength. They sometimes turn the arrows of the cruel hunter against his dearest friend. Any moment I may tread upon a scorpion or a snake, and it may spit death into my blood, or a poisonous spirit of a wicked plant may enter my flesh, and turn it into food for worms. The messengers sit on the arrow and whisper to the spirit in its head. A leaden ball can hurt no worse than a pointed stone or a snake's tooth. The end will come when my work is done. Remember, you promised I could remain with you, O my master, even until the end."

The Scientist had listened entranced by the low

melody of the voice, the rhythmic cadence of the Indian syllables as she slowly uttered for him her nature lore. When she paused, he started. In his æsthetic delight in the words, he had forgotten the theme of her argument; and he felt his heart-strings tighten, and a lump rise in his throat, making it impossible for him to utter a sound. The girl had spoken like one who repeats a well-learned lesson, not with the accents of one arguing from self-interest. As she waited, looking out at the stars oblivious of his presence, a feeling of chilliness overcame him and seemed to numb his vitality. He drew his blanket closer about him, and, seating himself upon a bench, clasped his brow between his hands and forced himself to think dispassionately upon the situation.

Despite the generosity and impulsiveness of his nature he felt it would be folly to take Ampharita to Europe. It was natural that an aborigine could see no difficulty in the way of his carrying an Indian girl with him throughout the world. It was all very well for philosophers to compare the devotion of these same aborigines to white men with the faithfulness of a dog to its master, or to extol the adoption or transplantation of natives as the work of high-minded philanthropy. No one with a grain of common-sense would accept such subterfuges; his kindest friends would smile behind their moustaches or fans according to their sex, and the professors and their wives would wag their heads, even if they did not actually say unkind things about Ampharita. Only the most ignorant savage could for an instant expect him to fulfil such an idiotic promise as that extorted by her in the barranca; yet how rationally had the girl argued the case from her point of view! Could

he answer her half as logically? What a wonderful command of language she had suddenly developed! Of course it was natural that she should strain her powers to the uttermost to argue her point, when the gaining of it meant undreamed-of opportunities. But who would have ever for one instant imagined the shy quiet maiden possessed of such conversational powers, such richness of fancy? And if she was indeed a *rara avis*, was he not bound to develop her faculties?

Would it not be possible to compromise matters, and fulfil his troublesome promise, by shipping her to Europe, and thus keep his word and satisfy the girl without sacrificing his scientific work? If only a seaport were near, how simple it would be; but, alas! even should he defer his cherished plans, it would require weeks of arduous travel to reach a point whence he could confidently start her on a solitary voyage across the ocean to his fatherland. Granted that he should carry her away with him, and arrange for her education abroad, how could she be happy amid the thousand conventional restraints of civilized life without a single tried friend to explain their uses, and patiently train her in the observance of them? He could not stay to watch over her. His people would be forced to put the young barbarian in a convent. Her directness and simplicity would scandalize the nuns, and her heart would be broken in trying to learn the meaning of what she saw about her. Her independent spirit and wild nature would never brook the physical restraint within the gloomy convent chambers, even should the deep tenderness of her nature create a bond of sympathy between her pure spirit and that of her teachers. Would her tropical constitution resist the damp, cold climate

and the exigencies of convent life, even if all else succeeded? — as soon transplant a cactus to the chill convent court-yard.

How would she feel in the conventional uniform which would compress her well-developed muscles and fetter her agile limbs? How would the nuns punish her pantheistic devotion to all God's creation? She would be crushed beneath the load of dogma with which they would seek to extirpate it. No, no, to carry her with him to certain death would be far better than that! but there must be some way out of this terrible dilemma. He thought: "It is all so puzzling because I am too tired and confused to make it out just now, and the child's presence seems to hypnotize me. While she sleeps, I can think it over unrestrainedly. She is satisfied now, so I will send her to bed; and when day comes, after a good, refreshing night's rest, I will surely find a logical solution which will be so simple that I will laugh at my present anxiety."

He looked at Ampharita, who had seated herself Indian fashion beside the pillar of the patio. The white-washed adobe formed a background against which her graceful silhouette cast its delicate shadow. The yellow light from the lantern played caressingly over her crossed arms and regular features. Now that she had explained everything to her master, her belief in his truthfulness had obliterated all trace of fatigue from her mobile countenance, and as she turned her eyes and gazed upwards into the purple star-spangled vault of the tropical night, her face became suffused with a wonderful expression of absolute trust, which caused her in her perfect stillness to resemble an antique statue of an inspired young Egyptian anchorite, clothed by the

tender fancy of a Byzantine artist in stiff draperies of rich-colored enamel.

The Scientist spoke: "Ampharita!"

At the sound of his voice she turned her eyes to his. Their lambent beauty and sincere expression fairly hurt him.

"Up, little wanderer," he said, "and away to rest."

She arose and approached him, but she did not prepare to move away.

"It is much too late for those big eyes to be wide open. They seemed to have caught two stars while gazing into the night sky. Your people have been sleeping for hours. Go to rest now; in the morning I promise I will take you whither I go. More you have said you do not desire. The journey is a long one, and the wings of birds of travel must be strengthened by rest."

"Oh, thank you, my master," the girl exclaimed, "I knew that you were true!" And casting one more glance of beatific trust upon his now smiling face, she sped away into the darkness, and sought the women's quarters.



KITCHEN-RING ACCESSORIES.

CHAPTER IV.

His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

ELAINE.

THE Scientist waited until the sound of Ampharita's light footfalls had died into silence, then he slowly arose from the bench, and, gathering his blanket about him, strode into his sleeping-room and pushed to the door. He left it unbarred, however; now that Ampharita was at the ranch, he felt less suspicious of his surroundings.

Casting himself again upon the cot, he disposed himself to rest; but he found the canvas surprisingly hard, and he thought, with poignant regret, of the fragrant heap of well-cured saccaton in the corner of the cactus hut at the Pima pueblo. In vain he strove to go to sleep; the more he determined not to think of the immediate future, the more persistently did the unbidden thoughts career through his brain. His ear ached from contact with his corduroy coat; his shoulders were sore from the ride; his face was blistered; and he tossed about uneasily.

"A coat makes an abominable pillow," he growled; "no wonder I am uncomfortable; every rib and button bores into my flesh, and the seams feel as if made of whalebone. I ought to travel with a pillow. Fie, I am becoming an old woman. Whoever was it invented the

abomination of canvas cots, any way? They are rough, hot, unsavory, and absolutely unelastic. Oh, for the cool wattle walls of my cactus hut among the Pimas, the luxury of my mat upon the heap of dry grass, and the familiar sharp bark of the scavenging coyotes roaming around the village, and answered by the deep growls and angry snarl of the faithful watch-dogs. If I am to ride my pony from here to Chihuahua, I shall have to do something to limber him up. His hand trot is harder than a flail!

“What is that rustling, pattering, squeaking, and swishing? Oh, the pestiferous vermin! What a pity these Mexicans do not relish mice and bats’ meat, or trap and exterminate the horrid things. I hear a squealing, scampering legion beneath my feet, and the bats scud past my ears in flying battalions. There, I saw their mocking eyes gleam in the light that falls through the crack in the door! They seem to crunch their sharp teeth with a sound like, ‘Stay awake, stay awake!’ I



RATS AND MICE — *DIPODOMYS AGILIS*, ETC.

am sure the devil is in them, and amusing himself at my expense. If only the Indian boys were here, they would give them each a short shrift and an arrow-point. I wonder why Ampharita will never kill a creature if she can help it.”

He had tried to keep his mind on general topics, and the philosophical problems which generally induce sleep, but he could not control it. Just as he grew drowsy, and his will disarmed on the frontier of dreamland, the unpleasant thoughts he sought to vanquish returned with redoubled ardor, fresh armed for the attack. His promise to Ampharita seemed to excite and urge them forward with tiresome persistence; and seek to avoid them as he might, they doubled upon him, routing him by means of new and painful insinuations and logical upbraidings, which it took some time to argue away. His brain was in a mist; unimportant considerations assumed giant proportions, insignificant noises were magnified, while vital questions eluded him, despite his determination to grasp them. He could decide on nothing, though his mind had been made up from the start, and he knew himself just weak enough to feel compelled to hold on to his first idea at any cost. The more painful he found it, the more bound he was to maintain it; and remembering the specious adage, "Drastic measures are curative," he resolutely turned his face to the wall and cajoled himself into a troubled sleep. Horrible visions possessed him; and, like a helpless spectator, he watched the skirmish between the impersonations of his mind and heart, while his professional ambition, humanitarian principles, wayward passions, and innate purity alternately cheered or hissed the contestants. At last, conscience, which seemed a kind of umpire, arose, and, uniting forces with his heart, subdued his mind and drove the spectators from the field. Then he slept peacefully, — the still, dreamless sleep of exhausted nature.

The mice continued to squeal, but their voices were

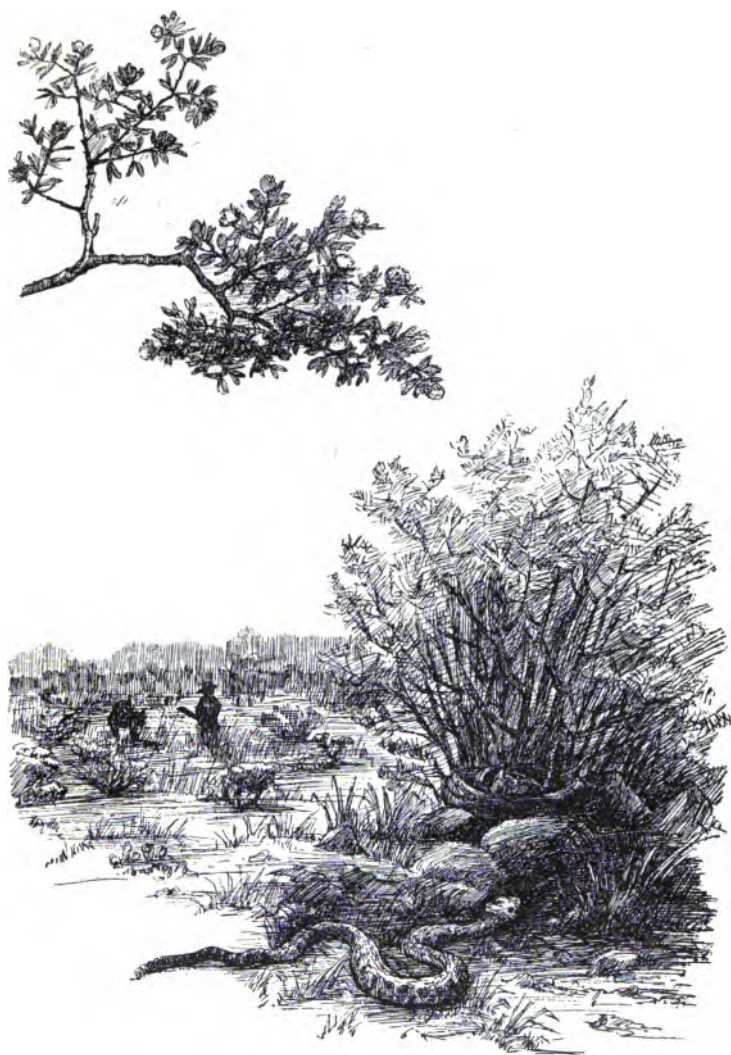
as a pleasant lullaby. The kangaroo-like rats continued to hop about and sniff and snort without disturbing him. The white bats scudded close to his brow, but he no longer realized their presence. The daylight softly stole through the chinks of the eaves, and, touching the hatchet-hewed beams, painted them a deep brown, and then a tawny buff, in the slow progress of advancing day. The mice, rats, and bats disappeared. Each article in the room materialized, and still the Scientist slept, oblivious of the changes going on about him.

The door opened, and a flood of pink light poured through it, in which floated rather than walked the



BATS — VESPERTILIO EVOTIS.

advancing figure of the Indian girl. She stopped, and gracefully balancing a large earthen olla on her shapely head, listened for the morning greeting of her master; but all that she heard was the regular breathing of the sleeper. Noiselessly she approached the rude table, and, raising her arms, she swept the heavy water jar from her head, and, stooping, placed it upon the floor; next, taking a bunch of soap-root and a clean piece of cotton-cloth from the fold of her blanket, she laid them beside it, and contemplated her work, well satisfied. Stepping to the cot, she placed her hand softly upon the



TAH-SUN-UP, CREOSOTE WOOD.

pale brow of the weary sleeper, and murmured, "My master!"

The Scientist threw one arm up restlessly over his head, forcing her hand away. He tossed from side to side, frowning darkly and muttering something in an unknown tongue; but he did not answer her.

Ampharita again touched his brow with her cool, shapely fingers, and finding it hot, fetched the piece of cloth, and, wetting a corner of it in the cold water, began to bathe his face, gently whispering tender little Indian words such as she would have used to arouse one of her little brothers.

The Scientist groaned, sighed, and opened his eyes with a nervous start.

"You are feverish, my master," the girl whispered. "Shall I make you a soothing infusion of quinine plant?"

"No, no," he said; "why did you not let me sleep longer? — All I need is rest," he added impatiently, and turned again towards the wall.

"Forgive me," she said, smiling brightly at his troubled expression and heavy eyes, "my master is very lazy this morning. The Ranchero's wife has nearly finished preparing his breakfast, and I have brought him a big olla full of fresh, cool water, which I drew on purpose from the outside well. I felt that it was a pity to disturb my master's dream; but the sun will not await our pleasure, and my master said last night that to-day's journey would be long."

The Scientist turned and stretched out his hand, beckoning for a drink; and the maiden, smiling again, lifted the olla and held it to his lips. Then when he had had sufficient she set it down in the same place, and,

gliding out, closed the door, while to the man who found himself alone again in the buff twilight it seemed as if she had carried all the life and brightness of the world with her, abandoning him to the sorry companionship of darkness and discontent.

Stray sunbeams penetrated here and there through a crack in the wood-work, but the Scientist felt that the stuffiness of the windowless room was unbearable, and that the freshness and life of the morning had come and gone as attributes of the Indian girl. He rubbed his eyes, and looked at his watch.

"The child told the truth as usual," he exclaimed; "the sun has been up half an hour!"

Jumping to his feet he caught up the water jar and cast part of its refreshing contents over his throbbing head and sore shoulders. He rubbed his wet skin with the little bundle of yucca root which lay beside the impromptu towel. The aromatic lather refreshed him, and the horrors of the night began to fade from his memory.

"What a treasure she is," he thought, as he threw more water over his hair and beard, "and what a constitution! She looks as fresh and bright this morning as though she had spent yesterday dawdling about the village, stripping willows, instead of running nearly forty miles across those hot wastes which taxed my endurance on horseback. I wonder how I would have found water for my ablutions this morning if she had not followed me. Indeed, I shall miss her attentions terribly. Bah! if I am to be weakly dependent upon the attentions of womankind, I had better go back at once to civilization



A HAIR BRUSH.

and my mother's and sisters' apron-strings. What is the use of sentimentalizing? Ampharita has served me faithfully; but the period when her good offices were of value is past. After to-morrow my only roof will be the firmament, and what should I do with a girl under those circumstances?"

The struggle between what he felt to be his duty and his honor recommenced, and he finished dressing automatically. His face grew grave and hardened gradually. As he tugged viciously at his belt strap and donned his coat, a plan materialized in every detail; and, throwing open the door, he called loudly for the Ranchero.

"Good-morning, Señor," said the man as he entered. "I hope you slept well."

"Good-morning. Where is Ampharita?"

"The Indian maiden who came after the Caballero late last night?"

"Yes."

"She is with my wife on the other side of the patio, preparing the morning meal and the food you are to carry with you. Shall I call her?"

"No, no: it is well as it is. I want to speak with you alone."

The Scientist closed the door, and in the semi-darkness drew the man into the farthest corner of the room. Laying an arm across his shoulder with a confidential gesture, he spoke close to his ear in suppressed tones, for he knew the keen sense of hearing of Ampharita, and feared some hint of his plan might reach her.

"I propose to ride back at once with the girl to the Pimas, where I neglected to wind up a certain transaction. I shall leave the pack-horse and its load here with you. You will guard them well, for the reward will be

according to the care they receive. An hour before dawn to-morrow, while your household is still asleep, take the beast and all my belongings, — mind that you forget not a single bit of rope, — steal away with them to the high land near the cañon that runs from the other side of the Eternal Stream towards the sunset. Turn twice eastward, yet move southward, travelling for an hour's quick march further."

"Yes, yes," the Mexican interrupted, "I know perfectly where you mean, Caballero. You wish me to take the way by the three jagged rocks which stand out above the arroyo so near together that no one can see a man or beast that rests beneath them, though the rocks themselves are visible for miles around."

"Exactly. I see you know the place. Be there an hour before noon. Hide my horse and your own in the shade, and rest secure of my coming; but take food enough with you for two days. I will strive to meet you there to-morrow at noon. Should I not arrive within twenty-four hours thereafter the business will have miscarried, and you can come back to the ranch. If I do not arrive here either before sunset of the following day, send to the Pima village for news of me. Be not anxious about the time you will lose in serving me. I shall give you a silver piece for each half day, and one extra if the horse is in good condition and his load untouched. You know it consists only of dried plants and insects, which are of use to none but me." The Scientist added this impressively, and showed the man a handful of Mexican dollars. "In any case you hold the pack-horse meanwhile as security," he added more carelessly. "Is it a bargain?"

The man bowed his head and trembled slightly. The

allusion to dried plants and insects was well timed. The summoning of the white man to the Indian village, and his copious ablutions, had led the Mexican to conclude him to be a shaman. Then the appointment at the Three Rocks had shaken his faith; but the load of dried



A KEE-HO OR CARRY-
ING BASKET.

grasses and beetles confirmed his first impression, for who but a conjurer would pay silver dollars for the care of such a load, and the Scientist, had he divined it, might have rested secure that not a thread would be touched for fear of arousing his supernatural powers.

"It is well; may you be successful," said the man. "My oath on it, I shall forget nothing, Caballero."

"Mind, not a word to any one, and no information about the journey, even should the girl or another Indian come here to seek for news of me many days afterwards."

"Your orders shall be faithfully obeyed in every detail, Caballero. Do not doubt my word. I am plain-spoken, but an honest man," asseverated the Ranchero, anxiously. "Is there anything more I can do for the Caballero?"

"No, nothing, save to see that my riding pony is saddled without delay! Sh! Not another word about this. I think I hear steps. Be off!"

The Mexican, sombrero in hand, with repeated protestations of devotion, bowed himself towards the door. His keen eyes still twinkled with the mingled light of the promised silver and his discovery of a great white shaman, but he determined to mention his suspicions to none save his wife.

Just as the man reached the door, it was pushed open by Ampharita.

"My master," she warned, "the sun grows hot, and will make the journey doubly hard. We have cooked you a good meal of tomares and tortillas, which is growing cold, and the coffee you relish will not be fit to drink. Make haste; see, in this bag about my neck I have enough pinole and attole to maintain us for many days; but my master must start out well-nourished."

"What a wise child!" the Scientist answered. "Come, I am ready; you took away so much of my sleep last night that you cannot expect me to be very bright this morning. While I am eating, you can see that the Ranchero saddles my riding pony properly. The other is to be left here tethered. To-day we go home to your people to learn your parents' wishes. I am sure you did not tell them you were coming after me."

The girl looked up at him confidently; she believed in his rectitude, and not a gleam of suspicion came into her trustful eyes.

"I will leave the bag I had brought tied to the pack of instruments and specimens; the flour of the yucca is life-giving, and is of good service on a long journey," she said. "But why need we go back to my people; they know where I am."

"Did you bid your parents 'good-bye,' and ask the Chief's permission to follow me?"

"I had no time for that; but I met the Chief's son and the fishermen returning to our pueblo, and I sent back a message by them. I would not have my master journey needlessly on my account; it is not really worth while. My people will not expect a great white shaman to waste so much time on account of speaking with the

parents of a maiden whom he had promised to carry away with him, and then forgotten in the confusion of his leave-taking."

"Never mind. We are taught to think differently of maidens in my country; and I cannot carry a little girl away from her people without being sure that her parents and Chief approve. Run now and help the Ranchero while I eat."

Walking across the patio the Scientist seated himself on a low wooden stool, which had been placed on the cleanly swept ground, between the tortilla stone and a small glowing fire of mesquite wood. He was dazed by the spirited way in which Ampharita had answered him.

"Truly, the child found her tongue last night with a vengeance," he thought; "and an uncommonly glib tongue it is, too. I trust she will not give me trouble, I must be as wary as a real shaman. The time has come for me to show that I am no weakling to be governed by the fancy of a brown maiden, but a wise white medicine-man who decrees what is best for his patients."

An array of earthen-ware bowls, ollas, and cajitas stood on the ground before him. A decidedly savory odor came from them, whetting his appetite. He experienced a certain surprise at this, when he bethought himself of the miserable food prepared for him the night before, and the disgust which had prevented his swallowing more than a few of the least greasy titbits.

The Ranchero's wife squatted near him full of tremulous officiousness. A slatternly creature, she appeared even more jaded than the night before; wrinkled beyond her age, the load of ignorance and dejection under



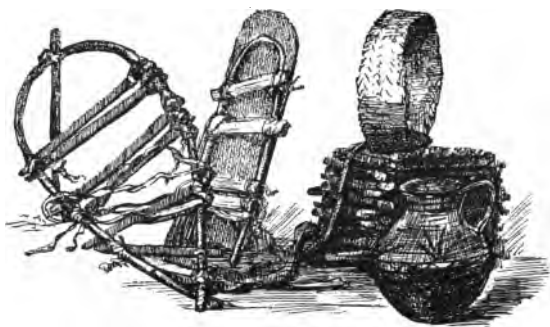
PREPARING FOOD.

which she labored, caused her to stoop and appear almost deformed. For in that region, where everything heavy is either balanced upon the head, or supported upon the back by means of straps that pass around the forehead, even the aged are erect and flat-shouldered. This half-breed woman, who had been exalted to the position of helpmeet to the Ranchero, because of her whilom beauty, was envied by her humbler sisters, who saw her relieved from all the arduous labors which devolve upon Indian wives; but she had never enjoyed her position, being debarred from hard work and ignorant of all else, while in her turn she envied the poorest mother the blessing of her healthy offspring; for she had watched her own weakly little ones slowly waste away before her eyes, until a row of little heaps of sand and brush surmounted by rude black wooden crosses, marked the burial-place of all her hopes and ambitions.

“What a good breakfast you have prepared for me this morning,” said the Scientist, as he devoured a second tomale. “This maize is of a superior quality. How sweet the water is that comes from your well!”

“It is not the virtue of the maize, nor the quality of the water, which none before you has called sweet; it is the blessed touch of the ray of sunshine from the Pima which followed you hither,” said the woman, with a long, weary sigh. “I had never thought to learn from the Indians, whom our Mexican father told us were to be despised; but that child has taught me many things about cooking. Little things which seem nothing, and make all the difference! Then the reasons she gives me for other things, a word here and another there, they make everything in life worth while. How pretty she looked

this morning as she moved about in the dawn, kindling the fire and fetching the water! So light a step has never caressed the patio in our day. She is playful as a tame fawn, graceful, gentle, and usefully active withal. Watch how she fondles the horse, and how he seems to like her caresses! She seems born to play, and she does the work of a servant, but as though it were a privilege to help others. What she touches she makes beautiful. Oh, why can I not keep her here by me! Leave her with me, kind sir, if only for a few days; you have so much in your life, and I have nothing in mine, but she would make it different forever after. My hand-maids are surly; the pæons are rough; the Ranchero is away for days and days, and he looks at the teswin oftener than at me when he returns to the ranch. I am



ROCKING AND CARRYING CRADLES.

as dry leaves beneath his feet, only fit for burning, since I cannot rear him a son. Six times God sent me a baby to clasp in my arms and call my very own, and then He took it away again, shrivelled and blighted by the very air on which the Indian children thrive. The coyotes howl about the place where their bones lie side by side,

covered deep, very deep, with brush and sand, that they may not be found by the wild beasts. I go there and sit when I dare take my eyes from the handmaids, or I weep here in a corner when none is looking, for nothing bright has come to me in years, save this child who travelled so fearlessly alone through the night; and now you are going to take her straight away again. Guard her as a very great treasure, O wise white shaman, even a half-breed woman, if her eyes have been washed clear by much weeping, can see the brand of God upon one of His creatures; and the maiden is one of those in whom He takes delight.

"Poor woman," said the Scientist, shaking his head sympathetically. "The life here must be a hard and lonely one for you. If you had a church to pray in, perhaps you would be less unhappy."

"Yes; when the priest comes this way, it is a bright day. He talks of my innocent babies as little white angels fluttering about in Paradise like the blue butterflies that dance through the air above the flowering mezas. He says they went straight up to God, because they had not lived long enough to be weighed down by a single sin; and he says they pray for me to be called quickly, and that the purging for my sins in the eternal fires be not long. Then I feel content, and would help myself to die at once, did I not know that that would destroy my power of ever reaching them. But he goes away soon; no one lingers at our ranch, and the time between his visits is very long."

The Scientist answered nothing, for his intellect was busying itself with what he would have called, "the injustice of the Fates." "The pagans alone understood the poetry of existence," he thought, "when they repre-

sented one of the Fates as blind and armed with a shears to cut off all access to joy, the second as an undeveloped child, the third as a senile hag." Evidently there was no just dispensation of providential favors. Here had occurred the sweeping away of much desired infants, leaving a kindly mother's heart torn and bleeding for something to love; while on him was forced a young person who, no matter how charming, was likely to prove very much in the way. "Still," he mused, "if the Fates are purblind, they can be all the more easily controlled; that is the brighter lesson hidden in the allegory of the ancients. They realized that intellect can control all things, provided a man trains it to obey his bidding. The more perfect the training, the more absolute the control. Therefore, it depends upon my intellect to arrange things to suit me in dealing with these ignorant people who live and act by instinct alone. The Catholic Church has grasped this really great truth, hence its power, which has been demonstrated even in the case of this poor creature."

The Scientist had finished eating while he thought, and drank deeply from the jar of coffee which Ampharita had brewed for him.

The woman crouching beside him seemed to have forgotten his presence, while gazing at the Indian girl as though in her she saw a heavenly apparition soon to be caught away from human eyes. Looking in the same direction, the Scientist acknowledged to himself that, in spite of her dusky skin, the girl was decidedly attractive.

Unconscious of the attention she was receiving, Ampharita whiled away the time in stroking the pony, pulling his ears and rubbing them softly between her

taper fingers. She leaned her head against his shaggy cheek, and murmured something which the animal seemed to understand and enjoy; for he rubbed his soft nose backwards and forwards against her shoulder, blinked knowingly, and whinnied from satisfaction.



AN INDIAN BABY.

CHAPTER V.

She still took note that when the living smile
 Died from his lips, across him came a cloud
 Of melancholy severe, from which again,
 Whenever in her hovering to and fro
 The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,
 There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness
 Of manners and of nature: and she thought
 That all was nature, all, perchance, for her.
 And all night long his face before her lived,
 As when a painter, poring on a face,
 Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
 Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
 The shape and color of a mind and life,
 Lives for his children, ever at its best
 And fullest; so the face before her lived.

ELAINE.

THE Scientist drank the rest of the coffee, set down
 the empty crock with a sigh, and, rising, paused to ex-
 change a few parting compliments with his host and
 hostess. Then he turned away and poured a little clean
 water over his hands, shook them thrice, and dried off
 the moisture with his handkerchief. The Mexicans
 watched him nervously, for they imagined that this sim-
 ple act of cleanliness was a religious rite of shamanistic
 virtue; they trusted that the shower of drops only con-
 tained a blessing, but one could never be too sure, the

stranger had been very angry the night before, and the number three possessed a wonderful power. The Scientist walked away; and they followed him respectfully across the patio to where Ampharita and the pony stood in the arched gateway. They waited while he mounted and waved his hat to the Ranchero, pointing eastward, and calling out, "Remember my pony," ere he started out into the dusty sunshine.

Ampharita stepped back to wish a cheerful "Good-bye" to the Rancheros; then she swiftly rejoined the white man, and, suiting her gait to the horse's, kept close beside the stirrup, gliding over the ground with a free step and fresh alertness.

The Scientist, on the contrary, despite his rationalistic inductions, grew more and more listless as the day advanced. Once the stimulating effects of the coffee had worn off, he felt absolutely depressed, and it required all the words and nature lore at Ampharita's command to draw him out of his gloomy mood.

Her unselfish efforts were really more successful than she suspected; for, as the hours passed, and she answered the many questions about the customs of the Indians that he put with grave listlessness, he was really charmed by her descriptions, and the road, which had seemed so long and tiresome in coming, grew short and pleasant. He regretted the appearance of each landmark that measured off the distance between the ranch and the pueblo, while his prearranged plan grew more and more distasteful.

When the trail lay near an umbrageous mesquite-tree, or an unusually large yucca, he drew rein and dismounted, saying that he did not want the girl to arrive among her people looking fagged; and, as they sat to-

gether in the shade, a feeling of contentment stole over him, sweet and deceptive as the languor of the poppy.

Ampharita laughed at his anxiety about her looks. She would have preferred to hasten along, and get



YUCCA BACCATA.

through with what she knew the Chief and her parents would consider a superfluous ceremony. Had not her father heard the white man's tender words at parting, and seen him kiss her on both cheeks? What more was needed? The Indians of the Sierra Madre leave the

choice of a husband to the marriageable girls; and she felt that her parents could but be proud of her decision to follow the white man, and drink at the source whence he drew his wisdom. What if she went in the capacity of a servant; that lay between herself and her conscience. Her life was her own to give freely as she saw fit; but these thoughts she kept to herself, and they filled her graceful little head. It seemed as though the decision she had taken had matured Ampharita's intelligence, and in the sunlight of her master's kindness her mind began to unfold its rare blossoms. Her tongue, which had grown eloquent during the midnight interview, when beneath the scourge of anxiety she felt her whole future depended on persuading the white man to give her the education and enlightenment he had promised, remained supple despite the return of the sunlight and confidence. The spell of silence had been effectually broken, and her simple directness lent a fascinating quaintness to all she described.

"Ampharita," said the Scientist, "tell me, do you know what the people who are not taught by the priests believe about the beginning of the world?"

"Oh, yes. Why, we all know that, for the great talkers love to tell about it; but we Christian Indians believe that our faith is better. I wonder what the birds and beasts believe. I know some of our old men (and some of the likely young bucks, too, for that matter) believe as do the heathen Tarahumari and the other heathens west of the mountains. I listen when the limber-tongued talk; and then I go out into the barranca, where the trees and flowers, the winds and the waters, and the birds seem to tell a different story, — especially the titmice, with their everlasting chatter. The medicine-men say that



BRIDLED TITMICE.

far to the north of where the sun rises, in the land where the white men are now, — long, long before the memory of those whose bones are sometimes found in caves, green and hard like stone from age, — the fathers of the Apaches and the Pimas dropped from the clouds with corn and potatoes in their ears. Their God was with them; and he gave them wives and children in plenty. He was big, very big; and when he showed them how to dig, he turned up a field at every digging. But when he had brought our people safely to where we live now, leaving a family here and another there on the way, as he saw fit, he grew very, very fond of the Tequino (or teswin, as we call it); and one day, when he was resting while the workings of the drink went on in his brain, a great bearded devil came and took away his wife, whom he held close to his heart. Then the God, the great Father of the Pimas, was sad, and he mourned, and none could comfort him. He said to the greatest medicine-man of those days, ‘I cannot stay with you longer, my faithful son; the devil has taken my wife, and I must go to find her. But I will leave two crosses in the world, and some day I will come again.’ I wonder, my master, if you are he! They say that he was white; and you are white, and so bright and glorious. You have given me already one bright cross; perhaps, when I am wiser, you will give me the other.”

“What a strange child you are!” said the Scientist, flushing uncomfortably. “Do not talk so about me and my poor little gift. I am only a plain man; go on about the great God who was about to leave your people.”

“The people wept sore; and while they wept, the

skies wept too; and while the people sobbed and beat the drums, and the wind and cloud spirits did the same, the great God went away. The people saw the clouds make a golden road for the God; and he went to the east; then the clouds closed up again, and it was very dark. But when the sun rose the next day, all was clear again, and a fiery cross stood high in the heavens. Then they saw the great God of the Pimas just once more, for he flew over their heads towards the west; and his flying form became, in the west, like a great dark cross, and the shadow of the great dark cross remained behind, and fell upon the whole land. The medicine-men told the people that sorrowed that the God had left that western cross to show the people the shady paths to where the sun rests, and beyond to his heavenly home, where their spirits should rest forever. When the Pima God comes down to help his people on earth, he comes by the eastern cross, and thence he sends the new-made spirits to the babies. That is why the heathens use crosses, even more than the Christians, and will not live without one set up near their house, where they worship and dance around it on the prepared dance-ground. I suppose you thought them Christians when you first saw them?"

"Well, you Christians of the Sierra Madre have faith in so many things that the Christians among us do not know of, you should forgive a little mistake. Tell me about some of the things which the Christians care for most besides the cross?"

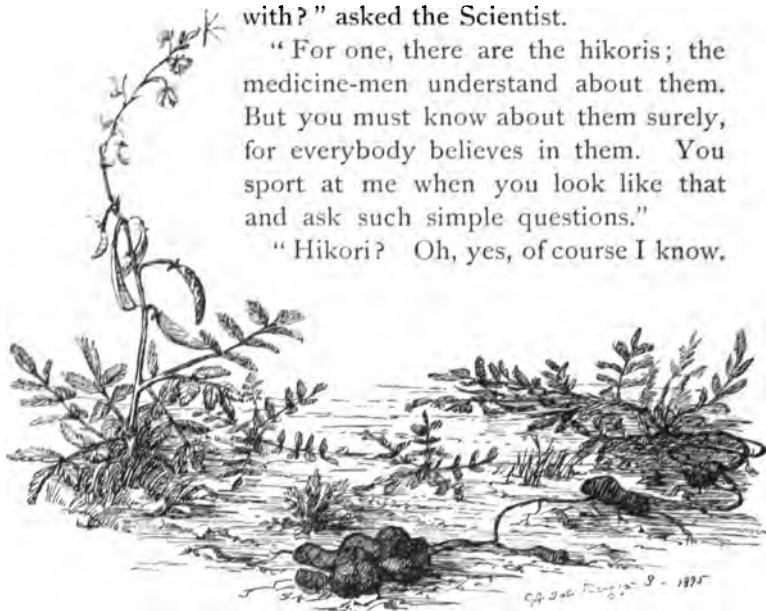
"Of course, we have holy water, and the Madonna, and the masses, and the prayers, and the penance, and the feasts, and the pictures in the churches. That is well; but we like what the heathen or Gentiles care for

because there is only one priest for all our people, and we have to make out the best way we can in his absence, and do what the shaman tells us is good for the sick and unhappy, and pay him much, very much for the charms."

"What charms does he help you with?" asked the Scientist.

"For one, there are the hikoris; the medicine-men understand about them. But you must know about them surely, for everybody believes in them. You sport at me when you look like that and ask such simple questions."

"Hikori? Oh, yes, of course I know.



HOFFMANSEGGIA STRICTA, INDIAN POTATO.

It is a kind of tree; but I thought it grew in a colder, more northern climate. Its nuts are very good and nourishing."

"No, the hikoris are not from a tree with nuts. The hikoris are alive and wise and very small and round and hairy."

"What?"

"They look like a certain kind of cacti, the Bismoga, and little chollas; but that is only their magical hiding-place. They are god-like spirits."

"Spirits in little round cacti, Ampharita?"

"Hush, you might offend them! They look like that, but they are sacred; they have very big souls. Every plant has some kind of soul, just as the animals have. But the souls in the animals, the medicine-men say, are the souls of people sitting about and waiting until kind friends dance and pray for their soul eyes to be opened, so that they can see the way to where the western cross points the road to heaven. They sit oftenest in the animals because flesh and blood seem natural to them, and it is warmer. The animals are hospitable, and do not mind much, poor things. But the souls of plants, they are pure and have no stain upon them; and those of the hikoris are virginal like the Madonna and the saintly women the priest teaches us about. The hikoris are so very pure that they can bear no sin or wrongdoing in their presence."

"What do the wonderful hikoris look like? Could that be one growing over there?"

"Oh, no; what a queer mistake! That is only a baby *pitaya*. The hikoris grow far to the east, to be closer to the heavens of the pure unborn, and gaze on the morning cross. They sing quite loud to cheer the baby spirits on their way to the waiting earth-mothers. There are big and little hikoris. I wonder which the baby spirits like best; the little ones, like themselves, or the great strong ones that are feared by men? The braves travel days and days to fetch them. Those who go must be purified first, and keep pure on the way. They must travel fast, eating sparingly. It is often nearly a

moon before they get to the place in the Sierra Margosa where the best hikoris grow. When there, they eat only pinole; for are they not there to chew the sacred hikori? They chew with great devotion, so that the second day the spirit of the chewed hikori goes up into the head and chases out all the bad thoughts which have been there. It kills, too, the charms of the bad shamen



THE BISMOGA CACTUS. A
HIKORI.

and robbers they may have angered, and makes the chewer strong against the Apaches. Sometimes the braves cut their hair so as to let the old dead thoughts out, and the faster to make ready for the new ones. But that does harm if one neglects to have a cloth prepared to tie tightly over the

head; for the good thoughts might run out too, as fast as the old ones, and in their place bad thoughts, which have no home, come to nest like birds of ill omen in the empty head. My master, tell me truly, when I begin to learn all the many new things in the land of the white men, do you think I shall have to cut off my hair to let out the dusky useless thoughts of the Sierra Madre, and wear a close cloth about my brow for fear the beautiful new ones will run through my stupid head, leaving no memory?"

The Scientist frowned and said, "Why talk about the land of the white man? That is an old tale. Tell me more about the Indians."

While listening to the child's stories illustrative of the pantheism of her people, he had almost forgotten the

object of their journey, and he resented the reference to his promise.

"What more?" submissively questioned the girl.

"Tell me if the women go after the hikoris as well as the men?"

"Of course not; the souls of many hikoris loathe women; and no woman is allowed to touch the very best. Some she dares not even look at. But there are the roakoros; they can touch them if told to by the shaman. You know the roakoros are the women who live with the medicine-men and serve them in nursing the sick and preparing for ceremonies. The medicine-man tells his roakoros to pound the ceremonial hikori in a sacred mortar, and then they mix it with water. It is hard work; they must not spill a drop, and the stone, too, must be washed and the water saved; for the medicine-men say the water is as holy as that prepared by our priest. Hikori wine is made in that way. He is strong, oh, so strong. The medicine-men can drink of him, and some of the braves can drink of him, and sometimes they let the women take a little of him, too; but he who is profane, and forgets to sing and dance after drinking of him, falls in a chill; for the hikori loves song! He loves it so that when the washing and brewing has begun none may pause or rest from singing, unless another strikes two sticks together all the time; for the hikori glories in the sound of the pestle as it thuds the mortar with a will, and the hikori sings a song of its own in answer while the juice flows. The hikori's voice has the sound of a cock singing before the sunrise, and the men try to make the same sound when they dance before him; but as the women cannot, the hikoris care not for the song of women. The hikoris love the

song of the dance-rattle made of the native gourds. They say it is very beautiful to feel the hikori wine go to the brain, and see the visions which are sent to the drinker make them feel like a god. In the white man's land is there a drink like that of which women can take but a little, while the men drink oft and much, until they feel its fire in their hearts and heads?"

"Never mind about the drink. Tell me more about the virtue in the hikoris," insisted the Scientist. "Surely, the Christians do not believe in the magic power of this strange plant!"

"Hush! have I not told you to speak prudently? Why, one of the servants of the hikoris might hear you, and report it to your ill, if he did you no immediate harm. They are everywhere." The girl looked about her anxiously, as though she expected to see an angry apparition materialize before her.

"When a person is ill," she went on, "the medicine-man calls upon Walula-seliامي, who is the greatest of all the hikoris. His throne is upon a great big sacred grass-seed, as big as the biggest mountain. It is the kind of seed of which we make necklaces for the girls and babies. We put it, too, in strong drinks; for it has the spirit in it which gives the strength to the maize-water. This wonderful throne of the greatest of all hikoris is set just beside that of God himself. Walula-seliامي looks something like his lesser brother, the Wanامي, and he has many young ones about his feet; just as the priest says, the faithful and pure will be gathered some day beneath the mercy-seat of God. All the other hikoris are Walula-seliامي's servants; and for food he must have the best of meats and much thereof. When the medicine-man kneels down and goes through the proper



CUCUBITA PALMATA, THE GOURD.

ceremonial and sacrifices, and the smoke of the burning copal incense goes up high, high in the heavens looking like a blue ribbon let down to earth by the God, then it is a sign; and he sends his servants with relief to the sick man, and many blessings to him and all his pious relatives. They are richly dressed, these servants, and very noble in appearance, like, like — you. O my master, are you not at least a *servant* of the Gods?" exclaimed the girl, looking at him with an expression of intense earnestness.

But as the white man answered nothing, after a pause she went on. "If his soul be really clean, then the man is surely cured, and can remain alive for a season; but if the soul is impure, and he has not repented, but wants to live for gain, then he must go out and roam about with the coyotes, while his flesh withers away in his death-hut, alone on the mountain side. Another hikori helps the dead best; and with that, and many prayers and dances, the road to and beyond the western cross becomes easy to the spirit of the dead."

"But all that is for the heathen; surely the Christians do not believe in the power of hikoris?"

"Why not? Is not God everywhere? Of course the Christians have their hikoris, too. We could not do without it. It is white like the Christian's Saviour. It is called Rosa-para, and it has been given them as a charm against the Apaches. Only people with clean hands and pure hearts, who have been well baptized by the priest, can safely touch it; and no robber can harm the storehouse in which it rests, or the Christian who carries it about him.

"Nulato is another very good hikori. To carry it is even better than to wash the eyes with holy water to

open them to perceive the sorcerer who has cunningly hid himself, and lurks about with evil intent. It gives speed to the runner, too; and if a man be very careful to guard it, he insures to himself thereby a long, long life. Oh, look! we can see our mountains already. How long I must have talked! My master will call me a magpie!"

"No, not a magpie; but a very wise little Indian maiden. But tell me if you know anything more about these strange vegetable fetiches?"

Ampharita protested that she had told him all she knew; but that her father and mother could tell him much more, for what she could tell she had learned by hearsay, picked up while listening to the talk of others; for her parents were very true Christians, and had faith in the holy water, the prayers and pictures from the priest, and brought their children up very strictly, although they attended always when there were feasts with story-telling. She said she could tell him many wonderful things about the saints, if he wished to know; for with the priest as with the Scientist who had succeeded him in the cactus hut, Ampharita had waited upon the tribe's guest; and the priest had been just as much attracted by her intelligence and gentleness as the younger man, and had taken great pains in instructing her, so that she knew more about the Christian religion, as taught by the native priests, than many of the older Pimas.

"The good Father tells me it is very stupid to believe that plants understand things, and talks so that he makes me quite ashamed. Still, it is not long before I am happy again; for I like to think of them as having souls," she said. "One day, when I asked him, he

could not explain to me why the Holy-Cross-tree, the wood of which served for the Saviour's cross, should have its trunk covered with brown crosses, unless it had known the wonderful purpose it had served. Oh, the plants are very wise, and they are so pretty. They do us and the animals so much good; they must know what a blessing they are, or they would not try to come



Oct 3rd. Bayport 3, 1893. —

CARPOCARPSA SALTITANS, JUMPING BEANS.

up in the water and in every little handful of soil, and even seek to live on the desert sand. Should we not all die if we were deprived of the nopal and the corn and mesquite

beans, the Chili coyote, and all the other delicious things that the plants give us to make us strong and happy? It is so sad that much that does good does also harm. Look how the dear cows and patient oxen, when enraged, gore or trample upon their masters! The dogs bite, and can even make one mad; the cocks fight, killing each other for wantonness; and some of the most beautiful plants have very evil spirits, so that while they give life and strength with their harmless berries, the wicked spirit in their sap seeks to kill by getting into the blood. There is the *palo de flecha*, for instance, that is a plant that seems all evil. How it makes one suffer! At the touch of its sap sores smart, and the eyes weep and close. Its bark kills the beautiful darting fish; yet the same stalk gives life to certain lovely things. Its miraculous beans jump about so merrily because they are the huts of baby butterflies, who are fed by them, and nurtured tenderly until they are old enough to cast off their swaddling-

clothes and spread their wings, when a little door opens, and they wriggle forth as would a lively child, glad to be free. It does not take them long to spread their bright wings and fly about like golden blessings in the sunshine."

The Scientist was amazed. During this last discourse they had rested beneath a mesquite-tree near an old well, which might have been dug by the early missionary fathers. Ampharita sped back and forth, culling an example here or there of Nature's products which she thought would interest him, because of the virtue or viciousness ascribed to it by the Indians. The Scientist had lost all desire to continue the journey. What a phenomenal power of observation the child had; how keen was her discernment! Her comments in answer to his questions about the customs of her people showed her to be rarely observant and appreciative. She seemed remarkably in tune with Nature, and as familiar with its secrets as the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece, — a russet woodland nymph so slightly evolved out of a hamadryad that her skin had not yet lost the color of the bark. While thinking of her, he became oblivious to her presence; and as the hour was the hottest of the day, the girl drew drowsy, hearkening to the buzz and hum of the myriad insects that swarmed about the ripening beans. She fell asleep, her head resting against the arm which she had passed between it and the gnarled trunk of the tree.

A soft sigh escaped her, and he looked at her again. She seemed an incorporation of virgin Nature in its most graceful form.

He started to his feet, and approached her on the point of arousing her to tell her he knew not what.

Again she sighed and smiled. He stopped and fixed his eyes upon her in wondering awe, for before him her pure soul seemed unveiled.

She might be dreaming, for her sweet lips moved softly, while over her delicate features crept a radiance which transfigured her face. Before its brightness his selfish thoughts melted away like shadows at midday. Again he thought of the inspired Egyptian anchorites, and he stood spellbound, watching her. Gradually the radiance faded as faded the light of dawn before the awaking day. She seemed to become subtly aware of his gaze as the strange light was re-absorbed by her features. When it was all gone, she opened her eyes and looked into his.

"Oh, see!" she exclaimed, starting up, "what a lazy child I am! The heat and chanting insects lulled me to sleep. Hark! What is that? Do you not hear the call of the paesano? Oh, there stands the pretty creature near that hut of saccaton grass. His wife cannot be far distant; but she is too shy to show her brightly painted eyes. Hey! See, he is not afraid of us, or perhaps there are young at home to be fed, and there are fat beetles or scorpions here that attract him. He can see them from ever so far. They hide beneath dry wood and stones. Let us help him," and rising with a quick movement, she pushed aside a stone, from beneath which scampered away two frightened scorpions, while the bird ran fleetly after them and, nipping off a leg, gazed about for his mate, with whom he expected to share the feast.

The charm was broken. Ampharita was again a simple Indian girl.

The Scientist remounted his horse, and as the girl



THE PAISANO OR CHAPARRAL COCK.

moved along beside him, his critical glance roved over her rich, dark skin, her bare arms, coarse black hair, and lithe figure; then he looked lower to where her dust-stained feet sped along the trail.

His features grew composed. She was a child of the desert. As easily cage with success the beautiful chaparral cock, and expect him to thrive between gilded wires and grow large and lustrous on rape and hemp seed.

"The tame fawn is devoted to its master," he mused; "yet none would be so cruel as to enclose it within doors where even in loving it would pine away and die. Ampharita must stay in the shadow of the Sierra Madre, whether she will or no.—The day advances, Ampharita," he continued aloud. "We must hasten;" suiting the action to the word he gave spur to his horse, and rode forward silently, pressing the animal's pace to a lope. The girl began to run, her hair streaming out behind her as she sped fleetly along.

From the waste land the urchins who were scudding hither and thither in wild excitement, soon perceived a man coming along on horseback with a girl running to keep up with him.

Ampharita's brother recognized the party, and hurried forward to greet them.

"Hey, hey, Ampharita, you did well to fetch your master back," he hallooed from a distance. "There are great doings in the village. The Chief has ordered the feast of thanksgiving for the crops to take place this very night. Another great chief has come up to see him from the south, and has brought his fast runners with him. You have gotten here just in time to see the race. There will be a sacred dance afterwards.

Hurry, hurry, master! Whew! our Chief will be glad to show you to the other chief! However did you guess, Ampharita, that they were coming? They did not reach the pueblo until two hours after you had gone, and though our Chief pretended that he had been expecting them all along, father said to our neighbor that he looked very much surprised when he heard they were coming along the trail. Even the shaman was surprised! I can't think how you found out about them."

The boy puffed in his endeavor to keep pace with the pony while talking, and he panted so fiercely, and looked so distressed, that the Scientist took pity upon him, and bid him mount behind him.

"Whew! this is better," exclaimed the voluble youth. "I say, Ampharita, why did you slip off so quietly? The mother and grandmother were very cross when they found you had gone off, with all these strangers and extra work coming up right after, too! There was a great commotion. They had no one to help them, and made me; I kicked and cuffed and said I would n't. Think of



NATIVE SPURS.

the oldest boy of our family helping to grind and boil the sprouted corn; while Ismo went for the grass-seed for the ba-ta-like! Ugh! what a time we had working! I cried when none was looking, I was so ashamed of doing girl's work when the stranger braves might come by and see me any moment; but none came near our kitchen-ring that I could see, for I hid well beneath the wind-blown saccaton, where I could not be seen from the opening. We got it all finished before

sundown, and the jars are quite full now waiting for the feast. Hey, if the racers do not run soon, and it does not get drunk up, the jars will begin to split. We boys are watching mighty close so that much need not be wasted. Think, hey! before the men get at it. How glorious to drink all the ba-ta-like!"

There was a pause, the Scientist felt again the strange oppression, and the presence of the garrulous boy, who he strongly suspected had already tasted a large sample of the wonderful ba-ta-like, did not entertain him as much as he had hoped.

"The runners are fine," the boy continued, when he perceived that no one answered him. "There is one man among them who, they say, ran once from midday to sunrise without stopping. I tell you what, those Tarahumari are a swift-looking set; they won't let any one touch them; but we boys measured their shadows, and they are bigger every way than those of our own men. Our medicine-man has been working all night with our runners to get them fit, and see that the Tarahumari Shaman does not conjure them."

"I wish the priest were near," observed Ampharita, who had been listening attentively. "Then there would be no fear of heathen conjuring."

"I expect our medicine-man knows his business, and can do for them," exclaimed the boy, loftily; "the bets are high; I never saw so many things together. Can't you hear the oxen and cows lowing? Father has bet all the new blankets that granny and Ampharita wove during the last rainy season, and all of Ampharita's things too. As she had gone away he thought them of no use for us, and the easiest thing to bet. You'd better go and see about them, Ampharita."

"Never mind my things," said the girl, indifferently.

"Mother cried when he said that as Ampharita had gone, it was no use keeping her things, and only stopped when he said they might win enough clothes for her and the rest of the children to dress like the Chief's squaws and smart young sons. I think mother sets a heap of store by you, Ampharita; when she sees you again she will be so happy you can beg from her what you will."

"You see, my master," whispered Ampharita, "I told you they understood where I had gone to, and we could journey away to the white man's land without coming back first to ask permission."

"Ay, but you would have lost the feast!" interposed the brother. "However did you learn about that, Ampharita? You have not told me yet."

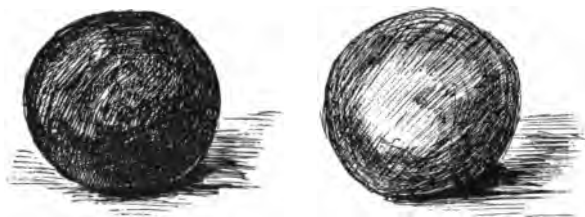
"Never mind," she said, "you always know much more than others, and I wonder you do not know this also. You pretend to know too much for a boy who has not seen more rainy seasons."

"I am no boy, I am a lad. In three years I shall be a runner myself. I can shoot farther than any of the others who are not braves. Ay, look, look, they are about to start! Quick, master!" and the boy kicked the pony's haunches so vigorously that the animal broke into a gallop, and disappeared with its double burden in the direction of the race-ground, where the whole tribe was assembled, while Ampharita hastened into the village to assist her mother in preparing for the feast.

When the pony reached the race-course the Scientist felt himself carried away by the enthusiasm of the crowd. A thousand dark eyes flashed, brown arms gesticulated

with unwonted energy, brilliant-colored draperies fluttered in the sunlight; all was spirited commotion.

The two head runners of the contending parties stood ready, each with a wooden ball which was to be driven before the competitors. One leader wore a white headband, while that of the other was red; and the balls were painted to match. Behind them their assistants stood in line with dilated eyes fixed upon the ball, and every muscle taut, ready for the start. The runners' legs were painted with elaborate zig-zag lines, to make them run



MESQUITE FOOTBALLS.

the faster. The course had been marked out upon the lower plateau, whence the crops had been gathered; and the women who could get away from their household duties stood along the sides, as anxious and excited as the men and children.

Yet every one waited, and none dared move or talk, for the medicine-men were still mumbling over their respective fires, burning copal incense in the direction of the athletes, and chanting powerful incantations. The wives and female relatives of the competitors were stationed along the course, with refreshments for the men of their side. The boys had clambered into the few sparse mesquite-trees, so as to spy out the balls should they fall amid the long, tangled grass.

The Chief awaited the word from the medicine-men, and when he received it, he gave the long-expected signal, and, with a mighty shout from the assembled people, off the men went, catching the wooden ball upon their toes and casting it forward, with sure aim and great dexterity. Twice, thrice around the course they worked their way, while all the men hallooed themselves hoarse, and the women flew after their heroes, throwing warm water over their strained loins and heaving chests. The boys screamed, the dogs barked, and pandemonium seemed let loose upon the plateau.

The Pima chieftain called in vain for order and silence. His people were too excited to listen. He felt personally responsible for the maintenance of good order throughout the affair, and made many excuses to his chief guests, which were graciously accepted. The Tarahumari felt that the honor of his tribe was also involved; and so many bets were up that he could not allow the race to be called off, as sometimes occurred when the hubbub engendered disputes, or one of the balls was accidentally lost, or purposely hidden.

After about two hours and a half the ball of the victorious runners shot past the starting point for the last time.

The Pimas had won, and, strange to say, the Tarahumari, despite the long consultation which ensued between their medicine-men and the chief, did not pick a flaw in the proceeding. During the discussion they looked frequently in the direction of the white man, who was congratulating the Pima leader, and their ruffled pride was evidently soothed by the thought that the celebrated white medicine-man had lived long among their adversaries, and so perforce had given them the

secret of success. They graciously accepted the Pima Chief's invitation to tarry over the feast and see some of the "wonderful white man's miracles," as the Pimas termed the Scientist's simple juggling tricks; and the managers of the wagers proceeded to distribute them to the individual backers of the successful side.



MESQUITE BEANS AND BEETLES.

CHAPTER VI.

“And Lancelot answered, ‘Nay, the world, the world
All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart
To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue
To blare its own interpretation, — nay,
Full ill then should I quit your brother’s love.’

“‘This is not love, but love’s first flash in youth,
Most common; yea I know it of mine own self:’

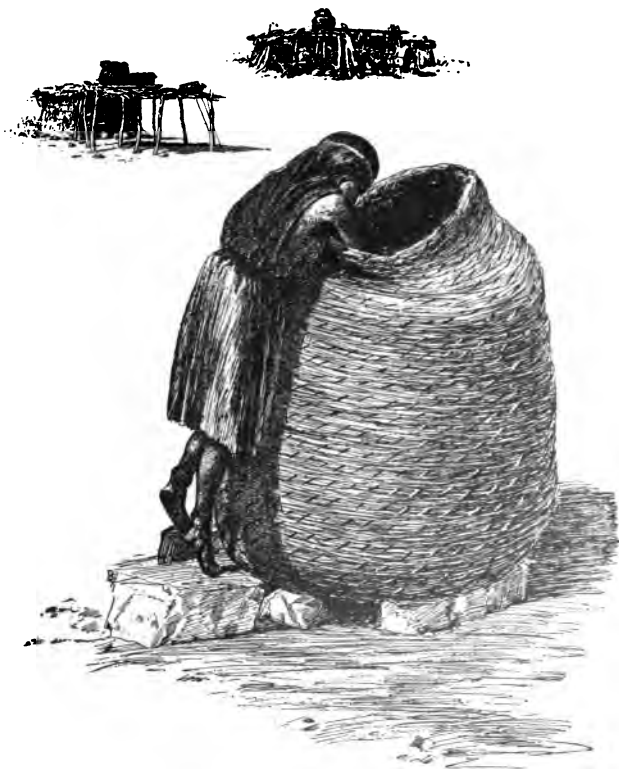
“... her father; ‘Ay, a flash,
I fear me, that will strike my blossom dead.’”

THE Chief desired to impress upon his visitors the wealth of his tribe, and had promised especial favors to those who should excel in ostentation. Early on the feast day, therefore, within the pueblo, sheep, oxen, and goats had been slaughtered with great ceremony in the presence of the guests; and fresh meat was simmering in enormous pots upon bright fires in every kitchen-ring.

A great beating and patting was going on upon the grooved stones, where the tortillas and tamales were rolled. The women repeated little couplets, which were to act as charms and add to the success and flavor of the cooking. None of the boys had been seen since the race was announced, and the arrival of Ampharita was a godsend to her overworked mother and grandam.

She told them, between errands to the storehouse and water-course, what had occurred at the ranch; and they rejoiced with her that her heart's desire would be accomplished. Thereafter, the two women busied themselves with renewed energy to make their contributions to the feast especially rich. Had they not a double reason for thanksgiving? The harvest had been plentiful, and they were possessed of a secret store of goods with which the stranger had paid for their services. Besides, Ampharita had announced that he, this greatest of all shamén, was about to take her with him to the marvellous land beyond all the waters, — the land of the Eastern Cross, the land that was close to Heaven, if not Heaven itself. There she would learn more than any of the roakoros had ever dreamed of; oh, a hundred-fold more than the wisest of the native medicine-men could teach. And when she returned, the Chief and even the priest, who had never been out of Mexico, would bow down to her; and she would be a queen among them, and with or without the white man, she would be more mighty than the far away White Chief of all the land between the two waters, of whom they had once or twice heard tell by returned hikori hunters. Ampharita would not have to work. For the travelled hikori men when they returned never worked, but lived by acting as interpreters, between races and tribes, as managers of wagers, as go-betweens in large exchanges of cattle and land, as story-tellers, and even as medicine-men.

Thus the mother and grandam talked together in low tones, while the pile of edibles grew in volume beneath their energetic hands. The sun was sinking, the sound of the racers approaching the goal could be heard,



AT THE STORE-HOUSE.

when Ampharita, rising from the kneeling position which she had kept for hours, behind the tortilla stone, stretched her arms heavenward, with a little contented sigh, and asked her mother how soon the ceremonial dance was to begin.

"When the evening star touches the western mount," the Indian woman answered. "Let us hasten. The Chief has decreed that the feast be grand, but last not long. It is to secure for us much respect and noise, but be over quickly, like the shot from the white man's fire-arm. The guests come from afar and their runners are tired. They will rest, and go to-morrow northward."

Ismo here arrived to tell about the race, and was pressed into the service of putting the three-years-old child to sleep. He rebelled, but to no purpose, being silenced with the conclusive argument — no work, no feast.

The oldest boy soon followed from the race-ground, wild with joy over the result of the race, and accentuating it by tooting discordantly upon a wonderful flageolet he had won from a friend on a private wager; for he was not old enough to be allowed to take public part in the betting.

He described the race graphically; but Ampharita could give him but half an ear; she was absorbed in listening for the approach of the white man. It had required great management to get away from the kitchening to prepare the cactus hut; then the unusual magnitude of the feast had brought into requisition all the hoard of family earthen-ware, and she was forced to make shift for water-jars as best she could, by transferring whatever she dared to baskets.

The people returned to the village by groups, and the

confusion increased. Ampharita's father announced that the two chieftains were playing together the great gambling game of Ghing-skoot, as the head of the Pimas wished to give his distinguished guest a chance to win back some of his lost treasures.

Ampharita watched eagerly every group that passed, but the Scientist did not appear. He had gone out upon the meza to tether his pony, and look after its food and water.

Ampharita's brother at last deigned to explain this, in answer to her repeated questions, but without removing his flute from his lower lip. His new toy effectually stemmed his usual flow of chatter, for the explanation was couched in four words, "horse — meza — food — drink," punctuated by toots. The boys then ran off, as the first call to the dancers had given the signal for a fresh stampede, for this announced that the procession was about to form on the outskirts of the pueblo.

The porch before the Chief's house had been temporarily enlarged, and a white cross erected beneath it. Around this blankets were spread, ready to receive the oblations of especially prepared food and drink, which were to be served to spirits and great humans during the ceremony.

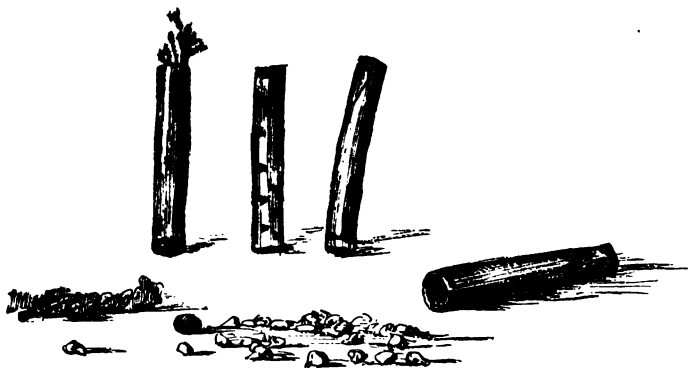
The women began to arrive with small ollas of *charwee*, a kind of liquor made by baking the heart of an especial variety of agave beneath the ashes for two or three days, and then squeezing it through a piece of cloth. This is a great luxury, and must be consumed sparingly, as it is



GAME OF GHING-SKOOT.

extraordinarily intoxicating and very sweet. Others brought enormous ollas of teswin, and ba-ta-like, while others carried the boiled meats, baskets of tomares and tortillas of divers colors made from the sacred or ceremonial corn.

Two men of stately carriage approached and seated themselves near the fire which had been kindled before the cross with elaborate ceremony by the roakoros, who



GAME OF WA-PE-TAIKH-GUT.

from time to time threw fragrant boughs and copal incense, animal fat, cream or liquor upon the flames, so that they flared and sputtered. Each man was provided with a flute, a drum, and a fanciful stick with which to beat upon it. The women placed a little heap of glowing coals within reach of the musicians, who warmed their drums upon one side and then the other, and struck them gently with their fingers to see whether they were in tune. Each man planted his right foot firmly on the ground, and resting the right elbow on his knee, raised the flute to his lips, while against the joint of the knee

he firmly wedged the drum. He then began to beat a low monotonous cadence with the stick he held in his left hand, the flute meanwhile ringing the changes of the prelude to the ceremonial dance. The musicians were destined to perform alternately throughout the evening, one taking up the strain when the other appeared exhausted, or his drum needed re-tuning.

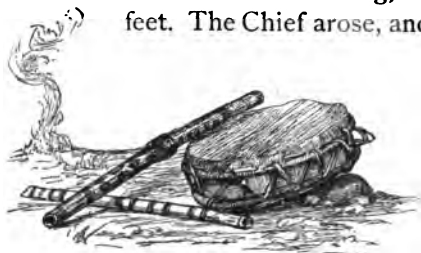
A noise like the whir and hiss of a score of angry rattlesnakes began at the end of the village, and Ampharita's mother ordered her to join the other maidens who were to bring up the rear of the procession of dancers, and wait upon the dancing women, relieving them of their babies and superfluous garments. The girl cast a despairing glance in the direction of the cactus hut; her master had not yet returned, and she knew that later at the feast he would sit with the Chief and his distinguished guests, where she dared not approach him.

Her sight was piercing, and as she walked she looked anxiously to right and left along the way; but the Scientist could be nowhere descried, either among the fire illumined faces near the kitchen-rings, or with the moonlit figures that moved about beyond the circle of glow.

The awesome medicine-men, followed by the young bucks who were to dance, moved slowly down the rough irregular space between the houses. It was the shaking of the gourd rattles which made the hissing noise. A little behind them came the troop of dancing women, while the heads of families, the Tarahumari and the chiefs approached from the opposite direction, and seated themselves upon the ground beneath the porch, leaving space for the dancers to pass between

them and the oblations that surrounded the fire and ceremonial cross.

When the chief men were seated, the women who were not dancing, approached, carrying their youngest children in their arms or on their backs. They formed an outer ring, squatting upon their feet. The Chief arose, and a hush ensued as he



DRUM AND MAGIC FLUTE.

solemnly filled a gourd dipper with native beer, and, turning towards the east, cast the libation into the air.

A burst of noise followed, — a great drumming and wild rattling.

The Chief filled the gourd again, and poured out its contents to the west of the cross, then to the north, and lastly to the south.

As he resumed his place, the dancers shook their rattles upward three times, and began to tramp around the circle in time to the cadence of their rattles and the beating of the drum. The clatter of the seeds within the gourds was rhythmic and not unmusical; and, as they went, they sang a very ancient sacred song, which seemed a medley of animal noises, with a chorus of unmusical cock crows and hen cackles, which to the performers and their audience were blood stirring and awe-inspiring.

One by one, the older Pimas, after watching the dancers for a few minutes, joined the circling rattlers. Then came the turn of the married women, who, becoming excited by the song, began to dance also, forming

a large ring outside of the shed and swaying backward and forward, retreating, breaking apart, and forming the line in a not ungraceful measure. Some of them carried their sleeping babes upon their backs, and the little ones were aroused by the jolting and cried dismally, after the manner of disturbed infants.

The children who were not old enough to wait upon the guests and dancers were tolerated at the festival as spectators. They huddled close together at one side of the shed, trying to keep awake, but as the evening advanced, the loudest calls ceased to arouse them, and they fell forward upon the ground, where they ran the risk of being trampled upon by the excited performers, before their mothers noticed them, and, picking them up, carried them off to the huts, where they tucked them away securely beneath warm blankets.



TAN-WA, GAMBLING
BONE.

The Scientist was much diverted by all he saw; but he felt constrained to look as earnest and devout as the venerable medicine-men. This dance was the most solemn function of the tribe, more grand and varied than any of the feasts he had witnessed during his sojourn on the plateau. It had been originally inspired and instituted by the beautiful motive of pure gratefulness for a plentiful harvest, and had become a weird ceremony, the slightest breach of which, would render the whole displeasing to the bountiful and generous God who had blessed the Indians' fields and cattle, and cause Him to neglect them the next season.

No one spoke until the dance was over. Corn-husk cigarettes were circulated throughout, and the two chiefs, the old men, the runners, and the Scientist

smoked continuously; this, too, was a part of the ceremony.

The older men did not dance long, but encouraged the younger ones to wilder leaps by compliments, and strove to excite them to complicate their steps; for ceremonial dancing among the Indians may be done by proxy. The work was hard, and the dancers grew tired and breathless in imitating the movements and calls of the wild animals. These calls serve as an invocation against visits of beasts of prey; for a yelp or a howl devoutly uttered in the dance is sufficient to conjure away the animal whose voice it imitates, while the bird and fowl notes invoke the return of seasonable blessings. The soft calls of the nesting birds in the spring were interspersed by the dancers with words intended to beg for rain in due season. Next came those of the frogs, with words assuring a copious, well-regulated down-pour. There were the chirping of crickets and crowing of the cocks for the period of sprouting and growing, when the spirits water the earth as regularly as the cricket chirps and the cock crows. And with the thought of the harvest came the call of the wild turkey, who is considered the grèatest of birds; for does he not show his wisdom by coming to glean the ripe grain? and since every part of him is useful, is he not devoted to man's prosperity, and does he not shun the regions where crops have been scant? At the thought of the turkey the dancers strutted and preened themselves, while uttering realistic gobbles in simulation of the gorged and satisfied birds.

Thus the dance went on interminably. The monotony of the entertainment began to bore the Scientist, for after the first half hour nothing new was introduced; he



THE HARVEST DANCE.

was hungry and wanted to see the feasting underway, so as to finish the work for which he had come back. He had not eaten since dawn; and this made him sensitive to the smoke and stench beneath the shed. Despite the breach of etiquette he would commit by retiring, he was seeking for an excuse to do so, when a signal from the Chief caused the musicians to stop playing.

The dancers at once lowered their rattles, and laid them upon the blankets as they passed, and filed down to the lower end of the porch, where they seated themselves.

The Chief arose and presented some meat and corn-cakes to the four points of the compass, as he had done with the beer. Then he announced that the good God wished the people to feast at the four sides of the cross, at which the medicine-men assured them of the good God's blessing.

Hereupon the Indians forming the outer ring of celebrants dispersed, and seated themselves in family groups before the different kitchen-rings, while the Chief, the old men, and their guests were waited upon by the foremost women of the tribe. Teswaina, or teswin, and ba-ta-like were again poured out toward the four points of the compass. The platters and baskets of boiled meats, tomares, and ceremonial tortillas were passed around. The Chief and his guests were served first; then the remainder of the assemblage, according to the rank of their families. No one spoke, for all were intent upon satisfying their hunger. The blessed inspiration of the teswaina came as a good omen to the family and the tribe, for the first words of intoxication would be prophetic of the future harvest.

Young maidens had no part in the feast; and Ampha-

rita had early retired with her grandmother to their distant kitchen-ring, and helped her give supper to the boys. She ate but sparingly herself of the meat and maize, and hardly touched the beer. She wanted to keep awake and watch for the return of her master; but the varying emotions of the last two days, the intense excitement, and the unusual strain of talking for hours had completely worn her out, and, overcome with drowsiness, she retired to the hut, where, after tucking up the younger children, she took her place on her own mat. Hardly had she rolled herself in her blanket when sleep claimed her, and deployed before her the most beautiful visions of the white man's land.

First, she saw, from without, a house such as the Scientist had often described to her. She stood beneath a long row of regular trees, and looked up to where the roof tilted forward, high as the top of the loftiest barrancas. The sun touched the garlands of stone flowers that wreathed about a shield and crown above the great transparent plates of thin, hard stone, that seemed like purest ice. She saw the white-haired matron and beautiful pink-skinned maidens clothed in shimmering flower-like blankets, wandering in and out between palms, while clouds and angels floated above them, held imprisoned by the roof. The maidens seated themselves on beds and stools covered with shining petals in fancy designs. The matron went to a box of polished wood, and, opening one end, showed rows of teeth laid flat. She touched them, and music, wonderful, incomparable, filled the hut. Ampharita listened entranced; and when it ceased, she thought she pressed a button, and noiselessly the plates swung apart in the middle at the touch of a gorgeous white man covered all over with gold, and

holding a long rod in his hand, with a great golden globe on the top, and tassels richer than those of the silk cotton-tree hanging about his white cloth-sheaved fingers.

Another man was beside her with a sombrero shaped like a jumping-bean, and heavily trimmed with gold; he laid it upon his heart, then motioned her to go on. But the matron and maidens had disappeared, and she



A BIRD'S NEST.

felt as though he had told her that her master was not in the great house. So she turned aside, and entered the garden and green-houses, her fancy fluttering from one well-remembered word-picture to another through ever brighter and more beautiful revelations.

Still she was unhappy; she could discover her master nowhere, and often she tossed and moaned in her anxiety to find him.

Meanwhile the night advanced without any abatement of the feasting, until the men grew heavy with food and beer, and fell asleep, lying like logs about the dying fires.

The medicine-men did not yield to their appetites like those of baser clay; they told tales that were exciting; but the Chiefs were tired, and did not listen long. No sooner had all the food been consumed than they arose, and, after a final oblation, moved away with great dignity. The Pima Chief accompanied his chief guest to a temporary saccaton-grass hut which had been hastily constructed purposely for his use.

At this signal all who could sought their homes; and Ampharita's parents offered to accompany the white

man, unless he preferred to go to the cactus hut alone.

"No, let us go together. I want you both to come to the prairie," the Scientist said, in a low tone. "I have heard my horse neigh several times. The smell of the sacrifice must have drawn the coyotes to the pueblo, and I would see that he is untouched by strange man or beast."

The Indians answered nothing, and walked along beside him.

The fires were burning low in the pueblo. The moon had passed the zenith, and, in crossing the waste land, the pure air from the mountains refreshed the explorer and his companions with its sweet cool breath.

Out on the rolling mezas, far removed from the watchful eyes of the Chief and the crafty medicine-men, the Scientist felt at ease. The decisive moment had arrived; but he had nerved himself for the occasion, and his sensations were nothing compared with the sickening indecision which had preyed upon him during the long journey. Ampharita's parents were good, humdrum, everyday aborigines, and he felt that he could sway them easily; for even if he did say something a little offensive, they would not resent it, for the apathy consequent on the long day of excitement and hard work and the evening feast would have rendered them unobservant. None but the horse and the stars would assist at the interview; and if the two Indians tried to excite the tribe against the white man, what they asserted would be accepted by their companions as the unreliable inspiration of the teswaina working in their heads after the feast.

The three reached the horse; he was moving about

slowly, sniffing and munching the freshest grass. The breeze had veered to the southward so that its fleet wings swept away the sound of their voices from the pueblo. It was an ideal night of the Sierra, cool and clear, the stars twinkling like a myriad of watchful eyes.

"I hear no coyote," said the Indian, "and the horse has seen none; he is as satisfied as a papoose at its mother's breast."

The Scientist started at the sound of the man's voice. The thought of the Nemesis of the Divine law oppressed him; in another moment he would have stifled it. The Indian should not have spoken and thus compelled him to talk before he was quite ready.

"Never mind the coyotes," he said aloud, impatiently, "now that we are here, I wish to speak to you of something much more important, something that regards you most intimately. I brought you both out here because every stick and stone in the pueblo has ears, and you consult your babies about grave matters far beyond their years and knowledge. Hearken well to what I say; it is urgent and the night advances. You are aware that despite the deep color upon my skin, which comes from the touch of the sun, it is different from yours and that of your tribe. I do not even look like the Mexicans whom you have seen. I belong to a race of the far North. My eyes are blue where yours are black, milk-colored where yours are creamy. My nails are pink where yours are brown; and beneath the shadow of my garments my skin is fair and pink, like that of our maidens.

"I came here to study the wonders of your country, and carry back to my people news of this strange land. For my people would know all things. To learn all

about it was the object of my long sojourn among you. I gathered all the things which load the pack-horse to prove the truth of what I shall tell, for my nation is a doubting one, and unless I take with me the insects and the birds, the grasses and plants of which I shall speak, and show them pictures of the houses and people and animals, they will call me a liar, and laugh at me, instead of thanking me for my months of work. To gather all these 'specimens' as we call them, I needed assistance; and the Chief said I might have the children who were not engaged in helping his people about the fields and flocks and houses. The Chief told me to use them freely, and I did. They were all good and helpful and meant well, and I liked them all; but as you were willing to send Ampharita to tend my house and horse, she learned my ways, and I soon saw she understood so well that I kept her always by me. She has the head of an old man; she is different from the rest of the children; she is so submissive too, and careful, and no burden is too cumbersome for her willingness."

It had been easy to get thus far; but now, though the Scientist cleared his throat, the words stuck fast and he could not proceed. The long pause caused the Indian father to feel that some confirmation was expected from him; and he was doubly proud of his daughter as he said, "You are wise, O white shaman. You speak even as it is."

The mother added, in a voice so low it sounded like an intensification of the hum of the night insects, "Oh, yes, like the white shaman, every one has always said Ampharita was quite different from the other children of our pueblo."

"You see, everybody has observed it too. What

wonder that I used what you placed in my hand ! She has not only the promise of rare beauty ; but she is so much gentler, so much more refined than the others, as the people of my land would call her. Her questions show that her spirit works ceaselessly for good ; and I have been pleased to help it grow, and have never wearied in answering her multitude of questions. She always asked this or that about the country where my parents hold much land ; and so I told her about many things, and the tales held her fancy, and she listened breathlessly, ever pleading for more. One unlucky day when I had told her about something which pleased her more greatly than anything she had ever seen or heard, she asked me to let her go with me and see with her own eyes what I had told her about so often ; and I — thinking of no harm — said, ‘ Yes.’ You see she took that as a promise, and brooded upon the hope until it grew into a certainty that she should see and touch all that she had heard about.”

“ Misericordia ! ” the mother exclaimed, clasping her hands above her head, “ to think that this, my child, who but yesterday was in the cradle, this, my gentle little dove which has but lately slipped the egg, would leave its nest already and fly over the seas with no parent’s wing near to rest upon.”

She crossed herself ; and the father followed suit, but said nothing. It was beneath his dignity to express an opinion until asked, so he waited patiently for the Scientist to proceed.

“ That my life is a wandering one is shown by my coming here where no one who has not travelled far has ever seen a white man. It may be years before I can return to my fatherland which lies far beyond the

warm yellow waters, and the furthestmost bitter blue ones; and what would Ampharita do there alone meanwhile? She would be like the bird from the pine-lands which Ismo hung in a cage beside the house-door, and twitted and poked to make sing and eat until it moped and died in Ampharita's hand, when she took it out to soothe it. Ampharita would feel like one of the beautiful blue butterflies of the meza caught in a snow-flurry from the Sierra; whereas here she flits about with the



NATIVE BIRD-CAGE AND *LYCÆNA SONORENSIS*.

other children, and will live out her life as God allotted it. If He had not meant her to be a Pima maiden, He would have caused her to be born elsewhere."

All was still; the horse had moved somewhat away. The stars seemed to wink and sparkle with intense interest. The father, seeing some comment was expected, said, "It is God's will."

The mother repeated the words: "A snared bird from the pine-lands, a blue butterfly of the mezas caught in a snow-flurry." The voice sounded dulcet and caress-

ing as she repeated them; but the young man's conscience caused him to hear in it a ring of reproach.

"Well, woman!" he exclaimed impatiently, "is it not so? She has a soul and a big heart; but she told me to-day she believes all things, even plants, have souls; while she is still so innocent she is indeed like one of your native birds or insects, which falls to pieces if roughly handled. Let us suppose that I grant her prayer, then she must leave you all forever; for if she should try to return, as she says she will, she would be so changed that she would find she could not care for you as before. If I sacrifice my explorations for this, your daughter's fancy, and give myself up for a season to the care of her, what then? After walking for weeks across the desert, I must take her in a big noisy box, with hundreds of other people, for many days behind an iron horse that spits flame and boiling water. Then no sooner have we left that horror, than we enter a moving house that rolls and churns along across the great waters, crowded with sick people, until, after many more days, in which her heart has been faint with fear, we issue from it upon the shore of my native land.

"The young girls and braves of my people will crowd around us; they will be clothed in gorgeous complicated draperies, and look as curiously at Ampharita as the inhabitants of your pueblo looked upon me when I came among you. She will be ashamed and know not where to hide her dark face, and with what to cover her bare neck and legs; for with us the women wear their heads and feet and bodies and even their hands covered when they go abroad. If she tries to move away from the crowd, which will laugh and point at her, big strong white men will seize her and take her before a white

Chief; and he will say to me, 'My son, whence the maiden? She must be made at once like our maidens; or I shall lock her up alone as one mad!'

"Besides not being allowed to dress as they will, the good young girls among the white people are not allowed to live alone with men who are not of their near kin; and I should have to put her with some holy teaching-women who live shut up within high walls, surrounded by white girls whom they instruct in religion, submission, and what we call the arts of refined life. Growing white girls are no better than growing white or brown boys; they are always ready to tease and torture what is weak and less clever than they think themselves: so I fear me the white girls would despise Ampharita because of her ignorance and lack of what they consider the good manners of life, and they would wound her heart with many scornful words, and crush her spirit each day, making even the color of her skin a source of agony to her. She would have to dress in tight garments which hurt her body; and the wicked words they would use to her would take away her strength until she faded away.

"The white teaching-women do not wish for other men than priests within their walls, and only let a girl's relatives enter a place reserved for visitors during one watch on two days out of seven. This place is built of stone and enclosed by iron bars. Sometimes one can only see the girl and talk to her through the iron bars. You see even though I never left the white man's pueblo,—and you know that would be impossible as my life is that of the wild cattle, roving hither and thither in pursuit of fresh food,—Ampharita would be separated from me. Gentle and submissive though we find her here, she

would break bounds there. Lithe as she is, her feet would grow rebellious, until, climbing the walls, she ran away. But whither would she fly? There is no place in the thickly peopled white man's land where she could hide away and live unmolested. She would be caught and shut up again in a darker place than ever, or worse; for there are awful houses to which despairing maidens are spirited away who have been found alone in the streets of a white pueblo, and there they live or die in shame. What could keep her among the white teaching-women? Did she not leave her home and those she has loved since babyhood to follow me, the first white man she saw?"

"Ugh!" said the father; and there was such an intense ring of contempt in this monosyllable that the Scientist winced and blushed crimson. He did not think an Indian could have made him feel so mean. He had talked too much; he had said more than he intended, carried along in a fever of self-justification, and he was deeply ashamed of the last words, by which he had only wished to indicate, without explaining, the dangers that beset an unprotected young girl in a civilized metropolis, and the whole-souled impulsiveness of Ampharita's nature, which would make her an easy prey to kind and sympathetic words.

"If the white man's country is such a dreadful place, why did you tell my daughter about it?" continued the father, doggedly. "Shame should have sealed your lips; for your conduct among us has been good instead of bad, as you have described that of your people. Your country is worse than the land of the Apaches. You must have cast a powerful spell upon Ampharita, for our pure, good maiden to have seen enough charm in such a life to draw her away after you. A great white sha-

man should not use his powers for evil upon maidens and children."

"Alas, I did not. Ampharita is so innocent that, to tell you the truth, I did not think she would care to hear about the bad side of our life. Civilization is like a man's heart, — full of noble and bad passions, good and evil actions. It offers much that is beautiful; for the life of the white nation is fuller than the existence you lead here. Despite the turmoil and the offence, there are many sides to our life which are glorious. Take the music, for instance. Ah! you who hearken to the dance-rattle, the drums, and the flutes of your nation, know not what music is. If you heard one of the strains that is played in our music houses, if you heard the church masses, with pealing organ, orchestra, and heavenly voices, you would lie with your faces to the ground and say, 'The Christ is come to earth again, with all the saints singing His praises.' Then the paintings! If you entered one of our picture houses, you would say, 'We stand in Paradise! See all the pieces of different lands hung about to give us joy!' And the knowledge! If you heard the words of one of our great medicine-men, if you could see one chamber of our great storehouses of knowledge, you would say, 'This is the storehouse of God the Father, in which He keeps the gifts and tribute from the angels and all His earthly children.'"

The Scientist had drawn himself erect and spread his hands to the stars as he spoke. Carried away by the subject, he burst into a glowing eulogy of his far-away home, which enthralled his listeners; for the Indian loves eloquence even as he loves the fascinating sound of the drums and rattles, and the noise of the dancing and singing at a feast.

When silence fell, the Indians had turned away their heads, and moved somewhat away, so the European could not see what impression he had made upon them.

"Humph!" at last remarked the father, turning abruptly to face the Scientist. "Poor little Ampharita! If you spoke like that to her, it is no wonder that you bewitched her guileless heart."

These words recalled the white man to the question of the hour. "Were you far away from your meza, could you see the face of none you had ever known," he said, "no matter how beautiful the strange land might be, you would think always of the snow on the Sierra Madre, and the shell-like tints of the saccaton grass, and this bright starlight. You would talk of them incessantly to your wondering hosts, and they would think your home the loveliest on earth. Of course I talked much to Ampharita when we walked and rested together; for she questioned, and was never weary. She sucked up the thoughts I poured out; and the thirst for the white man's land is the consequence. What child is without curiosity? I was thinking of something else when I made the promise; and though I would do much for Ampharita, I must confess it would be her ruin should I consider myself held to fulfil it. A child's mind is as unstable as water: to-day it caresses the reflection of a man, to-morrow that of a dog or cat, a flower or simply that of the reeds that rustle upon its bosom. The third day it is all dried up, or has grown and spread, drowning the flower the reflection of which it had caressed. When I am gone, something else will fill the place I now occupy; then Ampharita will soon forget me, and only think of my wonderful tales as you do of those told by your medicine-men and hikori hunters."

"You are mistaken," said the mother, "Ampharita is no child."

"How can you go away from her without fear?" queried the father. "You say you promised her that you would take her; and did you not make it so by telling her, in my presence, that your heart longed for her; and did you not kiss her yesterday? Can a white man so easily break his thrice-given word."

The father paused, but the Scientist did not answer.

"You have filled the poor child's heart with images," the man went on in a monotonous tone full of suppressed feeling; "you have conjured up magic pictures of your white man's land. If you will not take her with you, you must release her from them, and give her back to us as you found her. By disenchanting her, you may loose yourself from your promise. You owe this not only to her, but to our Chief, our whole people, and to us, your friends, who welcomed you as a brother to our kitchen-ring and daily fare. We gave you of all we had; and you not only took that, but you culled the sweetest ear of maize in all our field, and would throw it aside to be trampled and crushed in the dust, or pecked at by the hens and crows. No one has ever used force with Ampharita or spoken to her unkindly. No Christian man of our tribe would willingly harm her any more than he would defile the Sacred Image of the Virgin that hangs in God's house. God would just as surely curse him. She is too good and gentle to be made to suffer pain. You are white; you are a very great medicine-man; heal her before you go. Your book-learning has taught you all things; you must know how to do it, and you cannot lack the will."

"I have pondered over the matter, and arranged things

so that no possible harm can come to her. Far away from here my pack-pony will await me to-morrow. My riding-pony I will leave with you as a present, sure that in you it will find a kind master. To-night I shall start alone from the meza. When Ampharita awakes in the morning, she will see the horse; and t^h miss my presence from the hut, she will t^h have only gone into some neighboring ba^{ck} to seek for plants. Let her continue with this thought as long as it lives, so that she will become accustomed to my absence. When she fears that I have departed without her, and asks for news of me, you can turn your words to make her think that though I was forced to go away suddenly for a season, I left messages for her to care for my horse, which stays with her as a pledge of my return. The love she has for me will gradually fade or transfer itself to another; for she is of the kind who must have something to care for and tend. The moons will grow and wane. Soon the Chief will tell her to choose among the young braves, who already look upon her with favor; she will know which to cast the pebbles at, and you will rejoice with her. The white man and his promise will have become as the memory of a rainy season long past. When the horse dies, she will have the golden cross to show her children, as a proof of the visit of the strange white man whom she served faithfully. The little ones about her knee will grow up to be her pride and joy. Then she will laugh over her wild wish to follow me to the white man's land. Why should she mourn for me? I have appeared in her life like a strange bird, — 'a messenger from the sky,' she called me that but to-day; and after I am gone she will be no worse off than before I came. I leave many rich gifts

with her in the thoughts I have planted in her brain, the arts I have already taught her. The east wind will obliterate my trail; the rain will beat away the last footprint; and the new

grasses will grow up in

on my

The priest

occupy

the cactus hut as

before. I shall have

disappeared in an

instant, like the

smoke from the burn-

ing prairies, which

calls down the shower

that ends your dry

season. The thought

of me will die after a

few days, like the

strange butterflies

that are borne hither

by the south wind, and hang blighted and quivering upon

the wet thatch of your houses. If in her future, joyous

life of wife and mother, she ever remembers the white

medicine-man with whom she searched the barrancas

and prairies, it will be with amusement at his queer

ways; while I will be somewhere out in the world fight-

ing and suffering alone in the cause of knowledge."

The Scientist had again drowned his conscience be-

neath a flood of eloquent words. At the end, all the

sorrow he felt was for himself, and he had almost for-

gotten the Indian girl's devotion, in contemplating the

picture of her future which his fancy had created.



"THE TWO INDIANS WENDED THEIR WAY
TOWARDS THE PUEBLO."

Not so the mother. She shook her head and said: "Poor Ampharita! With all your learning you have not been able to understand my simple child."

She added nothing that the white man could hear, but, touching her husband, she pointed towards the Indian pueblo, and said something in his ear. Indian women are well-trained in keeping their own counsel, and bear suffering without complaint. Whatever further thoughts were in her mind, she kept them to herself, and the two prepared to leave the prairie.

The father said, "Great Shaman, we will care for your horse; and the Chief may use him if he will, — we have no need for such. Go in peace! The Madonna protect you, and enfold our child in her arms that the blow be softened."

The two Indians turned and, with bowed heads, wended their way towards the pueblo, while their whilom guest, the white man, began to walk away rapidly in the opposite direction.

As they neared the houses the Indian mother paused and looked back. The white man was already lost in the shadows of the night, and, covering her face with her hand, she followed her husband to their hut.



OLLA RING, PADDLE, AND DANCE RATTLE.

CHAPTER VII.

"And Lancelot answer'd nothing, but he went,
And at the inrunning of a little brook
Sat by the river in a cove, and watch'd
The high reed wave, . . .

. . . and said
Low in himself : ' Ah, simple heart and sweet,
Ye loved me, damsel, surely with a love
Far tenderer than my queen's . . .
. . . Farewell . . . now at last . . .
Farewell ' . . .
So groaned Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain."

THE moonlight was strong and clear with the golden intensity common in that region. The Scientist easily recognized the trail, and advanced rapidly in the direction of the cañon. When the moon set, the stars grew in brilliancy until they seemed an array of lanterns, large and small, hung out at various altitudes to illumine the dark vault of heaven, just as the circling lamps beautify the domes of earthly temples, swinging in iridescent beauty, flaring, flickering, and paling in the dusky incense-laden atmosphere.

The Scientist knew the constellations well, and hailed them as cheering guides. From time to time he paused to rest; and once he lay back upon the sands, pillow-ing his head upon his clasped arms and gazing upwards, lost for a while in admiration of their wondrous beauty.

Across the zenith swept the Milky Way, like a silver-gray ostrich plume spangled with living sparks; and as he sought to count the stars within the grasp of the Lesser Bear, the little pain which lurked about his heart and his wounded self-esteem were soothed.

At dawn the three great rocks were in sight. They towered high, a noble landmark, visible from every elevation in a circuit of many miles. He breakfasted by eating a few tortillas which he had brought with him from the feast; and as he thought how graceful Ampharita had been when pounding the meal, or kneading and rolling it into cakes, the pain returned, so that he cared not to finish the frugal repast, but, rising hastily, pressed forward towards the trysting-place.



PITAIYA CACTUS.

His gait was rapid, though, from time to time, he paused instinctively beside some uncommon plant. Then the thought of how the abandoned girl would have been ready to carry it along, and tend it till he could classify it, would cause the pain to grow in force, until the plant disappeared behind the mist of pity which filled his eyes.

When he at last reached the three rocks, he was in no kindly mood either towards himself or the rest of the world.

He found there the Ranchero with the pack-horse, and examined the animal's load, without answering the man's greeting. Nothing was lacking; not even Ampharita's store of attole and pinoles.

At the sight of the bag, the picture of how she had gathered the fresh fruit of the yucca, dried and sorted

it, how she had fetched the seed from the store-house, and prepared the paste, her slender arms struggling for hours with the heavy stone pestle, raising it high above her head, and dropping it again to crush the yucca-seed in the mortar, rose before him, and he fell into a reverie, entirely forgetting the presence of the Mexican.

The Ranchero thought he had dropped asleep from exhaustion, and allowed him to rest for a while; but when mid-day came, he spread the food he had brought with him upon his blanket, and, touching the Scientist upon the shoulder, said: "Señor, the sun is about to move westward, and the distance is long to my ranch; will the Caballero eat? Then, if he show his satisfaction by paying his servant and letting him go, it will be well; unless the Caballero commands that we camp here for the night?"

"No, no, my man," answered the Scientist, arousing himself. "Let us eat, then you can be off as soon as you wish to. I promised you good pay; and as I am satisfied, I will fulfil my part of the contract, as you have yours."

They ate in silence; and, when the meal was over, the white man counted out the silver pieces, adding one for the Ranchera.

"Here is your money," he said. "Take it and away with you; you say that the journey before you is long; as to mine, it is longer, and I shall have to camp by the way more than once, so I will rest still for a season. The water is good, and perhaps I will not go beyond, but camp here instead for to-night. In any case, I need you no longer. Here is your money, and an extra pezo for your wife; be sure to reach home before nightfall. That teswaino or robbers make not free with the silver, you

had better give it all to your wife. She is a good woman, though sad, and will care for it against a bad harvest."

"Ah, well, the wife is sad because she has had sorrow; and the Indian women are not easily consoled when they lose that to which their heart clings. The worst kind are those who do not say much; it just eats them up inside, and they are lifeless husks, worm-eaten mesquite beans. A thousand thanks, Señor; may you be requited a hundred-fold. Good-bye, Caballero. Call on me at any time. I am your obedient servant. The Madonna protect you!"



CENA CACTUS.

The man mounted his small pony and trotted away rapidly towards the north. From time to time he turned and waved his hat, and once the Scientist saw that he paused and dismounted while he put the silver pieces into the lining of his leathern breeches.

"The Madonna protect me," thought the Scientist. "Her parents, too, said that last night. Everything reminds me of her. Why did he describe to me how sorrow works upon the silent ones? Bah, Ampharita cannot have loved me as the mother loves her child; she is too young to feel deeply. She will get over it soon. I must rid myself of this morbid feeling. I am making a ghost out of a pumpkin moonshine. If I travel forward I shall forget. As the Ranchero said, the sun is moving towards the west, and the night must find me many a mile away."

But the Scientist did not rise. He sat quite still in

the narrow shadow of the rocks, with his elbow on his knee and his head resting on his hand. He felt as though he could not bear to move away from the trysting place, for then he would sever the last visible link that bound him to the Indian settlement. Thus far he had once come with Ampharita; and, as she had said on their pleasant journey the day before, it was good to see the home mountains. Beyond him lay the unknown, and he had no fixed plan, save to get away as fast as possible from the Pima Bajas, and carry his precious specimens to the city of Chihuahua, whence he could ship them to the museum where his other collections were on exhibition.

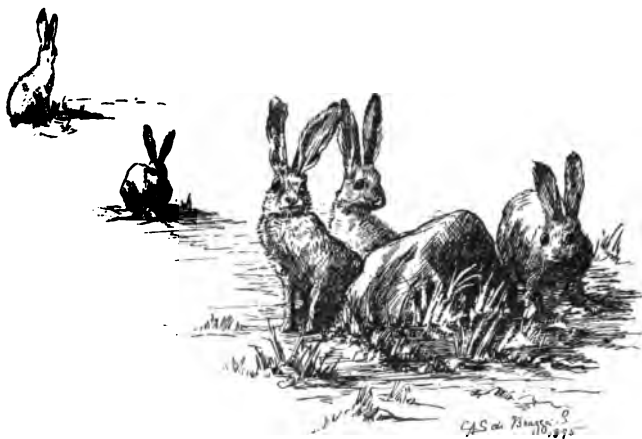
"Should anything happen to me after I have left here," he thought, "no news of me could ever reach my people, nor would the Pimas find my remains and tell their priest, who might send word to a white settlement, whence the message would be forwarded to the capital, and telegraphed all over the world, and be printed in the papers, under the heading of 'Another victim to science!' I am condemned to work my way alone through a country which, according to report, is infested with all kinds of vermin, from scorpions to revolutionary Chihuahuans. The sumpter-pony is already more heavily laden than he should be; and, since I sacrificed my saddle-horse to sentiment, I must foot it, whether my boots and provisions stand the strain or not."

Rising, he whistled to the animal, replaced its pack, and led the way down the steep acclivity to where the brook babbled musically.

Both man and beast were refreshed by a long drink of the clear water. The cañon ran somewhat eastward; but its banks were high, and so the sun had no

time to warm the brook that babbled in its depths. The Scientist decided to follow a faint trail he found beside it, and did not re-ascend to the plateau.

At sunset he reached an abandoned cave which had been originally worn out of the stony side of the barranca by the arroyo, when swollen with the inrushing waters consequent upon the rainy season, and which had been adapted to a dwelling by the levelling of its



LEPUS TEXIANUS EREMICUS, JACK RABBITS.

floor, and the construction of an outward wall and rude partition.

The horse would not wander from the lush grass and plentiful water, while the man could rest secure in the habitation; so he left the animal to graze at will, and, stowing away the pack in the back of the cave, he lay down in the outer chamber, and, rolling himself in his blanket, sought sleep.

He soon found the atmosphere close, and that the bits of broken pottery which protruded through the

beaten floor formed anything but an agreeable couch. He missed the cool night-breeze of the meza, and the almost imperceptible stir of pueblo life. When at last he slept, it was not soundly, and he was easily aroused by a rustling near him.

This continued, and he cautiously stretched out his arm for his gun. The Ranchero, or a strange Indian, might have followed him to steal the pack. He touched something in the dark. It was cold as his rifle-bore, but soft and scaly, while at the same instant an excited whirl caused his blood to freeze, as he recognized in it the rasping ring of a disturbed rattlesnake.

Knowing the habits of these reptiles, he realized that his safety lay in vacating the premises as quietly as possible, and he prepared to wriggle in the opposite direction, when, what was his horror to feel the same kind of cold rough body on the other side. An instant later, he felt something heavy drag itself across the blanket where it enveloped his feet, and, without daring to move a muscle, he lay bathed in cold perspiration throughout what appeared interminable hours.

When the gray dawn stole in through the opening of the cave, he saw his grim visitants. One lay snugly curled in the folds of his blanket, the two others had approached quite close to his head, while in his coat a fourth lay hidden. All were sleeping.

He rose to a sitting posture, and, with the greatest patience, slipped his feet from beneath the loathsome burden, and, abandoning his blanket and coat for the nonce, he picked up his gun and cartridge-belt, and crept out of the cave, and down the side of the cañon to where the horse stood.

After the sun had risen awhile, and its warm rays had

penetrated the cave-dwelling, he saw seven of the loathsome creatures come out of the cave and slowly work their way along the ledge of rock to a warm crevice, where they distended themselves side by side, forming a hideous mottled ribbon of deadly portent.

The Scientist had mechanically raised his rifle to his shoulder, but he lowered it again without taking aim.



HELODERMA HORRIDUM.

“My bullets are more valuable than their big rattles,” he thought. “What end will I serve by killing the monsters; while, some days hence, if I run short of food, each cartridge will mean one meal at least.”

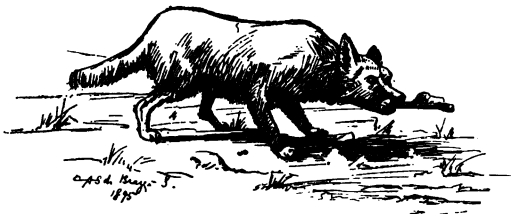
He waited a little longer; and, as no more snakes appeared from the cave, he went to fetch the pack from which to take the wherewithal to breakfast.

The cave was deep; and now he noticed that the farther end of the inner recess had been closed to form a storehouse. The door-way was walled up, and it might contain stores and utensils; but in the outer chambers he could find no signs of habitation save the bits of broken pottery, which might have been left there a century or a decade before.

“This place is cheerless at best; no one may again seek a night’s rest within its shelter. Some of those monsters bear the record of a score of years in their rattles; they seem at home here and would suffice to give the place a bad reputation, if these superstitious Indians have not found a tale of witchcraft and magic that hoo-dooes it in their estimation.”

He took up his blanket and returned to the brook's edge, where he prepared a little gruel, making it with attole from Ampharita's bag. This drink seemed to pour new life and confidence into his veins, and, placing the pack on his refreshed pony, he looked at his compass, and choosing the first trail up the side of the cañon proceeded in what he knew to be the general direction of Chihuahua.

The Scientist travelled for several days without meeting a single human being. Sometimes he followed the edge of a barranca to insure a supply of water, sometimes he filled his flasks and journeyed across desert



A COYOTE, CANIS LATRANS.

land or waste places where it was very difficult for him to make a way for himself and the pack-horse through the cacti and other low prickly growths.

The solitude was oppressive; his tongue seemed heavy and swollen by the long silence and alkali-dust. He was often too weary to prepare himself food; and then he inwardly blessed the Indian girl who had supplied him with a goodly store of the refreshing and nourishing yucca-seed.

At night the howl of the coyotes kept him awake, or if he slept, he dreamed of his reptile companions of the cave-dwelling, and in his dreams the anxieties he had

endured were intensified by his imagination into blood-curdling realities.

Manifold were the discomforts of these nights on the open prairies. Rats and mice came out to gather their store of flax-seed before the rainy season; and the skunks, who were in pursuit of them, approached so near that he could feel their hot breath upon his cheek as they sniffed at him, wondering what kind of a strange animal he might be.

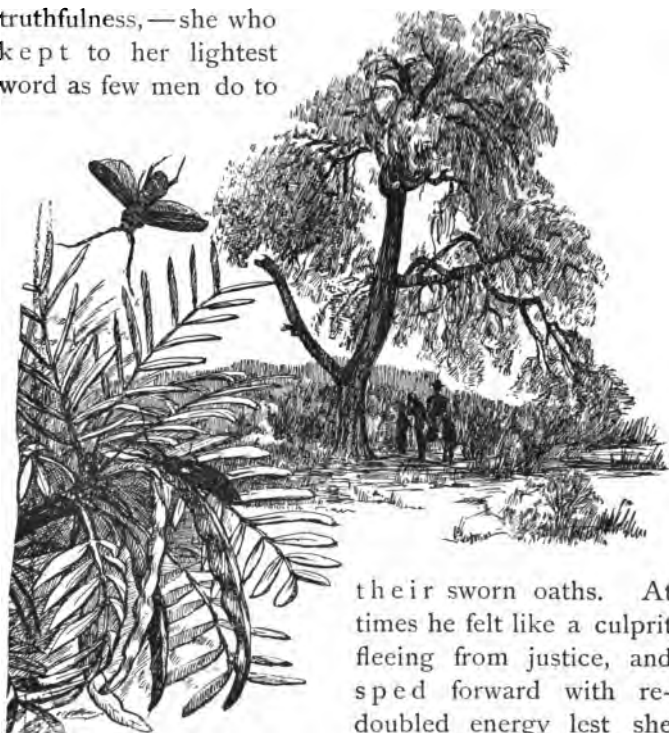
The further he journeyed away from the Pimas Bajas, the longer the time and the greater the separation, the more grew his shame and sorrow at having abandoned Ampharita without first seeking to explain to her the dire necessity which compelled this action, and trying to persuade her that it was for her good to remain with her people.

No matter how he reasoned with himself, arguing against his conscience that his precipitate departure had been the only course open to him, his sense of justice vociferated that he had done a needlessly cruel thing, and that he should have shown more confidence in the intelligence he had so much admired.

If it was true that it was impossible to take her with him, he should have repeated to her all the reasons; and their very truth would have convinced her to let him depart alone. From cowardice, he had run away, like a thief afraid of the sunlight and the people; and his action would change the respect of the Indian girl and the entire village into animosity and contempt. The Chief would hold him in derision before the braves; the Indians would laugh, and say he had fled from a girl; and he clinched his fists when he thought of how his enemy, the medicine-man, would ridicule him, and

illustrate his version of the story with the exquisite mocking mimicry in which he was an adept.

Again he cursed his vivid fancy, which depicted how Ampharita had taken the news of his flight, first this way and then that. What had she thought when she discovered his lack of truthfulness,—she who kept to her lightest word as few men do to



THE MESQUITE-TREE.

their sworn oaths. At times he felt like a culprit fleeing from justice, and sped forward with redoubled energy lest she overtake and upbraid him.

At others, he laughed bitterly at his own folly. Again, he almost prayed that the child might have indeed followed him; and whenever he came near to a mountain he climbed to the top,

and looked northwestward towards the land of the Pima Altas, hoping against reason that he might see some sign of her or her people upon the earth or sky.

After a while, the country he traversed was somewhat cultivated, and endless stone-walls divided it up into fields and ranches. He no longer needed to sleep beneath the trees or on the open prairie.

Suddenly one day when he felt his journey was practically over, as he had prophesied to Ampharita, a troop of men started up from behind a stone-wall, and he found himself a prisoner in the hands of a detachment of revolutionary Chihuahuans, who had fortified themselves in a large old ranch house.

An Indian was caught soon by the same troop. On examination the man proved to be a Tarahumari, and therefore talked an Indian dialect somewhat resembling the language which had become very familiar to the Scientist.

The man said he was on his way eastward in pursuit of hikoris; he had no money or merchandise, and begged to be set free; but the Mexicans kept him to wait upon the white man. The two prisoners managed to understand each other quite well; and though they pretended mutual aversion in the presence of their captors, they became great friends when left alone, and sought together for a means of escape. The Chihuahuans had taken from the Scientist not only his arms, pony, and money, but all his precious scientific instruments and the note-books and boxes containing the fruit of his long sojourn among the Pimas, and he desired to devise some means of saving these. The rebels did not maltreat him; but they threatened to shoot him if the food ran short, and the confinement was very irksome,



WITH THE CHIHUAHUANS.

for they would not allow him to exercise, lest his appetite increase.

He whiled away the days playing Indian games with the Tarahumari, or questioning him about the characteristics of the aborigines who lived in his land and further to the westward, for the man seemed to have travelled much.

The Tarahumari's face was very intelligent; and when he told the Scientist stories about the devotion of the women-folk to their children and to the infirm, the white man thought the keen, black eyes twinkled maliciously, and his uneasy conscience caused him to unjustly suspect the stranger of being a spy, or one of the runners whom he had met the day of the Piman harvest feast. But cross-question as he might, the man remained firm in saying he had never seen any of the pueblos of the Pima Bajas, although he had met some of their hikori hunters.

One night he aroused the Scientist, and whispered that he had heard from the old woman of the ranch that not a cob of maize was left, and all the rebels had left the camp in pursuit of food. Before going they had held a council, and decided to kill the captives on their return, if their expedition proved unsuccessful. The woman said there was still time for them to escape; but they must be off instantly.

The Indian had once been to Chihuahua, and said he knew a round-about way thither, and would show the white man the road, provided he promised to pay him a certain sum which would purchase a pony and outfit of fire-arms. The Scientist knew that the Governor would welcome him warmly, and felt safe in guaranteeing the coveted reward, so they started and kept together.

The country was overrun with rebels, and they were forced to hide frequently; but at last, after many delays, the two men reached the city.

The official representative of the young man's government had repeatedly written to Chihuahua asking for news of him; and the Governor was delighted to welcome him safe and sound, no matter how much money the foreigner borrowed.

So the Tarahumari received much more than he had bargained for, and departed delighted, oblivious of his projected hikori hunt; for a gun was to him the greatest gift any hikori could assure, and he determined to guard it with the devotion of a chief for his family fetich.

The Scientist was once more comfortably lodged, well fed, and decently clothed. His physical anxieties were ended; and the Governor assured him that he would receive a pecuniary indemnity for his instruments and specimens, should they not be recovered by an expedition which had been sent against the rebels.

Meanwhile he awaited news of them in Chihuahua.

The enforced inaction and humdrum life in an antiquated provincial town were oppressive after the stirring dangers of the wilderness. The idleness and security gave him time for thought and renewed his mental depression.

The sinister presentiment about Ampharita which had pursued him as he sat an alien amid the insurgents, or tramped along beside the Indian, now returned. Her dusky face had appeared between him and his companion with a reassuring smile, and she had pointed forward encouragingly when they were in pursuit of freedom.

But when in Chihuahua he thought he saw her, the eyes had lost the confiding expression he had loved so

well. In its place was a sad dreaminess; her cheek seemed to have lost its delicate childish roundness. At times her brow appeared crowned with wonder-flowers, more beautiful than any she had gathered for him; at others, her face lay before him with closed eyes, like those of one that sleeps, but it was pale as the sunlit stones about it.

When he walked abroad amid the labyrinthine streets and squares of the old town, the melodious tones of a native girl offering her wares would recall Ampharita's voice. In the movement and bustle of the market-place she appeared under a hundred forms; for the arch of an instep here, the turn of a wrist there, or the fleet steps of a barefooted child pursuing an escaping pet, sufficed to bring her before his eyes.

When a servant-girl moved along with swaying hips, carrying her head erect beneath the weight of a full olla, the ripple of her black hair, the curve of her dusky ear in the warm-colored shadow of the vessel, would vividly arouse thoughts of Ampharita.

In the dusk of evening Ampharita seemed to permeate the city. Her phantom awaited him at every dark street-corner, and gazed at him tenderly from behind the pillar of a moon-lit portico, or a deep, dark doorway.

Where was she? What was she doing? What was she thinking, that she could thus coerce his intellect, and fill his fancy with her image as it had never been filled before? Whence had she, the timid child of the prairies, this strange power over him, that grew instead of waning, despite the contact with people of his own class?

If he should write a letter to her priest, full of tender

messages for her, the sting might perhaps be taken out of his departure; his conscience might cease to recall her so frequently when he could feel that he had made some reparation, and she had learned that he still thought of her, and would go back to see her after the rainy season.

The thought was father to the act, and that evening he wrote a long letter to the priest of the Pima Bajas, — the only man among them who knew what a letter meant, — and, inclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, begged the good man to give a hundred tender messages to Ampharita, and send him news of all that had transpired at the pueblo since his departure.



THE VINEGARONE OR THE LUPHONUS GIGANTEUS.

CHAPTER VIII.

" So in her tower alone the maiden sat ;

But still she heard him, still his picture form'd
And grew between her and the pictured wall.
Then came her father saying in low tones,
' Have comfort,' whom she greeted quietly.
Then came her brethren saying, ' Peace to thee,
Sweet sister,' whom she answer'd with all calm.
But when they left her to herself again,
Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field
Approaching thro' the darkness, call'd ; the owl's
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixt
Her fancies with the sallow rifted glooms
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind.

" Thus he read ; . . .
And ever in the reading . . .
Wept." . . .

AMPHARITA awoke in the early dawn, and crept out of the hut before the family began to stir. Fetching a water-jar, she swung it on to her head, and sped along, lithe and merry, for she revelled in the freshness of the morning, and was joyous as the little birds which had spent the night in the neighboring mesquite, and now plumed and puffed and fluttered at their morning toilet, preparatory to a long flight in the sunshine.

No one was at the brook ; and so she washed the jar and bathed herself in the pool before she went higher

up to fill the olla with fresh water. All Nature was hung with strings of dewdrops; and she stepped carefully, so as not to strike the flashing jewels from the long grasses and low brush.

The rising sun peeped above the hill, and starred her long wet hair with sapphires, rubies, and diamonds, while the birds sang their morning orisons.

Ampharita threw a kiss to the sun; this was a trick her master had taught her, and of which she was very proud. Then getting into position, she stood with outstretched palms, and burst into a cadenced prayer of her own composition, which had gradually grown into existence by binding together bits of kindly feeling for all of Nature's things. The birds, the beasts, and wild flowers, the springs and streams, the crops, and the inhabitants of the pueblo, as well as her family, the Scientist's horse, and, last and greatest, her dear master were recommended in turn to the Beneficent Father who causes His sun to shine with life-giving power or death-dealing fierceness on all the things of the desert and the barrancas.

When she had finished with her own prayer, she knelt, and, clasping her hands, repeated the Ave Maria which the priest had taught her, finishing her devotions with the sign of the cross.

On the homeward way she met a few women straggling towards the stream with empty water-jars. The village was late in awakening; and even the dogs seemed too overcome with the fatigue consequent upon the feast to bark and snarl, while the women stumbled along as though half asleep, or under the influence of teswain.

Ampharita felt sorry for them; and thanked God that

her lips had never touched the magic beverage which stole away men's strength and thoughts, and mercilessly toyed with the hearts of women.

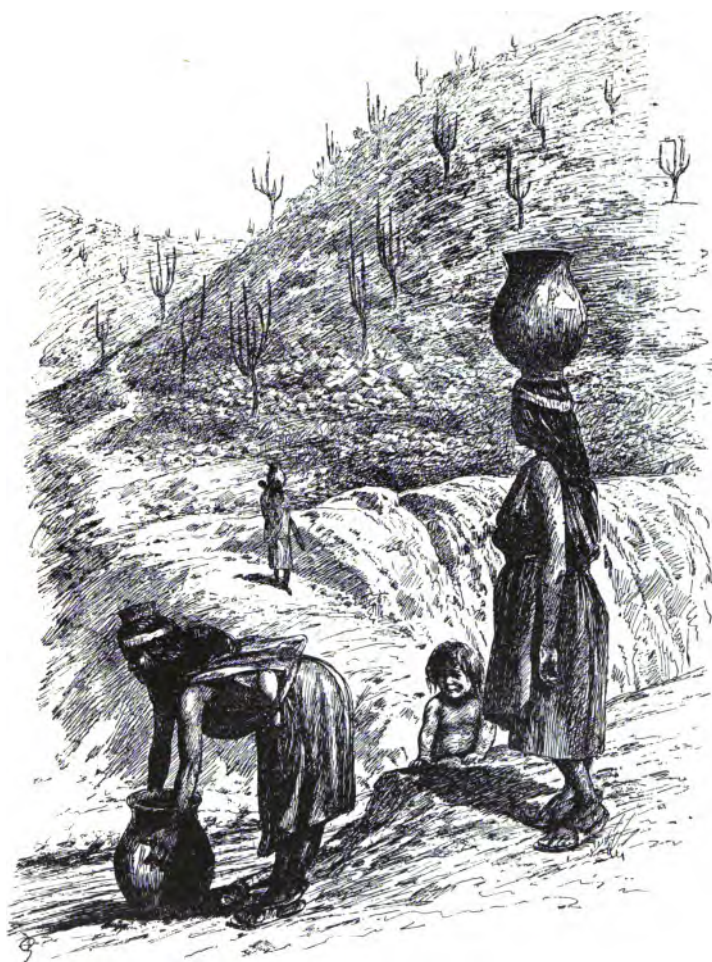
Raising her hand, she patted the big jar upon her head. "Dear pure water," she murmured, "you good and gentle servant of God who scatters blessings everywhere. How much dearer are you than all other food and drink! Without you man and beast would die, and the soft bosom of the world become harder and more arid than her rock crown. You do not steal one's thoughts and strength, but add to what one has. To bathe in you is as when the rain descends upon the earth; all the rags and accumulated trash are washed away from her surface, and a grateful perfume goes up from the clean, refreshed soil, while the tender, green plants, like new-found thoughts, sprout everywhere. Dear water, no wonder my master loves you! Refresh him, and give him new joy in life as you touch his beautiful hair and noble brow."

Ampharita had by this time reached the pueblo, and, advancing to the cactus hut, she hearkened at the door, and, hearing nothing, placed the jar in the shadow beside the house for fear the sun in the porch might heat it.

"I can watch," she thought, "while helping the mother at the kitchen-ring; and if he awakens and looks out for the water, I can run and fetch it for him from the shade."

As the maiden went and came in the preparation of the morning repast, the Indian mother could hardly answer her bright questions for the knowledge of the night before, which enveloped her as in a storm-cloud.

"My master sleeps long," the girl said. "I have



WATER CARRIERS.

been to the door of his hut, and he rests well, for I can hear no sound, even of heavy breathing. Was the feast late in breaking up, and did he too drink teswin? I



BARREL CACTUS.

met the neighbor at the spring; her feet seemed walking on mesquite gum, and she said her husband still lay like a log near the ashes of the feast fire. I know my master is too brave and strong to let the spirit of the drink get into his noble brain and deaden it, even for a season."

The mother answered nothing, but went on stirring the gruel for the children, who were clamoring for their breakfast. When it was ready, she placed the smoking cajita upon the ground within the kitchen-ring, and provided the children with dipper-like gourds, which they used as a combined spoon and cup to such good purpose that the contents of the bowl had been nearly all consumed when the father came out of the hut and greeted his daughter with an unusual effusiveness, which she ascribed to his joy at her splendid prospects.

"Bring me some gruel before the children eat it all," he directed; "and any meat and tortillas which may have been left over from the feast. I have some trading of my gains from the race which I would do at the next pueblo before there are others about," he added, in explanation. "It is well to fill the stomach when many words and much breath will be needed."

Yet, despite this assertion, the man ate what the girl placed before him with but little relish, and, rising, prepared to leave the kitchen-ring with only a nod to his wife.

When he had fetched his load from the hut, he seemed doubtful as to whether he would give it to Ampharita or to one of the boys to carry; and the girl feared he would make her accompany him. In fact, he called her, and she trembled as she approached him; but he only seized her beneath the chin, and, looking into the bright eyes, patted her cheek and smoothed her long hair.

This renewed caress surprised the girl, who was unaccustomed to any demonstration of tenderness on the part of her father; but she soon forgot about it in her joy, when he pushed her away with a sigh, and called to Ismo: —

“Come along, you lazy dog! You can run quick enough to see a race, or a feast! Take the load, and let us be off. Your sister has done travelling enough these last two days; she shall remain at home now for a season with the women-folk.”

Ismo dared not demur, but went off all the angrier, because he saw his elder brother seize a new bow and a bundle of arrows they had prepared together for a bird hunt which had been arranged for that day with some of the other boys.

Ampharita hastened through all the tasks her mother and grandmother suggested; their wants seemed unusually numerous and complicated. At last, they could think of no other work, and she fetched the large jar of fresh cool water out of the shadow, and called softly at the door of the cactus hut; but she received no answer.

“How late he sleeps! Perhaps he did drink some of the teswin after all,” she thought, and seated herself beneath the porch to wait. Her master sometimes slept



AMPHARITA BESIDE THE CLOSED DOOR OF THE CACTUS HUT.

late, or was busy with calculations, and would not be disturbed; that would be nicer than a teswin sleep. The sun rose higher, and its scorching rays fell where she sat; but she did not feel them. She was reviewing in fancy her dream-visit to the white man's land, and the reanimated picture of the creations of her imagination entranced her as it had done the previous night.

The sun crept upwards, higher and higher. The mid-day hour approached. She sat now in the still hot shadow, oblivious of time, until a horse-fly stung her hand, and aroused her to her environment.

Looking at the line of shadow, she started anxiously. Could anything have happened to the Scientist? She had never known him to keep his door closed so long. This was not the effect of teswaino. He had complained of fever at the ranch; could he be ill?

Rising, she approached the door, and, laying her hand upon it, she allowed her fingers to close upon the upright rod, and gave it a gentle pull. It obeyed her touch.

How strange! Her master had never slept with his door untied; but then he had always had his treasures with him, and now, as they were at the ranch, he had nothing to guard. Smiling at her stupidity, in not having thought of this sooner, she entered on tiptoe, pulling the door to behind her.

Although her actions had been swift and noiseless, her mother had stealthily watched her from the kitchen-ring, and felt her heart almost stop beating at the thought of the desolation which would overcome her gentle child on finding that she had been guarding an empty nest.

All was still in the direction of the cactus hut and

the moments seemed like hours. A scream, a cry, would have been a mercy. The mother could not stand the suspense. Looking toward the young child who slept beside her, she gave the cradle a push to set it to rocking, and, running across the intervening space, she looked through one of the apertures in the cactus walling, on the shady side of the house, that her daughter might not perceive her shadow.

As soon as her eye became accustomed to the darkness, she saw Ampharita crouched beside the empty saccaton couch. The heap of fresh grass lay there, with the yucca mat spread upon it, just as it had been prepared the night before, while the girl passed her hand from time to time across her brow, as though seeking to remember something.

Ampharita was collecting her thoughts; then, rising, she methodically examined every nook and cranny of the hut to see if she could find a vestige of its occupancy by the white man.

Nothing had been touched. The ollas stood just as she had disposed them at dusk, full to overflowing with water which had grown tepid from long standing. The yucca-root and bit of cloth lay beside them. There was not the sign of a boot-nail upon the well-swept earthen floor. Everything indicated that no one had entered the hut. With a sigh the girl turned to go out.

As she pushed open the door, her mother stood beneath the porch.

"My daughter," she said, raising a detaining hand, "whither art thou going?"

"I will be back very soon, my mother, and do your bidding. Only now, oh, let me go to the other huts! I will work doubly when I return. My master has not

slept in his hut this night. Where, oh, where can he be?"

Ampharita sped along the dusty path between the huts to the Chief's dwelling; but the women there knew nothing. The Chief and medicine-men were resting, and might not be disturbed; the women would ask them when they awoke, but they thought that they could tell nothing new, for the Scientist had been seen last with her parents.

Ampharita stopped at a kitchen-ring where several women were seated, with their children playing about them, and asked if any of them had seen the white shaman, or knew where he had slept the night before; but they too shook their heads, and gave a negative answer.

She proceeded thus from hut to cabin and cabin to ring, until she had visited the whole settlement; but no one could help her in any way. With features drawn by anxiety she approached her home, then stopped irresolute, and her mother saw her turn and run with the fleetness of a deer past the remaining houses, and out across the waste land towards the meza.

The Indian woman divined what her daughter was after; and, wringing her hands, she called her own mother into the hut, and, pulling the screen of grass close across the opening, she told her what had passed the night before; and, laying her aching head upon the old woman's bony shoulder, she wept silently.

Ampharita had meanwhile found the horse. He whinnied at her approach, and tugged to loosen the rope by which he was tethered to a stone.

She knew that he must be thirsty; and, pausing in her anxious quest, she led him to the arroyo to drink.

She caused him to enter the pool, and washed his hoofs, and threw water over his head. She curried his haunches with a bunch of dried roots which she fetched from a hiding-place beneath a stone, and combed out his long mane and tail with a pine-cone.

Gradually she persuaded herself that, since the horse was there, she need have no fear about his master; and, with a lighter heart, she hummed one of the simple airs the white man had sung to her, and sought to lengthen in every way the self-imposed task, that the hours of his absence might be filled out with work for him.

For evidently the white man had felt excited by the dance and feast, and had walked out beneath the moonlight far away from the noisy village, where sleep had overtaken him, and he had lain down to rest. He would return soon for food; but perhaps he had found berries, or prickly pears, or had noticed some new growth and was studying it, which would detain him out until very late. The boys from the bird hunt came her way to drink at the arroyo. They showed her the netful of birds, and told her where they had been; and she asked them if they had met her master.

They all said, "No;" and her eldest brother suggested mischievously that the white man had slipped away in the night to be rid of her.

She turned pale at the suggestion, and trembled like an aspen; at which the leader of the band, who was himself fourteen and almost a man, cuffed her brother until he howled, and said it was a silly made-up story, for of course no man would go away and leave such a good horse behind. It took a stupid girl to believe any bit of nonsense that passed through the brain of a malevolent stripling.

When the boys had gone on, she led the animal back to the meza; but her light-heartedness had vanished, and she walked slowly as she went back into the village.

Her grandmother was mending a worn gorrita, and begged her to come and sit with her while stripping some ee-hooks; but Ampharita excused herself from staying near the hut, by saying that the odor of the feast lurked about the village, and she would go out and prepare them on the meza. Her grandmother told her, with a sigh, to do as she wished; and the girl disappeared again, carrying with her a bundle of soaked martynia pods.

Seating herself beside the horse, she shredded them, speaking from time to time to the animal, as though she thought he would sympathize with her and be interested in the surmises about his master to which she gave utterance.

The old woman sighed again and again, as she wove industriously until it was too dark to see, even on the meza; and Ampharita returned with an armful of split martynia made up into rings, ready for use in gorrita weaving.

The girl supped in silence, and went to sleep in the cactus hut.

The next day she hardly touched food. Her anxiety had become fixed; she spent the hours beside the horse, pacing up and down listlessly, or repeating little prayers and incantations.

At evening, when her father returned and sent Ismo to call her, she would not come to the kitchen-ring for supper. So the Indian himself carried her out a bowl of mush, and as she ate it, he tried several times to tell her about the departure of the Scientist. But it was

useless, the right words would not come to him. So, telling her that she had best come home and sleep in their own hut, and that it was not seemly for a maiden to be at large alone after dark, he arose and bade her accompany him, but she cried and pleaded so pathetically to be allowed to remain out in the pure air beside the animal, that he could not insist; and so the second night after the feast was spent by the Indian girl on the meza with the horse, wakeful and silent, a dusky sentinel alert in the darkness.



HER MOTHER WATCHED HER FROM THE KITCHEN-RING.

Though the coyotes howled in the distance, no steps approached, and she waited and watched in vain.

In the morning, she came to the kitchen-ring to perform her daily tasks; but she led the pony by the halter, and all day long he stayed with her in the village, for she would not allow him out of her sight.

Her mother gave her much work; and she did it un-

complainingly, until towards evening she took with her the maguey fibre and carried it to the arroyo, where she pounded and washed it, while the horse drank the water and cropped the cool leaves greedily.

Another day, and she seemed the shadow of herself. The boys ceased to tease; and the neighbors whispered together, as the gentle maiden, leading the horse, passed in and out among them.

All night long her mother had lain sleepless, pondering upon her child's condition. The strain of continual and dread anxiety was almost as hard as the dreary certainty. The girl, she knew, feared that the white man had been killed by an accident; for Ampharita had begged her to ask the Chief to send out an expedition in search of him. Another day, and her daughter must fall ill or go mad. She was already the butt of the village wit; for gossip is as rife and cruel among the Pima Indian women as among their white and black sisters. Her husband had told her he could not find courage to hurt the girl by speaking; and so she decided to break the news to the child the next morning.



AMPHARITA ALONE WITH THE HORSE.

At dawn Ampharita's mother aroused the grandam, and, taking the two youngest children, they went out upon the meza in the early morning light.

With them they carried food ; and, seating themselves near the girl, who leaned in a dejected attitude against the horse's neck, they begged her to untie the rope with which she had attached her wrist to his bridle, lest, while she slept from exhaustion, the animal wander away from her.

The grandmother finally persuaded her to eat some of the gruel they had brought ; and the little ones caressed her, and sought in vain to make her play.

When the bowl was half empty, Ampharita turned away, and would have risen to get nearer to the horse ; but the grandmother stopped her, and, calling to the older child, induced it to go with her in pursuit of salvia, while the mother, holding the other little one in her arms, talked to her daughter.

"Ampharita," she said, very gently, "you think ever of the stranger."

"Ay, mother," answered the girl, as she hid her face in the bend of her arm. "He is dead or suffering, and you all care not. He cured the sick ; but none thinks of him now."

"Would that you were a babe again," said the poor woman, as she stroked the free hand of her daughter, "then I could take you in my arms and croon you to sleep upon my breast, and you would not care for aught else, nor would you have memory from one watch to another. He is not worth your thought, my child. He is not dead ; he is not even ill. The white shaman loosed himself from his promise. He looks upon his given word as water that can be poured out and dried

up quickly, so that no trace remain. He has gone away utterly and forever."

The woman could not lie to her own offspring, so she told the truth as quickly and simply as possible.

The girl raised her head and shook it, while pointing to the horse to justify her denial of faith in her mother's word; yet she was deeply grieved at the lack of trust shown in the stranger, and drew away her hand.

"Ay, it seems so to you and me because we are Indians. But what is a horse to a rich white man? There are thousands where he comes from. He said, too, they could carry hundreds of people at once, and spit fire and smoke. He left the horse because he was afraid that you would follow him again and catch up with him, if there were not something of his to hold your heart here and deceive you, as this poor dumb beast has done for days. Could the horse have made you understand, he would have told you. Your father had not the heart to speak; but I felt you should know, and seek to hide your sorrow as beseems a well-nurtured Indian maiden. Your head is hot, my daughter, and your hands are cold."

The girl shivered violently, as she pushed away her mother's hand and hugged the sleeping child passionately in her arms. Her mother arose, and continued speaking slowly, with the tears running down her cheeks.

"Come to the hut, my dear one, and I will make a powerful decoction to soothe your heart. You look like a bird which has been charmed by a serpent, or a doe that is caught in a snare."

Ampharita staggered to her feet, and looked towards

the distant mountains. She stood as one irresolute; but she neither wept nor spoke.

Her mother threw her arms around her and called to the grandam; but the girl gently disengaged herself, placed the child in her mother's arms, and with the sob of a wounded deer darted away in the direction of the mountains.

The heavy-hearted Indian woman walked to the place where the grandam was seated with the other boy; but she had no voice to explain to her what she had said to her daughter. It seemed as



TARANTULE MYGALE AND THEIR
VICTIM.

though a cord still bound her heart to that of the child who was speeding away to hide her sorrow from the prying eyes of her tribe. She pointed to the mountains, and watched the graceful figure as it grew smaller and smaller, until it disappeared in a cleft between two cliffs. She had but to raise her voice and call, for half-a-dozen urchins, who had come out to gather herbs, to scamper after the girl and fetch her back. But the woman thought how unbearable would be the fuss and chatter of the village to the girl's wounded spirit, and so she let her go. The song of the birds she loved might give her consolation; the perfume of the growing thyme descend like balm upon her wounded spirit.

"Come, mother," said the woman, "the sun grows hot; my man and the boys will clamor for food again before we have prepared it. We must return to our work. God will be with her and have pity on her."

The old Indian woman arose, and they walked home-

ward silently, save when the children attracted their attention to some insect or flower which caught their eyes.

The Scientist completed his business in Chihuahua, and arranged for his mail to follow him. He journeyed southward by easy stages, visiting all the points of interest until he reached the City of Mexico, early in January.

The President, on learning of his arrival, sent for him at once, and, after apologizing for the unfortunate accident which had robbed the world of the material fruits of his self-abnegation, praised him for his endurance and courage.

The carnival was in full swing, and his young blood glowed with the feasting and revelry.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs dined him, as did also the Academy of Scientists. He was the lion of the social functions. The señoras and señoritas sought to ensnare him with admiring glances from their large almond-shaped eyes. He was engaged in advance for scores of dinners, breakfasts, and suppers; and if at liberty for half an hour, the time was filled with sight-seeing, or projecting excursions to the fascinating historical sites of the neighborhood.

The day on which we again take up the thread of the story was warm for the season. Golden sunshine flooded the streets of the City of Mexico.

No stray breath from icy Popocatepetl, or his enchanted wife, Iztaccihuatl, chilled the promenaders, and the good and bad towns-folk were in consequence out in force, as gay as on the occasion of a fiesta.

A deputy had told the Scientist to await him in front

of the post-office. They would drive out to a little inn at Santa Anita; for the woman who kept the place was particularly celebrated on account of the way she cooked native dishes. Afterward they would visit the Chinampas, and return upon the old Aztec waterway in a flower-bedecked barge.

The Scientist arrived a little while before the hour named, and looked about him, interested by the variety of costumes and native types.

The shrill sound of street-cries rent the dust-laden air. People hurried into the post-office, and came out again absorbed in examining their letters. The large vaulted hall looked dark and invitingly cool to the Scientist. He stepped almost unconsciously beneath the archway, and his eyes, after taking in the orderly interior, were attracted to an alphabetical list of unclaimed letters hanging in a frame which he almost touched with his shoulder. He began to read, his eye gliding mechanically down the closely-printed columns. Suddenly his blood tingled.

How on earth could his name have come there! Did he really see straight? Yes, there was no mistaking the unusual prefix and affix. Who could have written to him without sending the letter to the care of his Legation? The Governor of Chihuahua, or one of the hotel-keepers in whose house he had stopped!—but they did not know of the proper affix, for he had never signed his whole name. In perplexity he approached the window and showed the papers contained in his pocket-book to establish his identity and receive the mysterious communication.

An envelope addressed in his own handwriting was handed to him. The script was blurred as by much



THE TROGON.

handling; the postmarks were numerous. But the instant he touched it he knew whence it came.

His surroundings and engagements were forgotten, and he was carried back to the far-away pueblo by the sight of the much-handled envelope.

Hurrying along the street to the Cathedral Square, he sought out the most retired corner of the Zocolo, where he dropped upon the first vacant bench, intent on reading his letter unobserved.

After a few introductory remarks and polite expressions of thanks for the communication received from the Scientist, the priest of the Pima Bajas wrote as follows :

“Ampharita left the pueblo on learning of your departure ; that is to say, on the fourth day after the feast. She turned her steps towards the mountains, where she had been accustomed to accompany you on the hunt for strange flowers and insects. At night she did not return ; and her mother waited hour by hour, in vain, for her coming. The day dawned ; her father went to the Chief ; and when he heard the story, the head of the tribe ordered out scouts to aid him in searching for the lost girl ; but these scouts and others returned unsuccessful. After a few days the Chief went out himself ; and they sent a runner for me to hasten to the village and help pray for the wanderer's return. But she was not found, neither did she return alone.

“The whole tribe sought diligently. She had disappeared, and left no trace. Some thought that the instinct of her devotion had been so strong that she had found and followed your trail, despite your well-devised flight ; so, after a while, the search was abandoned, and none but her mother grieved ; for were she with you, all felt she must be content.

“Alas ! a fortnight after her departure some of the fleetest young braves, while hunting, followed a wounded stag which

led them into that far-away barranca where the ceaseless water is so sweet and cold, and to which Ampharita had guided you in pursuit of rare plants. There they found her. She lay half-hidden in a recess of the cliff. Her limbs were composed as those of a child who sleeps. One hand clasped the golden cross upon her breast, while the other lay beside her, palm upwards. Her face was peaceful; her half-closed eyelashes seemed to quiver in the sunlight. On her brow rested a glorious butterfly, which fluttered upward and away as the young men approached. They did not seek to move her; but two of them remained behind to guard her, while the others fetched her parents and the tribe. How can I tell you, or do you already understand that there was no life in her delicate form? I performed mass there in the barranca; and they buried her where they found her, with all the ceremony required by Holy Mother Church and the customs of her people.

"The Chief says, 'A white snake she fondled stung her heart.'

"The child's father and mother know that you asked about her, and that I am writing to you. They say: 'Tell him our child is forever at rest. The great white man need give no thought to the heart that can no longer feel. He is rich; may he be happy, with no regret to disturb his peace or cloud his wisdom and power in the strange land of the white man.'

"No wonder they grieve. I know not of another Ampharita.

"There is nothing left to tell, so I remain, sir,

"Your obedient servant in God,

" * * * ."

The Scientist could not see the name at the bottom of the writing through the tears which had welled into his eyes.

"Ay, truly I know not of another Ampharita. Can this be the end of all her serviceable sweetness; have I

whom she loved enjoyed the blessing of her unselfish ministrings for the last time?" he exclaimed, crumpling the letter into a ball within his hand as he would have sought to crush an insect which had stung him. He clasped his hands and bowed his head upon them. The self-questioning was so agonizing to his spirit that he listened, hoping for, yet fearing, some interruption he could cheat his fancy into believing a sign.

The air was full of sound. Voices called, sang, whistled, laughed, scolded, or cursed in every key. Whips cracked, hoofs clattered, carts and cabs rattled upon the pavement that surrounded the Zocolo. The Scientist sat beneath the shady verdure of the square, and he felt more terribly alone than he had ever felt on the darkest and loneliest night upon the prairies. He looked about him. No one was in sight save a lemonade-pedler at the end of the path absorbed in offering refreshments to passers, the shuffling of whose feet announced their presence on the other side of a myrtle hedge. Two beggars dozed upon a neighboring bench; they had not moved since the Scientist had passed them before taking his seat.

Opposite, across the narrow gravel path, was a fountain surrounded by a wealth of blooming plants, and the musical gurgle of the rising and falling waters mingled with the rumble of wheels as the carriages hurried across the plaza, or the rhythmic sound was lost amid the harsh quarrelling of shrill discordant voices. A thick screen of dark foliage surrounded the fountain and the bench on which he sat. He might have imagined himself miles away from the city but for the lemonade-vendor, the beggars, and the noise.

Two little sparrows stood upon the brink of the low

basin, drinking from the troubled waters which dashed quite over their heads as ring after ring broke against the worn edge. Gold-fish darted in and out beneath the silvery-crested wavelets. They snapped at bright drowning insects, and with their tails threw high the sparkling drops, which were shattered into spray beneath the torrent of waters, or mingled with the shower that fell outside the margin of the fountain upon the ever moist vegetation.

The Scientist pressed his hand against his brow. He was bewildered, anxious, curious, and sought to drown the deep pain in speculation. He had seen men die, but he was experiencing his first bereavement.

“For what end are we born with intuition, mind, and memory, as well as instinct and passions? If one of these fishes were to die, the others would swim on merrily beneath its lifeless body. If that sparrow disappeared, its mate would find a companion in the next hedge. Why does man alone suffer intensely the pangs of separation, and remain comfortless in the presence of death?”

Again he looked about him, and again his eyes were attracted to the fountain.

He observed over the watery surface a prismatic band, which, starting under the spray, arched itself downwards and towards the right, until the bit of beautifully-tinted rainbow was lost amid the flaming colors of the blossoms on the other side of the fountain. His eyes followed it up and down, held by the outline of the graceful aërial ribbon. It moved and quivered while the violet and yellow glowed in lambent force. and the red was almost lost sight of against the brown waters of the basin.

How strangely the rainbow swayed and trembled !
“Life is just like that fountain,” he thought. “We are all pressed through a narrow tube. That is called an education ! With delight we rush forth to liberty, overjoyed at our freedom. We dash up into the sun-



A BURIAL HUT.

shine, and shimmer like jewels in the radiance of health, priding ourselves on what we take to be our individual desirableness ; whereas it is only a reflected glamour, which quickly disappears as the inexorableness of life presses us down, and we are swamped in a mass of

human dulness, and then we disappear, entirely reasimilated by elemental nature."

The water jet rose and fell in soft modulations that responded to the breathing of his own lungs. The outline of the fountain grew indistinct; his eyes slowly closed, and in its place he saw Ampharita standing beside a freshly made burial-hut, while behind her, instead of the myrtle hedge, towered the luxuriant wall of the barranca. Between him and the girl sped the well-remembered arroyo, singing as it went; for the lullaby of the fountain was in his ears, while the noise of the city was lost in the hum of innumerable insects, the call and carol of gorgeous birds. These flitted about Ampharita, or settled on her hand while she talked to them soothingly or fed them with the grain and tortillas which she took from the dishes of funeral meats strewn about in front of the little hut.

Ampharita was not observing him. She repeated the carol of the birds or broke into little snatches of song, such as he had taught her, and others far sweeter.

Presently she looked up. The birds became agitated and flew into the bushes, whence they called to each other from time to time. Ampharita's singing ceased; the hum of the insects grew fainter, but over the rocks plashed on the water of the arroyo.

Ampharita extended her arms to where a man's figure had appeared amid the growth on the side of the barranca. He descended and advanced towards her, gliding with rapidity, but without apparent effort.

"Hail! Welcome, my master, I have waited for you so long, oh, so wearily long, here alone in the barranca," said Ampharita, in a voice exquisitely tender and musical.

The Scientist stared; Ampharita was not looking at him. Neither she nor her companion took any more notice of him than if he had been a stone in the depths of the arroyo.

The new-comer's skin was white. He had golden hair and a light beard; there was a certain resemblance to himself about the man, but he was far handsomer. He was nobler, stronger looking in every way; and the Scientist felt a keen pang of jealousy at hearing the girl call the stranger by the familiar epithet.

"You promised to teach me so many things, and I have passed through so much here alone. Never mind, now you have come to me, you will explain, although you will wonder too," she said, with a pretty roguish movement, "when I tell you how well I understand all you have thought."

"How could I pretend to teach you, when I knew nothing really about life," mournfully answered the handsome youth. "It was the world and the things of the world that I knew. I prized knowledge above individuality. I knew not even the meaning of the word Wisdom. You, child, have been my teacher!" And taking her slender, brown hand he kissed it reverently and pressed it to his brow as if seeking the blessing of the maiden.

"How could the Indian maiden teach a White Shaman?" queried the girl, wonder and joy diffusing her idealized countenance.

"You were a silent, zealous, observant pupil. You knew much that I did not, and you craved to learn all that is good. You had the open eye to mark the cause. The effect to which the worldling gives all the thought, needs no subtlety: it is evident enough."

"You mean that what we feel sure is true and right is better than what the Shamen teach us to believe? Is it not so, my master?" queried the maiden.

The Scientist felt a keener pang at hearing the old term he had learned to cherish applied to one who looked so much more worthy than he of the maiden's reverent love.

The handsome youth, so strangely like, yet unlike himself, sank upon a stone, where he remained seated in a thoughtful attitude. Ampharita seated herself Pima fashion, and began to wind a wreath, plucking the numberless star-like blossoms about their feet, which the Scientist had not before observed.

The youth proceeded to speak in a low intense voice. The syllables reached and thrilled his listener despite the song of the brook. He seemed to address himself, yet he looked ever and anon at Ampharita, and the Indian maiden bent her head in apprehension.

"What is our civilized learning? What is our philosophy? They are the servants of the love of the world. Our existence is an unknown mystery, unsolvable by our science. 'Thou hast hidden these things from the knowing and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' Our many books crush the spirit. Eyes grow dull that see only printed words. Incessant analysis of matter atrophies the soul. Death is the most wonderful of all the changes in evolution. Science stops at the grave as if the circle of life were completed, as if the component parts were dispersed and reabsorbed, as if a man's entity were gone; but at that moment, the being — released — feels the first throb of perfect life."

Ampharita's laugh interrupted the youth with a sweet sound that was as the chiming of celestial bells. "You



THE BARRANCA.

use strange words, but I know the throb of perfect life," she said, — "no more misunderstandings, but a sense of gladness, of truth, and of peace."

"Ah, if the human soul could always manifest itself!" the youth continued. "None can be fully useful while the spirit is struggling desperately to make itself felt! It seeks to reach out and touch other souls that together they may work forcefully for good, but it is hemmed in, pushed back, suffocated, crushed. At last it casts off the flesh, and then it becomes a spring of human movement, by the memory of its incarnate loveliness."

The youth paused and gazed at Ampharita; she looked back at him, puzzled. She answered by referring to what she might have understood.

"My soul recognized yours, and loved it from the first," she said, "and wanted to be with you always. Yes, your kindness taught me much — much for which there are not even words in the language of the Pimas. But I am just learning the real meaning of life and death, and there is much that is beautiful in it you never spoke of."

"I did not speak of it, for I did not know it. I knew nothing but my poor science and the prejudices of my world. The view I took of events and of human intercourse was one-sided. What I called my self-development was supreme selfishness. The things that are eternal did not figure in my calculations. I was living near one whose helpfulness was a marvel of divine manifestation, whereas I esteemed her presence merely because of the comfort it gave me in my labors. I never understood that she was a messenger of the Most High mutely showing me that my selfishness was a malignant force in the Master's world, and that I was as clashing and destructive in His eternal order as a vagrant meteor."

The maiden had arisen, and at these last words she made a gesture which betokened that while she comprehended, she had never given him accusation. The youth also was now standing. To the Scientist, who trembled before the splendor of his appearance, his eyes glowed with light and his stature seemed to dominate the whole valley.

"Nay, Ampharita," went on the strange voice, rich and strong as the upper notes of an organ, "I forgave not myself. Truth had walked with me, and I had known her not, when I consented to your torture. I was taking counsel of meanness, and I was violating the everlasting glory of life. My transgression consumed all my confidence, and I was not able to look up. Then my eyes saw what they before had not fathomed. My ears caught the vibrations of my own soul. My intellect came to itself. I found the truth in the simplicity of love. Outside of the law of brotherhood I ceased to have a wish to wonder. The hands and the feet, I came exultingly to feel, are not the intellect's menials, but children, whom it is happiness to exalt and to cherish."

As the solemn meaning of this epiphany was borne in upon him, the Scientist felt powerless to move or speak. Invisible tendrils reached up from the rocky soil about him and tied him to the earth. A chill crept over him, causing him to tremble. Strange colors appeared between him and the towering youth, like the strands of a magic web. He heard the gurgle of the water increase until it sounded like the rush of an engulfing river. The youth and Ampharita seemed now to be regarding him, and waiting for his expression, yet utterance was impossible.

Ampharita held up the wreath, which gleamed like a crown of stars, and paused for his word. How very real she seemed as she stood gazing at him with her luminous tender eyes, but so beautiful, so ethereal, compared with the docile child he had abandoned! He bowed before the divinized essence of a loving woman, and yet he could not speak.

At last with a violent effort he broke the paralysis. "My God, I promise! What kind of a blind creature have I been all these years? Was a human sacrifice needful to bring me to myself? Was it needful that the love of an Indian maiden should have —" but the thought remained uncompleted. Ampharita, with a glad cry, crowned herself with the stars. Her beauty grew to transcendent, indescribable loveliness, while her vestures shone like jewels. The noble youth seemed to move across the arroyo without its waters touching his feet, and, laying his hands upon the Scientist's shoulder, he pointed to Ampharita as she and the barranca disappeared in a flash of light.

The chill passed from the Scientist's limbs, but not the numbness. Hot tears flowed from his eyes, and they seemed to him tears of great joy. He opened his eyes and saw before him the fountain falling into its rippling basin, while the noise of the city was everywhere in the air, commingling with the musical plash of the waters. The beggars upon the neighboring bench were awake, and chatting together as they ate coarse bread and mangoes. The lemonade-pedler came down the path and offered him a drink, which he accepted eagerly; nothing before had ever seemed to him as pure and refreshing. The fish darted back and forth in the fountain. He found a bit of biscuit in his pocket and

crumbled it into the water, where they eagerly nipped it up. The rainbow had faded from the spray; the two little birds had flown away.

The Scientist rose slowly, his head ached, and yet his heart was lighter than it had been since he left the Pimas. He thought of Ampharita's death, but the poignant anguish had been replaced by the sense of changed purpose. He dipped his hands into the fountain and bathed his brow. As he looked up into the blue vault, where the sun had long since passed the zenith, he felt the exaltation of the new gravitation.

"Love is eternal. Such is the Divine Law. Self-renunciation must be the *bride* of him who strives, and his closest friend must be his conscience."

The Scientist stood for an instant longer. His eyes fell upon the crushed letter, which he had dropped. Picking it up again he carefully smoothed and folded it, and, slipping it into the soiled envelope, he laid it away in his pocket-book. Then he looked at his watch, and, seeing that the hour of his appointment had long passed, he walked thoughtfully across the public garden in the direction of the Calle San Francisco.



BUTTERFLIES.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

THE Pima, or Piman, form one of the great linguistic stocks of North American Indians which, in the course of centuries, has been very much subdivided. The Pimas of the reservations in the Salado and Gila valleys of Southern Arizona compose one of the best agricultural tribes of North American Indians. They are known as the Upper Pimas, or Pima Alta, while the Mexican tribes known as the Nevome, or Pima Baja, of whom the story treats, — the Papago, the Sobaipuri, the Oyata, the Tarahumári the Cahita, the Cota, and the Tepehuán, — also belong to it. The area they occupy extends from the Salado and Gila rivers in Southern Arizona over a part of Arizona, New Mexico, and a large part of Northwestern Mexico, embracing a portion of the States of Sonora, Zacatecas, Chihuahua, Sinaloa, Durango, and part of Jalisco. The collective number of the race in Mexico is estimated by the government authorities at 85,000 souls, but explorers aver that the Pimas are much more numerous. Those of the highlands are stalwart and prolific, increasing constantly in number, while those of the unhealthy and burning lowlands are dying out. Some authorities maintain that the Pimas belong to the same linguistic group as the Shoshonean and the Aztec or Nahuatl. The Pimans are frequently mentioned in the chronicles of the first Spanish explorations towards the North and West. These describe them as peaceable, industrious, hospitable, and easily converted to Christianity. In evidence of which the first Jesuit census taken in 1678 gives the number of Christianized alone as 8,300. Latterly many have lapsed into heathenism, the missionaries

having neglected them, yet several tribes still hold to the Christian traditions, and their members assemble regularly on Sunday in the dilapidated chapel of the village, and repeat in unison the few fragments of prayer they remember.

The Pimans of the Baja tribe inhabit the slopes of the Sierra Madre. They are of medium height, alert, agile, and fleet of foot. They have long straight hair, which sometimes waves; their skin is of a dark-brown color, paling to yellow in the shady barrancas; their cheek bones prominent, and their features resemble in all respects those of the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico.

GOVERNMENT.—The tribe is governed by the chief, as the family is by the father. The father consults his wife and children with regard to all important family questions, as the chief consults the heads of the families with regard to matters of tribal interest. More powerful than the chief, however, is the *shaman*, or medicine-man, who is believed to control the life celestial, as well as that terrestrial, of every man, woman, and child of the tribe. He is the poet, priest, physician, historian, prophet, and judge; his duties are many and varied, while his privileges and perquisites are endless. He is believed to have direct communication with the gods, and his dictates are law. His actual knowledge of medicine, contrary to the usual belief, is extremely limited, consisting for the most part of ritualistic formulas and ceremonies of amazingly elaborate detail, which produce a great impression upon the mind of the patient, and are consequently magical or thaumaturgic in character. The real treatment of the sick is done by his subordinates, old women called *roakari*, who use simple remedies, and are quite successful. When the malady is beyond their skill, or the patient is rich, the offices of the shaman are invoked. These are very expensive, and rated according to the elaboration and the rarity of the performance. At times the shaman's charges amount in value to several hundreds of dollars, consisting of gifts in clothing, provisions, and highly prized articles.

INDIAN FEASTS.—Shamanistic genius has invented most elaborate ceremonies for all occasions; such as the formal acceptance of the new-born infant as a member of the family, the harvest feast (for details of which see Chapter VI.), the incantations and dances

for rain, for good crops, for fine weather, and those against devastation and illness; finally, the disposal of the dead, and the provision for their spiritual welfare.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.— Three separate ceremonies are performed in honor of a male within a year after his demise, and four in memory of a woman or female child. The last ceremony, which is the most important, takes place on the anniversary. The first one occurs three days after death, and is the funeral proper. The corpse is disposed in an upright sitting posture, with the knees drawn up to the chin and clasped by the arms, as are those of the Peruvian mummies. The corpse is then carried to the chosen place of sepulture, and around it is built up a hut of twigs and grasses well daubed with mud to prevent the intrusion of beasts of prey. The construction is the same as that of a dwelling, but naturally much smaller, and without any doorway. When the walls are completed, it is roofed over, and near it is set up a cross, while fresh dishes of food and drink are daily brought and placed before it for the use of the dead. In the regions near the forest, the burial hut is almost always constructed within its pale; in the desert, the sepulchre is erected not too far from a water-course so that the adobe can be easily mixed. These tombs do not crumble away until the body is reduced to dust. Any utensils the departed may have set store by are left for a while near the grave, but the people are too poor to bury much with the corpse. The funeral dances occur after sundown, and resemble the feast described in Chapter V., save that an especial invocation, or rather exhortation, of the dead is pronounced by all the weeping assistants in turn. The same musical instruments are used.

DRUMS AND FLUTES, DANCE RATTLES.— The dance rattle is made from the small desert gourd. A circle about an inch in diameter is removed from around the stem, and a circular disk, slightly larger than the opening, cemented over the hole with mesquite gum. A short handle of *sehuara* cactus wood is thrust through the hole cut in the cemented top plate and the bottom of the gourd. The noise is produced by a few small pebbles. This rattle is carried in the hand of the dancer, and is shaken with a circular motion of the forearm, which causes the pebbles to rotate inside the shell. Leg rattles are also used, and excellent time is

kept to the shuffling of the feet, and to the drum and flageolet played by the musician, who sits near the fire.

THE DRUM. — The drum is composed of a circular rim of wood or bark with two rawhide drum heads, strung on rings of mesquite wood, and a continuous thong passed back and forth over the mesquite rings, by which the drumheads are tightened. It is about thirteen inches in diameter and four inches in depth. The drum is tuned by warming each head in turn over a small heap of wood coals until it is in harmony with the flute. These two instruments are played by the same individual.

REED PIPE. — The usual flageolet or reed pipe is about twenty-two inches long, and is made of two sections of reed (*Phragmites Communis*) bound with sinew. The head or upper part has the usual whistle-shaped sound-hole. The plug is a section of reed held against the upper portion of the tube by a peg. The space between the upper portion of the tube and the reed forms the air passage, and the space between this and the lower portion of the tube is filled by the lower lip. The lower half of the pipe has two finger holes, sixteen and seventeen and one-eighth inches from the sound hole. There is a thumb hole fourteen and three-eighths inches from the sound hole. The diaphragms in the reed are all removed, with the exception of the last lower one, which has a quarter-inch perforation through it. The Indians also make a magic flute out of the same quality of reed. This consists of two sections of reed in the middle, and one-half section at each end. The diaphragm of the upper section is removed, but that of the middle one remains, and two elongated holes are made on opposite sides of this partition, with a notch cut between them in the diaphragm to form the air passage; a strip of any flexible material is placed over this so that its lower edge is on a line with the lower edge of the last hole. The finger serves at times as a cap. It has three other finger holes, and the lower diaphragm is punctured.

The Christians are apt to share the belief of the pagans that the soul of the departed enters into an animal rather than into Purgatory. For this reason they not only place food near the sepulchre, but also at the memorial cross situated within fifty yards of the former residence of the dead. Around this cross they dance as often as possible, or pay others to dance, which is just as effica-

cious. This encourages the departed, and induces the god of death to take his soul out of the animal and carry it home. They strew ashes about the cross to see by the foot-prints in what kind of beast the departed is lodging. If he has led a good life, they believe he has insured for himself a quick deliverance, but if he has not, they pay all the more to the shaman, and dance with all the greater ardor to hasten the bad man on his way to Paradise, — for as long as he is in an animal he is capable of hurting any one against whom he becomes angered. Sorcerers and the childless poor who have none to dance for them, or to pay others to do so, are exposed to the agony of wandering forever in the form of animals.

Owing to the superstitions which they have encouraged among the natives, the shamens charge also large sums for sanctifying charms and amulets. These are generally deposited in box-like baskets made of split agave leaves.

FAMILY FETICH. — A specimen family fetich is reproduced on page III. It consists of four bunches of golden eagle feathers (*aquila Chrysaetos*), and one bunch of prairie falcon feathers (*falco Mexicanus*), and one hollow stem of reed nine inches long and three sixteenths of an inch in diameter, very much worm-eaten. The feathers are wrapped in strips of coarse calico, printed in patterns which came into fashion about twenty-five years ago. The Papago family (a branch of the Pimas), from which this fetich was obtained, alleged that the essential part — the feathers and reed — had been in the possession of one family for three generations. The box-like basket of split agave containing the fetich is probably quite recent. The fetich was obtained with much difficulty and expense after a long pow-wow in which all the ancients of the village took part. These asserted that its powers are great enough to protect a whole tribe.

PERSONAL FETICH. — One of these is represented as wrapped in a coarse travel-stained cloth ready to be slung, by means of a rope of maguey fibre, to the waist or shoulder, that it may be carried by its possessor as a protection from danger in travelling and hunting. This particular fetich is called among the Indians "killed and eagle." It contains some of the feathers of the first full-grown eagle captured by a young brave. In a land where the

arms of offence and defence are rude, such an act of prowess is much extolled, for it generally involves a personal combat of long duration and many painful wounds.

ARROW STONES AS CHARMS. — Another potent fetich consists of a quartzite stone grooved for the straightening of the arrow. The stone is heated, and the twig which is to serve as an arrow is passed rapidly back and forth therein with a rotary motion until all irregularities are scorched away. The larger groove is destined for polishing war and big game arrows, while the smaller is for bird arrows. The stone arrow-head accompanying it is of Apache origin. The Indians believe that the soul of the arrow, like that of the human being, resides in the head, and is beneficent or malignant, — so that by preserving the benignant arrow-head, which has been shot at a Piman by an Apache or other enemy without striking the mark, it will protect him and warn away all brother arrow-heads that they harm not its possessor. This arrow-head and stone was worn by its possessor attached to his belt wrapped tightly in the cloth which is represented near it.

GAMES.

FOOT BALL. — Another fruitful source of revenue for the shaman is the game of foot ball, for which the Indians have a passion. The competitors believe that incantations alone will fit or unfit them for success, and so the words of the medicine-men, more than those of the chiefs, direct the contest. A foot ball game is described in Chapter V. The foot balls are made of mesquite wood, shaped into a rude sphere, which the men dexterously pick up with their toes and cast to great distances. In the contests between women a flattened mesquite crotch is used. Other sports which the Indians enjoy are riding, shooting, hunting, and fishing.

GAMING-BONE. — For the hot and for the rainy season they have several gambling games. The gaming-bone (composed of one of the hock bones of the American bison) is used in playing a game called "Tan-wa." The game is played by two persons who sit facing each other, four or five feet apart. The bone is twirled into the air out of the thumb and forefinger, the back of the hand being held upward. The position of the bone when it falls on the

ground controls the count in the game. So long as the player succeeds in throwing the pitted side, or "cow-hoof," as it is called, upward, he retains possession of the bone, and with each throw wins one bean from a pre-arranged number equally divided among the players. The sides do not count in the play, and the thrower may play again and again without forfeiting the bone unless he throws the flat side (opposite the "cow-hoof") upward, when the bone goes to his opponent to throw under the same conditions. The winning of the entire number of an opponent's counters constitutes a game.

WA-PE-TAIKH-GUT. — The game of Wa-pe-taikh-gut consists of three parts, namely: First. Four single joints of reed (*Phragmites Communis*) each about $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches long and 1 inch in diameter, of which one end is open, the other closed by the diaphragm of the joint. They are marked with small squares, cut in simple patterns on the face of the cylinders. By these designs they are separated into pairs called the "Old People" and the "Young People."

Second. A scarlet chirocote bean, each player usually possessing his private bean.

Third. One hundred grains of corn, or a greater number, as may be determined by the players prior to beginning the game. Two contestants usually engage in the play, though any number may enter the same game. Before the game proper begins, an initiatory struggle takes place between the two players to gain possession of the reeds. Each of the contestants takes a pair of reeds, and holding them vertically in one hand, with the opening up, rapidly passes the other, in which a chirocote bean is held, over the opening, dropping it in one of them when he considers the adversary sufficiently confused by the motion. Each fills his reeds full of sand from a small heap collected for that purpose, and throws them down before his opponent. Each then chooses one of the other's prostrate reeds, thought to contain the bean. If both fail, or both succeed, in finding the bean in the same throw, the hiding operation is repeated. If one succeeds and the other fails, the four reeds go to the fortunate guesser, and the game begins.

The possessor of all the reeds repeats the passes with the bean over their open tops, fills them with sand, and throws them down

in front of his antagonist, who separates them into pairs, usually the "Old People" and "Young People," though it is not compulsory to so pair them. The guesser crosses a pair, by placing one above the other at right angles, and selects one of the uncrossed reeds of the other pair (the one thought to contain the bean), and pours the sand from it. If he succeeds in finding the bean in this reed, all the reeds immediately go to him, and he in turn performs the operation just described, his opponent doing the guessing. If he fails, the position of the reed containing the bean counts so many grains of corn to the man who placed the bean; the top-crossed reed counting ten, the under crossed six, and the single reed four.

In beginning the game the counters, or grains of corn, are all placed at one side, and each player draws his winnings from this pile or bank until it is exhausted, when the exchange is made directly from the winnings of the players, until one or the other has lost all his kernels. The possessor of all the grain becomes the winner of the game.

So long as the player fails to guess in which reed is the bean, his opponent continues to hide the bean in the sand he pours into the reeds.

GHING-SKOOT. — This game is played by means of four sticks painted red on one side, and marked with black lines of numeral and sex significance on the other.

Second. By a rectangle marked on the ground, usually about twelve by eight feet, having holes or pockets along the sides.

Third. By moving pieces called horses, which are moved into various pockets determined by the numerical value of the sticks thrown.

Fourth. By a hammer-stone to drive the sticks into the air.

This is a gambling game in which two, three, or four players may engage, playing as individuals, or as partners in a four-handed game. In the play the sticks are held vertically bunched in the right hand, and struck from underneath, on their lower ends, by a stone grasped in the left hand. The blow shoots them into the air, and the position of the upturned faces and backs determines the number of holes or pockets the horses may be moved along the rectangle.

The stick count is as follows :

When the two backs and two fronts of the four sticks come up it equals 2.

When three fronts and one back of the four sticks come up it equals 3.

When three backs and the "Young Man" come up it counts 4.

All fronts up count 5.

When three backs and the "Old Woman" come up it counts 6.

All backs count 10.

When three backs and the "Old Man" come up, it counts 15.

If the sticks touch or fall on one another the throw must be repeated.

THE RECTANGLE. — Along the sides of the rectangle are holes or pockets, ten in number, counting the corners each time; the quadrant, or place called the house or *kee*, has five holes not counting the corners.

Counters, or pieces called horses, are used in moving along the pockets, the move being determined by the numerical throw of the marked sticks. Two horses are usually used, though any number previously agreed on may be put into play.

The horses are put into play consecutively, and by alternate throws of the players. A throw of less than five (*Yon-ta*) which does not carry the horses out of the door, prevents a player from entering another horse until his aggregate throws are five plus, thus putting his horse into the rectangle proper.

After all the horses of a single contestant are in play, he may move the same horse continuously.

In counting the pockets, from the door to either of the nearest corners is fifteen. It is optional with the player whether he turn to the left or right upon leaving the door, though he must move his horse around the rectangle in the same direction after once starting.

If "X" throws fifteen, moving to "a," and "W" throws the same number, enabling him to move to the same point, he "kills" or throws "X's" horse out of the play, and must start his piece over again; and also, if he should throw fourteen he accomplishes the same result (there is no *one* in the stick count). However, if "X" should get to "c" and "W" throw ten from "house" and get to "d" he does not "kill" him. If on the next throw

"W" throws fourteen and "X" meanwhile has not moved from "c" he "kills" him.

A horse must run entirely around the rectangle and back into the house pockets, where he is safe from being "killed"; but to make him a winning piece the exact number to count to the door is required. A two throw is considered out.

The object of the game is to safely carry all the horses around the pockets and out again at the door; the first player succeeding in this being declared the winner.

CLOTHING.

The costume of the girls and women has been described in chapter second. The clothing of the boys and men consists generally of a breechclout, or short piece of drapery in cotton cloth, supported around the waist by an aloes cord. For warmth (the fall of temperature at evening is excessive), blankets with a hole in the centre through which to pass the head are donned, or the Pimans wrap themselves in blanket as do the Indians of the North. For head-covering some possess conical, broad-brimmed Mexican hats, but as a rule a band of plaited grass, or a strip of cotton cloth is wound around the bare head to keep the strands of long hair out of the eyes.

SANDALS. — Cow-hide sandals are universally worn. A strap of doeskin about two inches broad, pierced at either end, is passed through two slits in the sandal to form a support for the ankle. Through a hole in the sole, placed beneath the root of the big toe, a long leathern thong is passed, and wound about the ankle and passed through the holes in the deerskin strap.

SPURS. — The men and women of the Sierra Madre alike ride bareback or with saddles. They use spurs which are made from a sharpened mesquite-wood crotch, and furnished with leathern tie-strings at the end of the forks. The Indians near the settlements purchase iron and silver spurs.

PAPOOSE. — The Indian baby is swaddled much as is the infant of the Orient or of the Old World. It is laid in an infant carrier about twenty-four inches long and eight inches wide. The frame is made of bowed mesquite-wood, held in place by short crosspieces

of wood, notched at the ends, and tied on by strips of doeskin or cloth. On this bow is spread a mat of plaited yucca leaves, and the child is bound upon it with doeskin thongs. A ring of plaited yucca leaves, about eleven inches in diameter, is attached around the head of the cradle to protect the infant's eyes from the sun.

CRADLE. — Another species of cradle is made by bending a sapling one-half inch in diameter and six feet long into an arch, and bringing the two ends together, fixing them in place by a buckskin tie. The kite-shaped frame thus made is thirty inches long by fourteen inches wide. Eight thin, flat pieces of wood are tied transversely across the frame two or three inches apart, and are held in position with thongs of buckskin, cloth strips, and sinew. A single long cord of buckskin is tied to the frame near the centre of one side. The infant, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, with bare feet and head exposed, is firmly lashed to this frame by the long tie cord. A stick attached to the apex of the bow is planted on the ground, and at the slightest touch the child see-saws, this stick and the crossed points of the sapling serving as rests.

STOOL. — The need of chairs and stools seems never to have been felt by the Indians, although stools are found among them, probably constructed for the use of the priests and of Mexican visitors. The stool in the illustration is composed of thirty-five pieces of wood from ten to thirteen inches in length; thirty-three of ocatiya cactus, one of split sehuara cactus, and one piece is missing. Almost square, it is built up in log-house fashion by notching each stick near either end, and alternating the parallel sides in superposition, having the notches fitted into each other at right angles. The seat is composed of ten crosspieces laid close together. The entire frame is held in place by rawhide lashings at the crossing of each stick with another, and is exceedingly weighty.

HUNTING. — The Pima Bajas are very fond of hunting. They are good shots, and very cunning at snaring game. Formerly they used only the bow, but of late the aboriginal weapon has been relegated to the boys, and most of the men are possessed of old-fashioned rifles.

Two or three times a year a *battu* takes place, participated in by most of the tribe, but as a rule the hunting is done singly or in

small parties, moving forward in a semi-circle, and driving the game before them.

FISHING. — The tribal fishing parties are also great events. All the able-bodied of the tribe then go into camp by one of the large streams, which they poison temporarily by throwing into it large quantities of *palo de flecha* (*Sebastiana palmieri*). (See description of flora.) This stuns the fish, which rise to the surface, so that the fishermen catch them in their hands or land them by dragging the stream with a seine formed of blankets sewn together. At other times the natives go out alone, and fish by means of a baited bent bone or cactus pin bent into a hook attached to a line made of agave twine.

CATTLE REARING. — The Pima Indians rear cattle, ponies, sheep, goats, pigs, and fowls. They tan skins, following about the same system as that in use among the more northern Indians. They have domesticated dogs and cats, as well as birds which they have caught when young and keep in cages.

FOOD. — They eat beef, mutton, goat, pig, deer, and small game, birds, vermin, fish, cereals, cacti, wild roots, and berries. The women do the cooking. The meat is generally boiled to strings and eaten very fresh. They have no grindstones, and the maize and various beans and seeds are beaten to hominy or flour in a stone mortar by means of a stone pestle, called by the natives *metates*.

PESTLE AND MORTAR. — A large smooth stone of volcanic boulder, which is somewhat concave on one side, is selected, and sunk into the ground near the *uk-sá*, or kitchen ring. A regular round depression is then produced by the housewife, who industriously pounds the concave surface, and through constant use the stone becomes worn into a smooth, deep bowl. Naturally the older the mortar the more perfect the depression. The bowl varies somewhat in size, six inches in depth and eight inches in surface breadth being a good average. The outside dimension is roughly about 15 by 18 by 10 inches. The top rises but little above the surface of the ground, and the surrounding clay having been mixed with ashes, puddled and stamped, is reduced to a hard, smooth winnowing-floor about four feet in diameter. The girls and women pound the seeds, maize, and mesquite pods to flour

with the heavy pestle, which is grasped in both hands and raised above the head, whence it strikes down into the mortar. The women squat upon the ground in a most uncomfortable position with their feet drawn under them, and pound away for hours. During the arduous operation the hulls are removed from the flour by winnowing.

KNEADING-TROUGH. — The flour is mixed with water in the kneading trough, which is made of mesquite wood, to contain the dough while being worked, as pottery vessels are not sufficiently strong to stand the pressure. Kneading-troughs are usually about thirty inches long by twelve inches wide. Other wooden dishes are sometimes made, such as thin, circular, concave, or elliptical legless platters or troughs with the rudimentary legs, seen in the illustration.

TORTILLA STONE. — The dough is usually made into *tortillas*, a species of thin, dry cake. The rolling-out takes place upon a flat stone with raised edges, which is slightly tilted forward. The edges hold in the dough, and the fragments fall into a basket placed at the lower end of the stone. The roller is wooden.

HEARTH. — The cakes are cooked on the flat, heated stones of the hearth. These are enclosed by three pointed ones set on end to hold the earthenware pot or *olla*.

UK-SA (KITCHEN RING). — The cooking is done within an enclosure known as the kitchen ring (*uk-sà*), which is built of saplings set upright save for a wide ingress, and surrounded by a bundle of sacaton grass or of fagots, so as to protect the fire from being blown about by the wind.

THE DWELLING.

The men of the Pimas gather the material for the dwellings, although as a rule the women carry it to the village on their backs, using the "kee-ho," or carrying basket; the men also do the building of all save the natal *kees*.

THE KEE, — SACCATON HUT. — The simplest dwelling, and also the most picturesque, is constructed of the saccaton grass which is found throughout the region, and makes a most excellent thatch. It

is strong, long, and glossy, and a new kee shimmers in the sun like satin. It is erected by planting eight stripped mesquite saplings in two parallel rows, and interlacing them to form an arch. Other saplings are tied to these horizontally, leaving an opening in the centre. The ties are made of yucca fibre. Bunches of grass are set up closely around the sapling frame, and held in place by passing yucca ties in and out through the grass wall and around the sapling binders, so that the grass may be tied tightly to them, and thus form a firm, thick wall. Other saplings are then laid horizontally outside of the thatch, and fastened in the same manner. The yucca ties are passed in and out by means of a long wooden needle sixteen inches in length, made from schuara cactus wood. The head of the needle is elliptical, and about half an inch in its greatest width; the eye is cut half an inch from the top, the rest of the needle is nearly round, tapering to a blunt point. A grass or leaf house is always called a *kee*, and kees are constructed with especial ceremonies to serve at child-birth and for the dead. Some kees are much larger than others and have a smoke-hole in the top. The evenings and mornings are very cold in the Sierra Madre, and a fire is frequently kindled in the centre of the hut to warm its proprietors, who sleep around in a circle with the head to the wall of the hut. The door of a kee is composed of a grass hurdle, and is drawn across the opening when the family has retired, or it consists simply of an old bed-mat.

CACTUS HOUSE.—The cactus house is one degree better than the kee. It is constructed out of mesquite poles, or split stems of the schuara cactus wattled with the long straight stems of the ocatiya cactus. A cactus house is flat-roofed, calked with mud and pebbles. It generally possesses a rude porch, beneath which is a wattled door called "jonta," swung on leathern hinges. The roof serves as a storing place for all the extra pots, baskets, and implements of the family.

GRANARY.—Here are often placed the native granaries,—large baskets formed like inverted beehives, and roomy as hogs-heads. They are made of twisted cornstalks or split willow, wound into a thick cable and sewed together one row upon another until the desired bulk is reached. A lid of the same material is fitted to this receptacle, and when the family absents itself a

"hickori" or fetich is deposited within to guard it, the cover sewed on, and the crevices daubed with clay on which the Indian makes his mark. Then he goes away, satisfied that on his return he will find his property intact.

ADOBE BRICK. — Along the Rio Gila, in Arizona, are to be seen ancient ruins of adobe mud. These edifices were built not of separate brick, but of soft mud poured between brush retaining-walls placed along the permanent structure. The mud-plastered grass and cactus huts resemble these more than do the modern adobe houses made from mud bricks, shaped by hand, and strengthened by foreign ingredients, such as sand, small pebbles, straw, corncobs, etc. The mud bricks are usually about a foot in length, four inches in depth, and six inches in width. They are laid in courses with mortar of soft mud, while no attention is paid to breaking the joints evenly, and the houses though ugly are strong. They are innovations, however, introduced among the Indians by the Spanish missionaries

ADOBE HOUSE-CASITA. — The houses are never over one story in height, and seldom have more than a single doorway and perhaps a small window-hole near the top of the wall. The roof is constructed by laying mesquite poles or split schuara cactus (*Cereus giganteus*) stems across the walls, covering them with grass and earth. Adobe houses standing alone generally possess a rude sun-shelter or porch, consisting of vertical posts and cross-beams covered with brush and mud.

HUNTING SHEDS. — When hunting or fishing in the barrancas the Indians rapidly construct lean-tos out of a few saplings tied together, with one end resting against the wall of the gorge, and roofed with boughs. Here an entire family will live for months until the necessities of agriculture or the inclemency of the season compels a return to the village.

POTTERY-MAKING. — The Papago and Pima Indian women are manufacturers of large quantities of pottery which they sell or trade in the nearest American and Mexican towns, often carrying an immense load of it many miles across the desert on their backs in a heavily laden kee-ho. The standard vessel of commerce is a deep round-bottom vase, with symmetrically curved sides and flaring lip, holding anywhere from two to fifteen gallons.

These vessels are commonly known as "*ollas*," and they are used by the whites as well as the Indians for cooling water. Glazed jars of the same shape and shallow bowls, large and small, form the culinary and table service of the Indians, who all dip into the pot in which the meal has been prepared.

The raw material of the water-cooler is compounded of yellow and white clay, sifted sand, and horse manure, the oxidation of which in firing produces the porosity of the ware. In preparing the clay for the Indian cooking vessels, instead of the manure, tempered pounded quartz is used to make the ware strong and impervious. Sufficient water is mixed with the ingredients to produce a stiff paste which is stored away for several days in damp cloths to go through a seasoning process, and insure evenness for the following working.

The modelling and shaping of the plastic vessels differs from the process followed by the more northern tribes of Indians, who construct their wares by super-imposing thin strips of clay from the bottom to the top, rubbing away the jointure lines as they proceed.

CAJITA. — The Papago Pima potters model the first half of the jar, which they call a "*cajita*," upon the rounded bottom of a specially constructed mould of thick terra cotta having the shape of an olla with a much constricted mouth. A lump of clay is flattened out into a nearly circular disk an inch in thickness, and spread upon the centre of the inverted mould; it is then paddled and thinned out with a spade-shaped paddle of mesquite wood until it covers the mould as far as its incurving. Several half-ollas are prepared in succession and laid beside the mould to dry somewhat before the upper portions of the vase is added, but a bowl is complete at this stage, save for the flaring rim. The *cajita* is built up to the finished form of a jar by adding heavy rings of clay (usually two or three), and paddling each successively up to a thin wall by the aid of narrow paddles. The soft clay vase is allowed to dry for a number of hours, and then polished over its entire outer surface with small rubbing stones.

OLLA PADDLES. — The olla paddles are cut out of mesquite or pine wood. The broad, slightly concave paddle is used in shaping the clay over the pottery mould. The narrower, rounded and flat paddles are used in thinning the superadded rings of plastic clay

which are patted into place against the moist edge of the vase. A round hand-stone, such as is seen beneath the first paddle, is used as a buffer or stop, being held by the left hand against the inside edge in shaping its upper portion, while a broad paddle is used in the right hand against the outside to sustain the thin rim of clay.

Three varieties of stones are used in the construction of the pottery; they are commonly thin and disk-shaped. Some are natural quartzite pebbles, selected from a water course on account of their shape. Broken *metates* of nearly rectangular outline are often used, although argillaceous and volcanic rocks are also converted into olla stones by grinding down to the desired shape. The size of the shaping stone is usually three to four and one half inches in diameter, and three fourths to two and one-half inches in thickness. They sometimes subserve other purposes, such as hammering or flaking.

A polishing of the olla or cajita is resorted to in all the marketable ware. A fine closely-grained pebble of quartz and chalcedony highly polished by friction is used for the polishing. The stone is grasped between the tips of the fingers and thumb, and by a rapid reciprocating motion the vessel is rubbed until it has taken on a high gloss. This polishing still further amalgamates the particles of clay and reduces the danger of breakage in firing.

The firing is done in shallow pits partly filled with mesquite bark. The pottery is piled up and surrounded by a wall of mesquite bark slabs and dry manure, and when the outer wall is consumed the firing is considered completed. After firing the vases are usually painted red with black ornaments; a second and final polishing being resorted to as soon as the red ochre slip has dried in. This red ochre is produced by the decomposition of a ferruginous rock found in stray lumps or attached to the rocky mountain-sides.

PAINT. — The crude material is broken up and dissolved in water. A small sediment precipitates itself to the bottom of the retaining vessel, whence part of the water and the larger fragments are removed. The sediment is rapidly stirred with a stick until the lighter particles rise and are poured off into another vessel. This process is repeated until the paint is sufficiently fine for use. It is then allowed to thoroughly settle, the clear water is poured

off, and the moisture evaporated, leaving a hard cake of red paint which is stored away. When the pottery-maker desires to use the paint she dissolves it, stirs and adds water until a thick cream is obtained. This she applies with a soft cloth to the inner rim as well as the entire surface of the bowls and jars. Simple black geometric decorations are made by means of a paint prepared from the mesquite gum. The gum is dissolved in water and poured off into another receptacle in the same manner as the preparation of the ochre. It will not stay in solution in cold water, but soon falls in a heavy deposit. The paint is applied, rather thick, by means of a feather brush, to the red surface of the pottery.

OLLA WATER COOLER. — Under the shade of the open brush shelters of the Pimas and other Indian tribes of the southwestern desert region, as well as under the more pretentious verandas of the Americans and Mexicans, from a meridian line drawn across Arizona and New Mexico far down to the southward in Mexico, may be seen the indispensable water-cooling jars or ollas of unglazed pottery suspended by cords from the girders, or more commonly supported by a breast-high mesquite post. On the three prongs at the top rests the water-cooling vessel which is a luxurious necessity in a hot, dry climate, where the constant quenching of thirst is imperative. The liquid percolates rapidly through the porous walls of the vessel, reducing the temperature of its contents to a delightful degree. A cup or dipper, fashioned from a cultivated gourd, or the half-shell of the small round gourd indigenous to the desert, is usually hung up beside the olla.

KEE-HO OR CARRYING-BASKET. — All the baskets in use among the Indians are made by the women. The largest is the "kee-ho," a carrying-basket or hod. This is composed of five parts: —

First. A framework of sehuara cactus sticks.

Second. A lace net of maguey fibre twine bound to a wooden ring of mesquite sticks.

Third. An oblong mat of woven yucca leaves, which rests upon the bearer's back, protecting it from the burden.

Fourth. A forehead band or frontlet of yucca leaves plaited in a ring and flattened. The frontlet is connected with the basket by means of ropes of horse hair tied to its ends and passed downwards through the oblong mat and around the lower point of the basket.

where they are furnished with a twisting peg which serves for the adjustment of the length.

Fifth. Four rope ties or stretchers for the net are knotted one to each stick, passed beneath the net ring and drawn taut. After the net, which is of a soft yellow color, is finished and stretched, it is painted in red and blue designs, which form a very pretty decoration, following the openwork of its lacelike pattern, which is produced by a kind of knitting stitch. The paint is laid on by means of a soft, pithy plant stalk. The tie ropes are often made of human hair. They are very soft and perfectly cylindrical, woven in a fancy plait like that of old-fashioned hair chains.

When the basket is in position for carrying, the greater portion of the load rests upon the back, the head and the neck taking little of the weight. The frontlet serves to place the load on the most efficient point between the shoulders. Cross-sticks are often tied to the long projecting poles of the framework; this greatly increases the carrying capacity of the "kee-ho."

LOAD OF POTTERY. — Both bulky and heavy loads of pottery, cereals, fire-wood, and wood for house-building are carried long distances by means of the kee-ho, and the women of the Sierra Madre travel from sunrise to sunset carrying therein the simple products of their homes to the Mexican ranches and settlements. The women make exclusive use of the kee-ho, a man considering it beneath his dignity to be seen with one, although he will sometimes relieve an exhausted member of his family, provided no one is in sight.

THE GORRITA. — As useful as the *kee-ho* is the *gorrita*, a kind of platter or bowl composed of basket-work. A whole collection of these, in various shapes and sizes, belongs to every prosperous Indian family. The *gorrita* varies in form from a circular, slightly concave platter, to a deep bowl or bottle with high curved sides, decorated in pretty black and white geometric figures. The *gorrita* is invariably constructed out of split willow twigs, stripped *martinia* fibre, and narrow ribbons of yucca leaves or saccaton grass. The large wig-like object in the centre of the illustration consists of a bundle of raw *martinia* pods, or *Martinia atheaefolia*, called by the Indians *ee-hooks*, and by the Mexicans *uñas de gatto*. The pods are pulled apart, and a bundle formed of them by binding a few

ee-hooks together, and then thrusting hook after hook into the centre, letting the broad end fall outside. In this shape they are stored away till required for manufacturing the *gorrita*.

At odd moments the women shred the half martinia pod or *ee-hook*. It is soaked in water until pliable, the sharp extremity is bent back upon itself until the woody core breaks out, the point is pulled backward along the outer curve of the hook, carrying with it a strip of fibre from eight inches to a foot long; the rest is thrown away. The fibres are bound up into small circular coils four to five inches in diameter and two inches in thickness (see illustration), and then laid away. Split twigs of willow are prepared in the same way, the twig being cut in the spring or rainy season, the bark stripped off, the twig split through the middle, and the irregularities smoothed away. The prepared twigs are bunched in the hand and twisted into a small ring, bound about with a strip of bark, and stored away ready for use.

Some yucca fibre, or a small bunch of saccaton grass, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, is wound around with martinia or split willow, according as a black or white centre for the *gorrita* is desired. This is coiled into a button, which is held in shape by passing the ends of willow or martinia strip through its core. The basket is then worked around gradually from this centre by constantly threading the outer wind through the core of each previous circumscribing band and drawing it taut, binding the coils compactly together. A variety of geometric designs, such as Greeks, Swastikas, diamonds, etc., are produced by alternating the outer windings with black martinia and white willow. The baskets, when well made, will hold water and withstand long and hard usage. They serve all the domestic purposes where there is no contact with fire.

AGRICULTURE, FAUNA AND FLORA.

The Indians cultivate maize, or Indian corn, for the maintenance of their families. They also cultivate a small amount of tobacco, which they look upon as a luxury as well as the sacred accessory of many ceremonies.

DIGGING-STICK. — The Indian does not individually possess the land, but occupies or cultivates any waste piece which suits his

fancy. The ground is sometimes prepared by means of an archaic wooden plow, introduced, probably, by the Spanish missionaries. The aboriginal implement, which is still everywhere in use, consists of a flattened digging-stick of mesquite wood about thirty inches long by three or four inches broad. A man picks out a stretch of ground which pleases him, seats himself upon his heels, and prods and scratches the earth in a circle about him with a digging-stick. In the upturned soil he scatters a handful of seed corn which he takes from a convenient basket. Over the seed he harrows the loose earth with his fingers and toes. His task completed, he moves on to a fresh spot, which he prepares in like manner, changing his position until he feels that enough corn has been planted to supply his household with food. If it rains at the right time, and the sun shines, there is a crop; if not, the family subsists on roots and cacti until the next planting season. The father removes to another part of the *mezas*, builds a new hut and sows afresh, for the fault is evidently in a curse which lies upon the soil, and it is ruinous, and not always efficacious, to engage a medicine-man to liberate the land from the curse.

MAIZE. — Maize is to the Indian of the Sierra Madre what rice is to the Chinese, and rye to the rural inhabitant of central Europe, — namely, his food, his drink, and the fodder for his cattle. There are several varieties of maize in use among the Indians, the chief difference being in the red, blue, white, and speckled color of the kernels. This difference has been attained by a process of natural selection, one variety flourishing in a soil where another cannot sustain itself.

CORN STALKS. — The dried stalks of matured maize are used for fuel, for roofing, and in the construction of dwelling-huts and the *Uk-sá* (kitchen ring), when saccaton grass and boughs are not convenient. The more tender parts are used for fodder; these are dried, and stored out of the reach of the animals in the fork of a tree or heaped upon the flat roof of a house or porch.

CORN KERNELS. — The cobs are shucked by hand, and the kernel stored away in the granaries, which consist of walled-up caves, or of the huge baskets already described, and fetched in sufficient quantity when wanted. The ceremonial blue corn-bread and red corn-bread is prepared from carefully selected kernels by the *roakari*. This bread is of an electric blue or a bright wine

color, and the paste composing it is rolled out into a wafer as thin as a sheet of paper. The process of preparation is attended with elaborate ceremonies, which begin with the collecting, the storing, and the planting of the seed, and continue through the growth of the corn, the harvesting, the shucking, storing, grinding, and cooking. A very interesting account of these ceremonies is to be found in an article on the Zuni Creation Myth, written by Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, and published in the thirtieth annual report of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington.

TEQUINO, OR TESWIN. — The sprouted corn is made into *tequino*, or *teswin*, which is used at feasts. This liquor, with which the Indians become intoxicated, is the original, unadulterated American whiskey.

CORN HUSKS. — The husks, still attached to a knob of stem, but with the ear removed, form a wrapper or casing for the Indian dainty *tomales*, which is relished by the Mexicans, and hawked about the railway stations and market-places of Mexico. It is prepared from corn, softened with alkali water and broken in a mortar until it resembles hominy. This is mixed with chopped or shredded meat, red pepper, and onions, if any of the latter are available. A husk is packed with the mixture, the leaves are gathered closely together and tied up with strips of corn fibre. The packet is boiled or roasted and eaten hot, the husk wrapper serving as an impromptu dish.

CIGARETTE WRAPPER. — The cigarette wrapper of the Indians is a corn husk. The Pima Bajas do not use pipes, and the cigarette is only lit after the sun has gone below the horizon. Smoking by daylight is considered an insult to the gods who control the elements, and a calamity-breeder. Tobacco smoke especially offends the sun, and brings tears to his eyes at the wrong time. When the tribe desires rain, however, at the end of the dry season, the corn stubble, the mezas, and the prairies are set on fire, to cause the sun to veil his face; but as that quality of smoke is acceptable, in the opinion of the Indians, it causes the gods to send the rain. The corn husks are kept wrapped in bundles hanging to a handy peg in the wall of the hut or porch, and also serve the Indian for twine, and on many occasions when a civilized man would use paper.

CUCURBITA PALMATA (PUMPKINS). — The Indians cultivate ordinary pumpkins of an inferior quality, and a species of native gourd which runs along the ground, and is known botanically as *Cucurbita palmata*, or *perennis*. Its fruit is much smaller than that of the pumpkin. The Mexicans called it Chili coyote, because of a myth connecting it with the coyote, which the Indians believe feeds upon it, and thus obtains a magical or occult power, and for this reason the dance rattles are made of its ripe fruit. Its leaves are silvery green and hairy, like those of the ordinary pumpkin. Its flowers are of a rich yellow. Its fruit is round and filled with a red pulp in which the seeds are imbedded in parallel lines. The pulp is luscious and nourishing when sliced and cooked by boiling or roasting. The natives scoop out this interior with the finger and eat it raw, or devour it piece-meal, gnawing it down to the rind, which is thrown away. Soldiers, attracted by the delicious flavor and refreshing qualities of the raw fruit, partake of it freely on first encountering it, but soon repent of their rashness, because of the pain and discomfort it produces in those unaccustomed to it. The seeds are dried, pounded, and made into a mush, which is very palatable and nutritious, or diluted to form a delicious drink of an especial efficacy in relieving thirst. The immature rind is cut up into continuous strips about an inch in width, which are hung up to dry upon the eaves and porches of the Indian houses, very much as the Neapolitans hang up macaroni. When dry, it is made up into bundles by bending the strip back and forth upon itself in lengths of about a foot, wrapping the strip about the middle and tucking in the end. The bundle thus formed is laid on the roof for a final drying, and then stored away in a granary. When required for food, the strips are soaked in water until softened, and afterwards boiled. They furnish a meal by themselves, or are eaten as an accessory to other food. The pulp of the immature gourd is used as soap, and out of the roots, which also possess saponaceous characteristics, a valuable cathartic and excellent poultice can be made.

WATER BOTTLE. — Another species of Mexican gourd cultivated by the Indians produces a fruit about a foot high and eight inches in diameter. This is prepared for food and storing in the same way, or allowed to ripen, when it is dried and made into a water-bottle. Tightly encased in an irregular network of maguey

twine, and furnished on the upper side with a single handle of twisted fibre, it serves as well as an earthen bottle for carrying water on extended journeys across the desert, and is much lighter to carry. /

HOFFMANSEGGIA STRICTA, OR INDIAN POTATO. — This is a vegetable very much prized by the inhabitants of the desert. It resembles the so-called Irish potato. The tubers differ but little in size and shape, and the mode of their preparation for food is identical; but the growth above ground of the Indian potato resembles that of the sensitive plant.

AGAVE. — The agave (*Tasytirioni Wheeleri*) furnishes the Indians with beer and a species of strong, sweet liquor, as well as a material for baskets and mats, while certain varieties are used for roofing houses. The plant branches out from the ground, forming an inverted cone of long, narrow leaves, with short, upward curving thorns along both edges. The hard point of the end of the leaf is cut partly off and stripped downwards to the root, shredding off several threads of fibre which, on being twisted, form a fine twine about four feet long provided with a natural needle, and admirably adapted for sewing together mats. Many plaited baskets, mattresses, olla rings, kee-ho bands, and shoulder mats are composed of these leaves. The thorny edges are split off, leaving a straight band, or this may be split again into ribbons a quarter of an inch wide. The strips are soaked while pliable, and plaited in a herring-bone pattern, produced by passing the strip of leaf over three and under three other strips alternately. The thickened border of the mat is made by adding to the edge a narrow plait composed of yucca leaves. The double edges are held together by thrusting a single strip of ornamental yucca plait beneath the exterior strip of the plait composing the mat. The mats are used as doors, beds, tables, chairs, and hammocks, and few are the houses which do not possess an assortment of them.

AGAVE LECHEGUEA. — The native hair-brushes very much resemble shaving brushes, composed of the fibre of the *Agave lechegua*. The short, broad leaves of this species of agave are removed close to the stalk, where the fibres are almost as strong and elastic as hog bristles. Enough fibre to form a brush is bunched together in the hand so as to leave the brush end

slightly rounded, and in the centre a tie is drawn tightly around it before the fibre turned upwards to form a tassel. This is bound securely in place by a flat braid of horse-hair laid around it with great symmetry, a simple geometric design being produced by passing the black braid at proper intervals under two strands of fibre. Hair brushes are also made of yucca fibre, and of the roots of several varieties of desert plants.

CACTI. — The cacti not only serve as shade trees, and to furnish fire-wood, beams, and wattles, but also as articles of food, — the Indians cooking and eating the succulent pads and the raw fruit with avidity.

CEREUS GIGANTEUS. — The *Cereus giganteus*, or *Cactus candelabrum*, as well as the *Cereus sehuara*, under favorable conditions grows to a height exceeding forty feet, and produces very beautiful flowers and an extremely luscious fruit. It is the most conspicuous as well as the most useful of all the vegetable growth of the Southwest. Its pithy core, when dried, hardens into wood and serves in the construction of houses, while its fruit, in season and out of season, is a benediction. Its seeds, separated from the pulp, are made into wine, the fermented product being considered a great luxury, or are often ground and roasted as a delicacy, or made use of in many of the religious ceremonies. The shape of this exotic is that of a candelabrum, hence its name. At times it raises its solid grooved trunk destitute of every sign of foliage, like a patina-covered bronze column; again it is adorned with innumerable sturdy limbs.

BISMOGA CACTUS. — The Bismoga Cactus is only eaten cooked. The *Echino Cactus Polycephalus*, or the Devil's Pincushion, and *Echino Cactus Wislizeni*, are better known as the Barrel Cactus. They are covered with long wiry spines, which are sharp and tough, and are used for fastening leaves, skins, and textiles together, from which comes the name of Nature's Pins. The ball at the top is composed of close, white, silky fibre, like the head of a small ripe thistle. The spines are bent and used as fish-hooks by the natives, and answer all the purposes of the metal ones. The flesh is like that of a green water-melon, and is often eaten to allay thirst. It is particularly refreshing to the traveller parched and nauseated by the alkali waters of the arid

regions, as is also the Nopal, or Indian fig, of which the fruit is eaten raw, and the young pads make an excellent vegetable for cooking. To this family belong many of the hickori or sacred cacti, venerated as divinities, which are described in Chapter V.

PITAIYA. — The Pitaiya is most useful, as is the Cena Cactus, which grows up thickly from the ground.

OCATIYA CACTUS. — The ocatiya cactus is most curious in effect, looking like an overgrown and leafless thorn-tree. It reaches a height of twenty feet without a regular trunk or much branching, and resembles a bunch of fagots. It is pictured in the background of the illustration "The Scientist's Assistants." With the mesquite, the ocatiya furnishes the best material for the construction of houses and corrals, either by binding perpendicularly to mesquite or sehuara, or by being used so as to form an impenetrable wattle.

YUCCA BACCATA. — Another economic plant, which assumes the size of a tree, and is of great use to the Indians, as it would be to more civilized races, is the *Yucca baccata*, vulgarly known as the Spanish Bayonet. The Mexicans call it Datalies, because its fruit resembles a dried date or fig. This fruit is mildly cathartic on account of the seeds it contains. The meal made from these seeds is called *amole*, and is one of the most nourishing and pleasant preparations consumed in the Pima section of the country. Mixed with water it forms a gruel which, when flavored with sugar or berries, is delicious. Made into cakes it is called *pinole*, and the Indians can subsist for a remarkable length of time on a few *pinole* or a little diluted *amole*. All travellers carry one or the other in a small bag slung about the neck, and the chewing of the dried fruit is an excellent resource against thirst and fatigue when traversing the desert. Yucca seeds are used mixed with agave in making *tequino* or *teswin*. The yucca is also called Soap Root, because its fibrous roots produce a cleaning lather. These are exported and universally known to trade. The long, dagger-shaped leaves are used as thatch, and are plaited into all kinds of baskets, mats, door-curtains, etc. The olla ring which serves as a stand for the jars, or as a head pad for the woman carrying water, is composed of yucca leaves plaited into a band four inches wide, and turned in upon itself, producing a ring of double

thickness four to five inches in diameter, and half the original height. The Indians often adapt old mats to other uses; see the bird-cage which has been made out of a worn out *kee-ho* mat.

ROPES. — The leaves of the maguey are reduced to fine fibre by macerating the pulpy portions between stones, and alternating washing until only the long stringy fibres remain. These are brought together in straight bunches or coils, and serve various industrial uses, principally for rope and twine-making, and for the core of *gorritas* and of the elaborately braided horse-hair bridles. The fibre is made into rope by twisting it in a twisting-machine, and doubling it two, three, or four ply. The rope-twisting machine consists of two parts, — first, the twister, a heavy piece of ocatiya cactus stem, fourteen inches in length, in the smaller end of which a hole is bored one and one-fourth inches from the end. Above this are two cut notches, around which the operator ties the fibre to be twisted. A handle of mesquite wood, one-fourth inch in diameter, provided with a small button (to prevent its passing entirely through), is thrust into the hole. The ends of the strand to be twisted are held between the thumb and curved forefinger of an assistant, while beside him lie additional strands of the proper size. The operator grasps the handle and rapidly twirls the twister around and around the handle of mesquite wood, while the assistant holds the twisting cord taut, and feeds the additional strands into the preceding until the desired length of the single cord is obtained, the operator backing away from the assistant as the cord increases in length. Thus are produced the lassos, the pack-cinches, the bridle-ropes, fish-lines, etc.

MESQUITE-TREE. — This is at once the ornament and blessing of the dry regions of Arizona and Mexico. The name *mesquite* is given indifferently to two separate species of trees, — the *Algarobia glandulosa* and the *Prosopis juliflora*. The wood of the mesquite serves the Indians for beams, poles, and every use to which the wood of forest trees is put in more favored regions. Its leaf-covered branches are used for thatching, with or without mud plastering.

MESQUITE BEANS. — The beans are collected and carefully preserved, as they are considered a most precious article of food. They are always perforated with holes, owing to the innumerable insects

which exist upon the tree. They are reduced to flour by placing the dry pods in the cavity of a stone mortar. The mesquite also yields a black medicinal gum which is not unlike gum arabic, and exudes from the tree at points where the branches have been broken off or the trunk otherwise injured. On large trees great lumps gather, and the gum runs down the outside of the bark as does turpentine on a tapped pine. When fresh, the gum is of a light-brown color and semi-translucent, but rapidly changes on exposure into a brittle black mass. It is broken away from the trees in this condition and stored until wanted. The gum is not only used as glue, but also as a paint for pottery, and mixed with mud to color the hair a deep black. In the Orient, the natives are said to use a gummy preparation for a similar purpose. From the mesquite gum is also obtained a blue coloring matter for tattooing, which is applied by means of agave spines that have been hardened by heating in the fire. The preparation of the mesquite gum as paint is described under the head of POTTERY-MAKING.

PINE-TREE. — There are a great many other varieties of trees in the watered regions of the Sierra Madre. The Indians have nearly a dozen different names to designate the varieties of pine alone. These pine trees add greatly to the beauty of the landscape, crowning the heights with their feathery plumes. Certain kinds have short needles resembling larches, while others — such as the *Pinus ponderosa scopularum* — have large pendant spikes over four inches long. It is from this latter tree that the aborigines draw pitch.

The native oak trees have leaves over ten inches long; and of oak certain tribes make their bows, foot-balls, etc. The Indians cook into a very palatable dish the young shoots and tender leaves of the ash tree. They also relish the fruit of the fig tree and the roots of the silk-cotton tree. The chilicothe or coral tree is more beautiful than useful; and there are alders *Evonymus*, *Madrona* (or *arbutus*), willow, cotton-wood, and many other growths of the temperate regions, to be found in the barrancas, hung with orchids and epiphytes galore, so that their branches seem hung with tufts of hay, yellow veils, and baskets of flowers.

AQUILEGIA. — Along the water-courses are found the yellow mimulus, and several varieties of *Columbine aquilegia*.

MEDICINAL PLANTS.

LAUREA MEXICANA MOREA. — The *Laurea Mexicana morea*, or creosote wood, is called by the natives *tah-sun-up*. It is a hardy growth, often reaching a height of twelve feet. It possesses a strong odor of arnica, and is very extensively used medicinally. Its foliage is bright green, its flowers are yellow, and develop into downy balls. Its leaves are cleft like tiny devils' hoofs, and the plant has been dubbed "The Devil's Foot" by white settlers. A lotion brewed from the branches is healing to the sores of man and beast, as well as good for rheumatism. A powder prepared from the dried leaves is used on chronic sores, and the black gum serves as a styptic, and, like that of the mesquite, for gluing the dance rattles, the arrows against the bow. As the creosote wood grows throughout the desert, it is much used as firewood, and emits an aromatic odor in burning.

SEBASTIANA PALMERI. — This, vulgarly known as "arrow wood," or "the tree of the jumping bean," is a most interesting shrub from eight to twelve feet in height. It is very common around the Alamas. Its Mexican colloquial name is *palo de flecha*. It exudes a white gum or milk which is a violent cathartic, and crystallizes into a clear, brittle substance, also used for poisoning arrows. The natives dread the plant, for when introduced under the skin it becomes fatally poisonous. Dr. E. Palmer (for whom it is named) informed Dr. McCormick that he had seen its fatal action, and that a violent ophthalmia or conjunctivitis had resulted from its juice getting into his own eyes.

JUMPING BEANS. — The Indians use the bark in fishing to stupefy the fish, as its effect upon them is transitory. The jumping of the dry beans (called *Carpocarpus saltitans*), which is looked upon as a great curiosity, is caused by the gnawing of a grub, the egg of which is deposited in the green fruit by a small green and white butterfly with black and orange spots upon its wings. When it is mature, the grub gnaws a semicircular opening in the side of the bean, and pushes it open like a trap door, the butterfly soaring away while its chrysalis sheath remains attached to the opening.

SIMMONSIA CALIFORNICA. — This shrub is used by the white settlers and half-breeds as a substitute for quinine, and called by

them quinine plant. The leaves are steeped in water and drunk as a beverage. The Indians use the same preparation to allay fever. They also char the bark and leaves, pound the ashes, and dust them thickly upon abrasions, wounds, and sores, as an anti-septic. The *simmonsia* resembles the mistletoe, although it is a shrub and not a parasite. Its fruit is of the size, form, and color of the caper, and very much relished by the Indians. When fully ripe, the fruit yields a fine oil.

THAMNOSMA MONTANUM. — This is a species of wild rue used for kidney trouble by the Apaches and Pimas, and for headache by the Panamints.

SALVIA COLUMBARIA AND SALVIA TILIFOLIA. — The *Salvia columbaria* and the *Salvia tilifolia*, locally called *chia*, is a beautiful desert plant, used as a beverage by the Indians and Mexicans, and also dried and carried into the cities, where it is sold about the streets. It is used by the natives as a remedy, and the seeds ground into meal form an efficacious poultice for wounds.

Another remedy much used by the Indians for rheumatism is a decoction of fern fronds. They reason that as the fern frond is first seen curled up like the victim of rheumatism, and gradually unfurls beneath the heat of the sun, the patient who is possessed by the evil spirit of rheumatism, if dosed well with fern tea and exposed to the sun for a sufficient length of time, must perforce unbend. But close observation of fern nature indicates a fresh danger. The curled-up fern frond is elastic, but the freshly unfurled frond is excessively brittle, a touch sufficing to break it. They have therefore sought out another object which is found curled up, yet distends itself without being brittle, and selected the green measuring worm, and make of it an infusion which is drunk by the convalescent to complete the cure.

FAUNA.

CANIS LATRANS. — The native mammalia of the region are comparatively scarce though varied. There are deer, lions, bears, llanos, wild pigs, peccany, coons, and many kinds of smaller animals, besides the coyote or *Canis latrans*, the wolf-dog of the American hemisphere, which is found from Costa Rica to above

fifty-five degrees north latitude. All authors speak of this animal's dexterity in avoiding traps. The Indians destroy it by shooting or poisoning. Dr. Cones says: "It enjoys a very bad reputation on account of its howling habit. One must have spent an hour or two vainly trying to sleep before he is in a condition to appreciate the full force of the annoyance." Mivart (Mon. of Canidæ) says: "The howling of two or three wolves gives the impression that a score are engaged, so many and so long-drawn are the notes, and so uninterruptedly are they continued by one individual after another. A short, sharp bark is followed by others which grow faster and faster, becoming a long-drawn lugubrious howl. They will give tongue at any time in the night as well as morning or evening, though they are rarely or never heard during the day."

The coyote prefers animal food, but when it cannot secure this, will eat vegetable substances, such as prickly pears or juniper berries. It is not very swift, and depends largely on strategy for animal food, relishing rats, mice, rabbits, and young birds.

LEPUS TEXIANUS EREMICUS OR JACK RABBIT. — The varieties of rabbit indigenous to Arizona and northern Mexico are the *Lepus Texianus eremicus*, (J. A. Allen), which occurs in southern Arizona and southward to Mexico, and the *Lepus callotis* (Wagler), which is found not much further south than San Luis Potosi. They belong to the same family as the *Lepus Californicus*, commonly called jack rabbit, a misnomer for jack hare. Dr. Cones speaks of the geographical distribution of the *Lepus Californicus* as follows: "It ranges from the northern parts of California southward along the coast to Cape San Lucas. It seems to be mainly restricted to the region of the Sierra Nevada mountains, but in the latitude thirty-five degrees, according to Dr. J. G. Cooper, it extends eastward to the Colorado River."

RATS AND MICE. — The rats and mice belong to several varieties, and many of them resemble kangaroos in coloring and legs. The *Crictodipus flavus* (Baird), commonly called the Yellow Pocket Mouse, is common to the caves and dwellings of the Rocky Mountain region southward and eastward from the British possessions, latitude forty-nine, to Chihuahua, Mexico; while in the Pacific region, it is replaced by the *Crictodipus parvus*, or Least Pocket Mouse, the smallest specimen. The *Perognathus flavus*

(Baird) is also found in Nebraska, Utah, the Rocky Mountains, Texas, New Mexico, Sonora, El Paso, Chihuahua, and Matamoras. The *Perognathus fasciatus* and the *Fasciatus flavescens* are the same in part as the *P. flavus*. In the desert region are found half a dozen other of these wise-looking little rodents with names as long and bristling as their tails. The *Dipodomys agilis*, Gambel, or five-toed kangaroo rat, is most interesting. The genus was first described in 1841 by Gray, the type being the *Dipodomys philipsi* and having only four toes on the hind feet. In 1889 Mr. True discovered that some species of *Dipodomys* had five toes on the hind feet, and called attention to the fact. The following year Dr. C. Hart Merriam in North American Fauna. No. 3, gave to the five-toed species a new generic name of *Dipodops*. The first of the five-toed species to be described was the *Dipodomys agilis* (the large creature at the extreme side of the illustration), which has been taken as typical of the genus *Dipodops* (Merriam). However, in 1893 this name was found untenable, and it now goes under the name of *Perodipus agilis* (Gambel).

BATS. — The bats, like the rats and mice, partake of the pale coloring of the region they inhabit, — that is to say, those which haunt the desert and dry mezas are yellow, buff, cream, or white. The smaller bats are of the sub-species *Vespertilio evotis* of the *V. albescentis*, being called by Dr. Harrison Allen, in his revised monograph (1893), the *Vespertilio albescentis evotis*. He maintains that not only does it extend along the Pacific Coast from Puget Sound to Lower California, but it is also to be found east of the Rocky Mountains in the highlands of Montana, Washington, Colorado, Arizona, and Dakota. This species has the largest ear of any of the American species of *Vespertilio*, and its fur is white, long, and very thick.

The larger bat is the *Vampyrus spectrum* (Peters). It is found in Central America, Guatamala, and southward. Dobson states that "it is the largest known species of bat in the New World." It was believed by the older naturalists to be sanguivorous in its habits, and named accordingly by Geoffroy: but it has been shown by the observations of modern travellers to be mainly frugivorous, and the inhabitants of the countries in which it is found consider it perfectly harmless.

BIRDS.

In the barrancas, which are watered by large streams, fish are plentiful, and herons, fish-hawks, and ducks haunt the moist, umbrageous water course; whereas, on the open highlands, turkeys, black-birds, crows, green parrots, and goat-suckers are found, and in the woodlands titmice, wood-peckers, and the brilliant trogon.

PAISANO, CHAPARRAL COCK. — The birds, save the road-runner or Chaparral Cock, *Geococcyx Californianus*, avoid the desert. This species of pheasant is called "paisano" by the Mexicans. It is famous for its rapidity of foot, being able to outrun the fleetest hound. Owing to this, it seldom flies, save to cross a cañon. In running on the ground it carries its long tail more or less erect, and its wings slightly spread. Its breast is marked like that of the English quail; all its feathers are exquisitely iridescent, while the long tail-feathers are very soft, and marked with peacock and white shadings. Its skin about the eyes is featherless and colored a brilliant blue, shading into orange; its legs are also blue and its beak yellow. It is about sixteen inches long, including the tail, and is shy and silent. It usually goes in pairs, each pair keeping to its own restricted locality. It feeds largely upon beetles, scorpions, insects, snails, small snakes, and other creeping things.

TROGON AMBIGUUS. — The most beautiful bird of the region is the *Trogon ambiguus*, or copper-tailed trogon, which is about eleven inches in length. The trogon is one of the characteristic dwellers in the coniferous forests of the mountainous region of northern Mexico, beyond which it extends for a short distance into Arizona. It is a solitary bird, and spends the greater part of the day perched upon a swinging branch in a dark, secluded nook of the forest, in an upright position, with head drawn in as if dozing. From this position it suddenly arouses itself and starts in search of an insect or a berry, of which it is especially fond, — berries of various kinds constituting its chief diet. Its hunger satisfied, it resumes a pensive attitude until again stimulated to search for fresh nourishment. Its note is a plaintive call of many syllables. It probably nests in the hollow of trees as do other better-known species of trogons. They all belong to the order of *Heterodactyli*, and have two toes in front and two behind, as have also the road-

runners. Their plumage is extremely delicate, the tenderness of their skin and the loose attachment of their feathers is extraordinary. If a trogon is shot, in falling through the branches it becomes practically skinned, leaving feathers upon every twig and leaf; and even when killed with the greatest care, large quantities of the feathers are lost. The trogon's coloring is most brilliant, resembling that of certain species of parrots. Its beak and legs are yellow; its head and back a brilliant, iridescent, peacock green. Its wings and under tail-feathers are shaded from white to buff and gray, the latter being speckled with black, while its outer tail feathers are stiff and copper-colored. Its breast is adorned with a soft white ring beneath a bib of metallic green, and below this extend most exquisite rose and flame colors, shading into red.

BRIDLED TITMOUSE. — Another pretty denizen of the pine-lands is the bridled titmouse, *Parus wollweberi*. This active little bird is gregarious, and frequents the brush as well as the trees. It is about five inches in length, with a pearl-gray breast shading into white at the throat, while its back, wings, and tail are dark gray. It has snow-white cheeks, and a pretty aigrette of fine black feathers with black markings about the back of the head, cheeks, throat, bill, and eyes, to which it owes its name of "bridled titmouse." It is a very sociable little bird, not only travelling in flocks of its own kind, but mixing freely with other varieties of small birds. Like all titmice, it builds its nest in small natural cavities, in deserted woodpeckers' nests, or in holes which it drills in soft decaying wood.

Its habits are exceedingly active; it moves swiftly over the trees, scanning each piece of detached bark, or bunch of dead leaves, ever on the alert for the small insects and spiders, which constitute its food. One of its favorite positions is to hang, head downwards, from a ripe pine cone, pecking at the insects attached to the gummy end. Its curiosity is insatiable, and unless disturbed, it will not move away from a locality until it has peeped into every crack, crevice; and hole.

REPTILES AND INSECTS.

CROTALUS ATROX (RATTLE-SNAKE). — Although the Indians fear the bite of a great variety of reptiles, the most dangerous

and the most common is the *Crotalus atrox*, the large Mexican variety of rattle-snake, which is to be found of a size varying from three to six feet, and of a great age as indicated by the buttons of its rattle.

HELODERMA HORRIDUM. — An insane fear is harbored by the natives with regard to the *Heloderma horridum*, a kind of lizard of the family Helodermatidor, having besides other anatomical characteristics, the head and body covered with rounded scales resembling small nail-heads (see Johnson's Encyclopedia). The tongue is fleshy and slightly forked; the teeth are grooved and connected with the outlets of highly developed salivary glands, but they are in no way poisonous, although so-called braves have been known to swoon on accidentally touching one of them. Its color is black with irregular yellow markings, varying, like those of lizards, according to the surrounding conditions and the time that has elapsed since shedding the epidermis. There are two varieties, the *Heloderma horridum* of our illustration, which is indigenous to Northern Mexico, and the Gila Monstri (*Horridum suspectum*) from Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. Both are sluggish in their movements, and feed to a considerable extent on birds' eggs. They are particularly interesting because they are the only lizards which are supposed to be venomous. Chickens, pigeons, and cats have been bitten by them, however, without any observable consequences; while on the other hand, pigeons, frogs, and rabbits, hypodermically injected with the saliva, have died within a few minutes. The poison did not in these cases attack the nerve centres, but affected the action of the heart, producing paralysis.

TARANTULA MYGALE (SPIDER). — Many varieties of spiders are found upon the trees, bushes, and grasses, and are very much feared by the natives. The most interesting and uncommon is the big *Tarantula mygale*, a hairy ground-spider with a leg span of five inches or more. It is of a ruddy brown color, and possessed of two enormously developed poison glands, beneath which are situated the powerful fangs by means of which it wounds and poisons small birds, mice, bats, etc.

It is commonly called the Trap-door Spider, because its nest consists of a hole which it bores in the ground, lines with a soft, gray silky web, and provides with a covering or trap-door composed of the same web daubed with mud, fitted exactly to the

orifice and attached on one side by means of a web hinge. This nest is only distinguishable from the surrounding soil when the lid is raised by the insertion of one of the insect's claws. The spider slips into the hole with great rapidity, and drawing down the cover seems to have disappeared by enchantment.

SCORPIONS. — Beneath the stones, and in the crevices of the adobe and other constructions swarm the *Hadrurus hirsutus*, or scorpions, which are larger than the poisonous variety of Europe, but also less poisonous, the pain and swelling consequent on their bite being less.

LUPHONUS GIGANTEUS, — WHIP-TAIL SCORPION. — The *Luphonus giganteus* is another variety of scorpion which is very much feared by the natives and Mexicans, who call it Vinegarone. It is known to the white man as the whip-tailed scorpion. Mr. Howell declares that it is perfectly innocuous. He has made a pet of it while studying its peculiarities, and says it cannot bite as is commonly supposed, because its mandibles, which resemble lobster-claws, enclose the true claws which are very small, and the muscles which operate them are too weak to admit of its using force. Its elongated, filamentous tail, which is jointed, has no stinger; its attacks are restricted to its natural prey the cockroach, which it catches and crushes with ease, and it runs away from everything else. It owes its name Vinegarone to the strong acid smell emitted through its well-developed odoriferous glands.

TYPHON. — The *Philampelus Typhon* is a large, beautiful moth, with a wing span of over five inches. It is found in the region of Sonora, Northern and Southern Mexico. Its body is covered with long plush-like hair, of a deep brown color with pale blue and black markings. Its front wings are golden-brown and silver-gray; the upper portion of the back wings is pink, shading into brown and pale blue, with black markings, and a white fringe on the edge brilliantly iridescent. These moths are allied in form and hue to those found on grapevines in cultivated regions. It is supposed to exist in the larvæ and pupa state upon the Virginia Creeper, or some analogous vine, of which there are several varieties in Mexico.

LYCÆNA SONORENSIS (BUTTERFLY). — The most common butterfly of the region is a beautiful little creature, about an inch

and a half in wing span, known as the *Lycena Sonorensis*, Feld. It is of a brilliant, iridescent sky-blue, shading into turquoise, violet, and pink, through all the tints of the aqua-marine and the fire opal. The body is a smoky brown, dusted with black and white specks, while the wings, which are particularly graceful in shape, are fringed and tipped with bands of black and white, and spotted with black, white, red, and yellow. These insects light in swarms, and as the explorer traverses the blooming mezas flutter up before him like blue snow-flakes.

BETLES.— In Illustration No. 68 is seen a large and handsome black beetle of silky lustre with long antennæ, the *Stenaspis solitaria*. Its habits are similar to those of the *Callichroma plicatum* (Lec.), also known as *Stenaspis verticalis*, which is also a large and handsome longicorn beetle with brilliant metallic wing cases having the surface minutely wrinkled like crepe. These are collected in numbers on the bushes of the mesquite, and probably live in its wood.

The *Erioprosoopus splendens* is a large golden-green and red beetle also found on the mesquite.

The *Strigidion anulatum* is a large golden-brown beetle with black markings on the under part of the body, also found on the mesquite.

The *Oncideres putator* (Thom), is a longicorn beetle about an inch long, and light-brown in color, mottled with dark-brown and cream. It girdles the mesquite twigs, cutting them off in order to kill the wood for the support of its young.

The *Eburia mutica* (Lec.). This is a light-gray longicorn beetle boring into the dead wood of the mesquite

The *Ischnocnemis bivittatus* (Dup.). This is a longicorn beetle of medium size and striking appearance, with lines of pure white upon its body contrasting with the dark-brown color. It is most frequently found on the mesquite bushes.

The *Polycaon plicatus* (Lec.). This is an elongate cylindrical beetle of black color with purple reflections, three-quarters of an inch in length. It is one of the largest members of the family of Ptinictæ. It is parasitic, living upon the grubs of other longicorn beetles, etc.

The *Trogosita virescens* (Fab.) is a brilliant, polished, metallic

green and blue beetle. It lives under the loose bark of the mesquite, and is predatory upon the wood-borer.

There are several varieties of the *Epitragus* found upon the mesquite. These are elongate, oval, flattened beetles covered with dark-gray pubescences on a brown, slightly metallic surface. They are the enemies of the scale and other plant-feeding insects.

The *Bruchus prosopis* and the *Bruchus uniformis* (Lec.), are grayish pea-weevils of small size, feeding upon the seeds and ravaging the pods of the mesquite.

The *Chrysobathris octocola* is a flattened, oval, buprestid beetle of dark color, with eight bright metallic dots upon its wing-cases. The larvæ bore into the wood of the mesquite.

Many bark lice (*Coccidæ*) attack the mesquite. One of the most striking of these is the *Ceroplastes nivea* (Cockerell), which covers the branch as with a coating of snow, the separate insects appearing like small oval cocoons of velvety white wax.

The *Pasimachus depressus* is a large shining black ground-beetle with a big head and powerful jaws, which is found on the ground under the dead leaves of the mesquite bushes. It is an extremely useful destroyer of cut-worms and other insects; but the Mexicans, who call it *Cucuraza*, are very much afraid of it, because they believe that its bite is fatal and very poisonous. It is in reality perfectly harmless, although its strong jaws enable it to pinch quite sharply in self-defence when handled, and is excessively timid, never attacking any creatures save the insects which form its food.

The blossoms of the mesquite attract multitudes of showy insects, such as butterflies, moths, wasps, bees, and a variety of flies. These do not feed upon the plant, but enjoy the honey of the blossoms. One of the largest and most striking of the flies is the *Volucella Mexicana*, of black color, with black, opaque wing-cases, shading into transparent, luminous tips. It makes a loud, humming noise when flying as does the humble bee.

GLOSSARY OF INDIAN AND MEXICAN TERMS.

- Amole** Meal made from the seeds of the *Yucca baccata*, or "Spanish Bayonet."
- Cajita** A kind of jar made by potters.
- Casita** An adobe house.
- Chia** The name locally given to the *Salvia tilla-folia*, or lime-leaved sage.
- Chili Coyote** . . . The *Cucurbita palmata*, or *perennis*, a native gourd.
- Datalies** The Mexican term for the *Yucca baccata*.
- Ghing-skoot** . . . A kind of gambling game. See Notes, page 214.
- Gorrita** A basket platter or bowl.
- Hikori** The sacred cactus.
- Jonta** A wattled door.
- Kee** A house of grass or leaves.
- Kee-ho** The largest kind of carrying basket used by the Indians.
- Metates** A stone pestle.
- Nopal** The Indian fig.
- Ollas** Jars of pottery used as water-coolers.
- Paisana** The Chaparral Cock (*Geococcyx Californianus*), a kind of pheasant.
- Palo de flecha** . . The arrow wood or tree of the jumping bean (*Sebastiania palmeri*).

- Pinole** A cake made from the flour of the *Yucca baccata*.
- Shaman** A medicine-man or sorcerer.
- Sinpee** Decorations on pottery.
- Tah-sun-up** The *Laurea Mexicana morea*, or creosote wood, a plant having antiseptic qualities.
- Tan-wa** A game described in the Notes, page 212.
- Tequino, or Teswin** A liquor made from sprouted maize.
- Tomales** A dish prepared from corn meal mixed with shredded meat, and seasoned with red pepper and onions.
- Tortillas** Thin dry cakes made from maize flour.
- Uk-sà** A kitchen enclosure.
- Uñas-de gatto** A Mexican term for the pods of the *Martinia atheaefolia*, called by the Indians *ee-hooks*.
- Vinegarone** A name given to the whiptail scorpion (*Luphonus giganteus*).
- Wa-pe-taikh-gut** A game played with reeds, chirocote beans, and kernels of corn. See Notes, page 213.
- Yonta** A throw of less than five in the game of Ghing-skoot.

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Peace Bureau, 37 West Twenty-second Street, New York.

"AMPHARITA: AN AMERICAN IDYLL."

The Countess di Brazzà is well known in this country. Before her marriage with Count di Brazzà, the head of one of the oldest families in Italy, she was Miss Cora Slocomb, the last of the prominent Slocomb family, of New Orleans. It will be remembered that she came over to the World's Fair at Chicago as the able directress of the wonderful Exhibition of Italian Laces that was under the patronage of Queen Margherita of Italy, and contained many priceless heirlooms belonging to the Italian aristocracy. She wrote "A Guide to Old and New Lace in Italy," published at that time, and has delivered in this country numerous public addresses on the lives, work and needs of those of the Italian laboring class who are engaged in lace making. The Countess has the sympathy and co-operation of her husband in her views and projects.

In "Ampharita: An American Idyll," she comes for the first time before the public in a strictly literary capacity, and it must be admitted that she has produced a suggestive and most touching as well as entirely unique story.

Mrs. Ellen Richardson says, in the *Arena*, of February, 1897:

"Ampharita: An American Idyll," by the Countess di Brazzà, is a true story told in a most charming way. It gives graphically an easy understanding of a phase of human life, primitive and natural, such as can only be found on our continent among certain tribes of our North American Indians.

The story has for its hero a noted scientist, whose name is not given; he is called throughout the tale the white "Shaman," or Medicine Man. The heroine is an Indian maiden bearing the name of Ampharita (the silent one).

It is so rare to find a tale of Indian life which gives the pure, sweet, honor side of the Indian nature that this book of the Countess di Brazzà is more than a valuable contribution to our historical or folk-lore libraries; it is as well a *story* of healthy sentiment and a grand tribute to these children of nature.

The scene of the story is laid in Arizona and among the Sierra Madre mountains in northwestern Mexico. The Pima Baja tribes of whom the story treats belong to the best agricultural tribes of all the North American Indians; they are noted for their peaceable, industrious, hospitable ways. They are of a religious nature, and easily convertible to Christianity. Their own beliefs would make a valuable contribution to the study of comparative religions as carried on in the Monsalvat School at Greenacre, Eliot, Maine.

"The Scientist," who is the hero of the story, was on an exploring expedition into the southern portion of what we call the Great American Desert, not only to study the "topography of the country, the language, customs, and physiognomy of its human inhabitants, its meteorology and geology; but also to collect and classify, as far as possible, specimens of its flora and of the animals, reptiles, and insects of the highlands of the Sierra Madre, which are even less known to science than the scattered aborigines of the same desolate region."

There are descriptions of the adobe, mesquite, and cactus wood houses, of the plants, flowers, insects, and reptiles of that region, all of which are made more interesting by the illustrations drawn by the Countess, who seems to be as facile with her pencil as with her pen.

Ampharita was one of the children of the Pima Bajas who ran hither and thither collecting specimens for the "Shaman." She was a keen observer and lover of nature, and her knowledge was quite as accurate as her master's. "Whether as guide leading him on arduous expeditions up the mountain side, or when seeking for unknown growths on the mezas or in the barrancas, he found her never at fault."

Nature had taught Ampharita the quality of her creatures, and she in turn taught much to the Scientist. As time went on he grew fond of his silent companion, and beguiled many a homesick hour while resting from his arduous studies, by describing to her his own home, and life in the cities of the civilized world. He told her about the schools and the amusements of the educated people, of music as it is known to the cultured; he described our museums, hospitals, and churches. Of the hospitals she would ask over and over again, "trying to grasp the stupendous suggestion contained in such an assertion as: We have especial homes for poor children who have lost their parents. Many of them wider and higher than this barranca, and filled with more babies than there are men and women and children in your whole tribe." The description of "the churches, though grand, left her somewhat cold, for she did not like the idea of a roof, the emblazoned walls and stained glass windows, which she said must shut out the breath of God."

However, "the more Ampharita heard about the world as white women know it, the more her wonder grew, and at last gave birth to an intense yearning actually to behold some of the marvels with which she had become familiar by hearsay."

The master and assistant teach many lessons to each other, equally valuable to the reader of the book, who may well ask as she lays the book down, Is it better to be civilized or uncivilized?

We find ourselves drawn into the soliloquy of the Scientist, when he asks, "What is civilized learning? What is our philosophy? They are the servants of the love of the world. Our existence is an unknown mystery, insoluble by science. 'Thou hast hidden these things from the knowing and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.' Our many books crush the spirit. Eyes grow dull that see only printed words. Incessant analysis of matter atrophies the soul. Death is the most wonderful of all the changes in Evolution. Science stops at the grave as if the circle of life were completed, as if the component parts were dispersed and reabsorbed, as if a man's entity were gone."

The pleasing and skillful management of light and shade throughout the book, in the contrast of the kind of knowledge possessed by the hero and the heroine, and the test that is put to truth in their episode of sentiment, lead the reader to ask if the greater study, "Man, know thyself," is not the neglected science, which has turned our condition topsy-turvy. "So many delving in Science know only the prejudices of the world, taking in one-sided views of events and human intercourse; what they call self-development is supreme selfishness. Things that are eternal do not figure in the calculations of such. Truth walks with us here, but we know it not. Are human sacrifices needful to wake the intellect and catch the vibrations of one's own soul?"

"An American Idyll" is a healthy book, calculated to inform and better the world. It is not only most entertainingly written, but it is truth, conveying simple and strong lessons of a life in a style to be easily assimilated.

From the Anthropological Society, Washington, D. C.:

I have just finished your book, "An American Idyll," and I wish to say it is charming, not only because it is well written and is a pretty story, but because an added charm lies in its construction.

The scientific facts are woven into the thread of the story with such skill that, instead of the usual trite, prosy descriptions of such material found in similar publications, each plant, animal, piece of pottery, custom, religious ceremony, and myth, forms a part of the chain, so that the dropping out of a single one would destroy the continuity of the whole. This is something

that no other woman has attempted, not even pretending to thorough scientific training.

Your descriptions and illustrations are accurate and admirable, as I know from personal familiarity with the objects, when you copied them from the specimens here.

The appendix is very good. On the whole, I congratulate you upon the book. You should have a good and quick sale of the editions; it will be one of the books of the day, and a money-maker for your publisher.

Sincerely yours,

J. H. MCCORMICK, M.D.,
Secretary of the Anthropological
Society; Ass't-Secretary of the
American Folk-Lore Society;
Ass't-Secretary of the American
Antiquary, etc.

From the *Scientific American*, February 20, 1897:

The accomplished author, who so gracefully bears the title and does honor to the station of a Countess, has in this little prose poem interwoven a fabric of sentiment with varicolored threads of science. The hero is a scientist visiting northern Mexico in the pursuit of studies anthropological, zoological, geological, etc., and his assistant, the heroine, is a young Indian maiden. As together they try to collect data which may be of assistance in solving some of nature's mysteries, their mutual interest in each other becomes of far greater moment to both of them than the work itself. It is the old, old, but ever new story, narrated with a felicity of expression, an amplitude of illustration, and a psychological insight into character, similar perhaps, though in such a widely different field, to that shown by Corinne in her conversations with Nevil, in the great work of Madame de Staël. The book also presents, in text and illustrations, a good deal of new and valuable information about the Pima Indians of Northern Mexico.

The Portland (Ore.) *Oregonian*, of February 14, 1897, does not agree with the widely diffused and esteemed *Scientific American*, however, for it says:

In "An American Idyll," Countess di Brazzà has woven an Elaine and Launcelot romance from the love of a young Pima Indian girl for an exploring white man who lived with her father's tribe in Arizona, collecting specimens for scientific use. Something of the habits and thought of the Pimas is worked into the story, but it is all done in a schoolgirl fashion that creates no more impression of reality than do the crude illustrations of native tools, huts and flowers that are scattered at random through the story.

The New Orleans (La.) *Times-Democrat*, March 7, 1897, however, does not agree with the *Oregonian*. It says:

The Pima Bajas inhabit the elevated table lands which slope gradually from the Sierra Madre to the arid regions between El Paso and the more fertile neighborhood of the capital of Chihuahua. Here they dwell when the Spanish explorers first passed through that region on their way to the Pacific coast, and here they have remained ever since, a hospitable, peace loving people, famed for their culture, virtue, civility and docile acceptance of the teachings of the missionary friars. It is among them that the Countess di Brazzà has laid the scene of her little romance, the story of the love and devotion of one of the untutored maidens of the tribe for a scientist who sojourned for a time at the pueblo. The little story, which the author professes to have had from the lips of the Scientist himself, is told with sympathetic tenderness and much poetic grace.

From Portland (Me.) *Express*, March 2, 1897:

The author of this pathetic story was formerly Miss Cora Slocomb, of New Orleans, and she is also well known as the directress of the exhibition of Italian laces at the Chicago Exposition. She is also the author of the book "A Guide to Old and New Lace in Italy." In an "American Idyll"

she comes before the public for the first time in a strictly literary capacity. She tells the touching story of a scientist and an Indian girl of the Baja tribe of the Pima Indians in Northern Mexico. It is a touching and pathetic story, and the contrast between the civilized European and the uncivilized Indian girl is strongly presented, and there is nothing objectionable in the story, both the hero and the heroine being actuated by the purest motives. The book is fully illustrated by drawings from the photographs and actual specimens from the region described, and contains much information about a little-known territory and people.

From the San Francisco (Cal.) *Call*, February 21, 1897:

"An American Idyll" is her first purely literary work. It relates to a young scientist who goes out among the Indians of Northern Mexico to study them and the fauna and flora of their habitat. The heroine of the story is an Indian girl, Ampharita, who assists him in his zoological and botanical studies.

From the Brooklyn *Standard Union*, February 27, 1897:

"An American Idyll," by the Countess di Brazzà (Cora Slocomb), is a mixture of science and romance, botany, love and agriculture, and a very interesting story it is. The book is nicely illustrated.

From the Baltimore (Md.) *Sun*, February 25, 1897:

Indian customs and traditions, strung upon a thread of story, is the substance of "An American Idyll." By the Countess di Brazzà (Cora Slocomb.) The interest centres in an Indian girl. There are explanatory notes on the Indian terms employed in the book.

From the Burlington (Iowa) *Hawk Eye*, February 19, 1897:

"An American Idyll," a story by the Countess di Brazzà, is one of the most touching and in a sense the most unique story of the day. Its hero, a young European of wealth, is known only as "the scientist." In his scientific thirst for new worlds to conquer he visits the chief settlement of the Baja tribe of Pima Indians in Northern Mexico. Here takes place the tragedy brought about by the love of "Ampharita" (the silent one), the lovely, innocent Pima maiden, for the scientist.

From the Tacoma (Wash.) *Daily News*, February 19, 1897:

"An American Idyll," by Countess de Brazzà. This is an unique story of the adventures of a young European scientist among the almost unknown Baja tribe of Pima Indians in Mexico, where he meets the heroine, a young Piman maiden, who becomes his guide and assistant in specimen gathering expeditions as well as his servant in every day life. The scientist tells her of life among his people in Europe, and she wants to accompany him there. A peculiar state of feeling grows up between the two, and the height of civilization and the depth of savagery meet in a manner peculiar to no other book. The outcome is hardly creditable to civilization, but there is nothing risqué in the story, the author believing that "purity is more typical of the human race than impurity." The valuable and rare information concerning the Pimas and their country is entirely authentic, and the book contains seventy-five illustrations, all drawn from original specimens and photographs of the people, plant life and scenes in this scarcely known part of the American continent.

From the Denver *Republican*, February 15, 1897:

"An American Idyll," by the Countess di Brazzà (Cora Slocomb) The scene of this story is laid in Arizona and among the Sierra Madre mountains in Northwestern Mexico. The Indian tribes, whose habits, customs, and characters are pictured, are the Pima Bajas, who are among the most peaceful, industrious, and hospitable Indian tribes in America. The book tells a great deal about the "Great American Desert," its topography, the language, customs, and physiognomy of its inhabitants. Its meteorology, geology, animals, reptiles, etc. And through the work on the natural history of this region the author carries a little story of sentiment.

From the New York *Times*, April 3, 1897 :

The Countess di Brazzà has a winning way in clothing a scientist in fairly bright colors as the hero of "An American Idyll." The archaeological romance has been attempted before, and it has failed because it was too archaeological. In the pretty story of "Ampharita" we have mixed in fair proportions the ways and habits of the Indians in Northern Mexico, their folk-lore, and a sympathetic episode of love. The story is a clever and touching one, and artistically wrought out.

From the Portland (Ore.) *Evening Express*, March 2, 1897 :

"An American Idyll," by the Countess di Brazzà. In "An American Idyll" she comes before the public for the first time in a strictly literary capacity. She tells the touching story of a scientist and an Indian girl of the Baja tribe of the Pima Indians in Northern Mexico. It is a touching and pathetic story, and the contrast between the civilized European and the uncivilized Indian girl is strongly presented. The book is fully illustrated by drawings from the photographs and actual specimens from the regions described, and contains much information about a little known territory and people.

From the Portland (Me.) *Transcript*, February 17, 1897 :

"An American Idyll" is the title chosen by the Countess di Brazzà for her first distinctly literary production. Its hero, a young European, devoted to science, visits the Pima Indians, where he finds Ampharita, the fairest daughter of the tribe, who becomes his attendant, servant, guide and friend. The best of the book lies in the careful descriptions of the Indian life and civilization and their country. There are many illustrations.

From the Westerly (Conn.) *Daily Sun*, January 11, 1897, and the Norwich (Conn.) *Bulletin*, January 9, 1897 :

Friends of Countess Cora Slocomb di Brazzà, daughter of Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison Slocomb of Groton, have been aware for some time that she was making a careful study of Indian life in America with a view to obtaining local color for an historical novel. This study has culminated in an "American Idyll," advance copies of which have been issued this week. The scenes of the story are laid in the country of the Pima Indians in Southern Arizona, the picturesque background furnishing an effective setting for the charming love tale with which the historical facts are interwoven. In company with her husband the Count, who is deeply interested in scientific study, Countess di Brazzà has travelled extensively in obtaining material for this work, which is illustrated by her own drawings, and both hurried back to America from the recent wedding of the Prince of Naples in order to supervise the finishing touches of the book, which is beautifully bound.

Explanatory notes bearing upon the Pimas and their homes and lives, and a glossary of Indian and Mexican terms, add to the practical value of the book for the general reader. The heroine is a charming child, ingenuous and engaging. In her introduction the titled author vouches for the love tale as true, and the narration of a well known scientist whose name is illustrious throughout the civilized world.

From the Kansas City (Mo.) *Times*, February 8, 1897 :

"An American Idyll," by the Countess di Brazzà (Cora Slocomb). The Countess di Brazzà is well known in this country. In the present volume she comes for the first time before the public in a purely literary capacity.

The hero of the story, a handsome and wealthy young scientist, pays a visit to the chief settlement of the Baja tribe of Pima Indians in Northern Mexico, about whom next to nothing has ever been known by the outside world. The book contains much valuable and rare information concerning the Pimas and their country.

From the Elmira (N. Y.) *Telegram*, February 7, 1897, and the Philadelphia (Pa.) *Evening Item*, February 8, 1897:

In "An American Idyll" the Countess di Brazzà comes for the first time before the American public in a more strictly literary capacity.

It must be admitted that she has produced a suggestive and a most touching, as well as in one sense an entirely unique, story. Its hero, who is known throughout simply as "the Scientist," is a handsome young European of wealth and position, devoted to scientific pursuits.

In his scientific thirst for new worlds to conquer, he pays a long visit, with a view to making an anthropological, meteorological, topographical, geological, zoological, and botanical study of them and their habitats to the chief settlement of the Baja tribe of Pima Indians in Northern Mexico, about whom next to nothing has ever been known by the outside world.

Here the heroine, a young Piman maiden, Ampharita ("The Silent One") by name, the most intelligent and skillful person for his purposes to be found in the village, becomes his guide, attendant and assistant on specimen-gathering expeditions, and his aid in preserving and arranging the booty, as well as his servant in every-day life.

It may be said right here that Ampharita is the real charm of the book. She hits us hard with a fascination that may neither be resisted at the time nor afterwards forgotten.

Just budding into womanhood, promising rare beauty, possessing absolutely nothing in the way of education as civilization understands the term, with her distorted visions of the European life the Scientist has tried to describe to her, and no experience of the world, but with her native eloquence (once her heart has unloosed her tongue), a keen mind that has silently mastered, assimilated and reasoned upon the pabulum Nature and her daily life have spread before her, with phenomenal observation, discernment, memory, all her intuitions unspoiled, as Nature gives them, and the woman's heart that knows no clime, condition nor color—here was a chance for a creation indeed, and the chance has been grasped to the full!

For the state of feeling and the story that grew up between these two, and the lesson that story contains, the reader can only in justice be referred to the book itself.

Civilization and Savagery meet in two choice representatives, and the credit does not exactly lie with Civilization in the sequel. It may be stated that there is nothing risqué in the story; the author holds that "purity is more typical of the human race than impurity," and is a firm believer in healthy literature.

From the Indianapolis (Ind.) *Sentinel*, February 24, 1897:

"An American Idyll" is an illustrated story by the Countess di Brazzà, formerly Miss Cora Slocomb, of New Orleans. The hero here is "the Scientist," a handsome young man of wealth and position, devoted to scientific pursuits. He visits the Baja tribe of Pima Indians in Northern Mexico. Here is found the heroine, a young Pima maiden. Being the most intelligent and skillful person in the village, she becomes the scientist's guide, attendant and assistant on specimen gathering expeditions. This heroine is the interesting study of the book. We are also interested in this meeting of two choice representatives of civilization and savagery. The valuable and rare information concerning the Pimas and their country is entirely authentic. Quite a lengthy appendix is given, furnishing full information about the Pima Indians, and there is also a glossary.

From the Portsmouth (N. H.) *Daily Chronicle*, Feb. 1, 1897:

In "An American Idyll" the Countess di Brazzà comes for the first time before the American public in a literary capacity. It must be admitted that she has produced a suggestive and a most touching, as well as in one sense an entirely unique, story. It may be stated that there is nothing risqué in the story; the author holds that "purity is more typical of the human race than impurity," and is a firm believer in healthy literature. The valuable and rare information concerning the Pimas and their country is entirely authentic. The numerous illustrations, both full page and in the text, were drawn from original specimens and photographs recently collected in Mexico by an expedition under the auspices of the United States Bureau of Ethnology.

Published simultaneously with the second edition of "Ampharita."

A LITERARY FARCE.

BY THE

COUNTESS DI BRAZZÀ.

Edition de Luxe, 50 Cents.

A Social, Up-to-date Comedy in Three Scenes.

DEAR MADAM: I have read with a great deal of interest and pleasure your little work for the stage. . . . It would, I think, interest and entertain an audience on some special occasion.

Very truly,

AUGUSTIN DALY.

DEAR COUNTESS: . . . While writing may I be very frank in offering my criticism of your work? Its positive excellence makes me regret what I regard as a defect; the habit of labeling character *Lady Modish*, *Lord Scapegrace* and the like is obsolete. It is an artificial note, and your nimble fancy is natural and full of grace, and your quick wit merits better treatment at your hands.

. . . The names *Mr. Social Success* and *Prof. Blue-Pencil Lynx* might have caused me to drop the book, and in so doing I should have done the writer grievous injustice, and deprived myself of a real pleasure, too.

Please pardon this quite uncalled for expression of opinion; it is simply the sincere criticism of a very humble writer to a fellow-craftsman, and is offered from a sheer love of good art as such, and interest in the success of your own good gifts. It may be that I am alone in my feeling. The comments I hear about it are of praise, and it may be that even if it commended itself to you to change the names, your publishers would resent it; and in any case I may be all wrong. But my conviction is such that I should not be honest to you if I withheld it.

Thanking you for a delightful experience,

Sincerely,

MARGUERITA MERRINGTON.

From the Editorial department of the *Century Magazine*,
New York City:

MY DEAR COUNTESS DI BRAZZÀ: I comply at once to your request by sending the play herewith. I have not read it. I am glad to find an author in such demand, and congratulate you. It is an experience the *Century* does not often have, to return MSS. before decision. . . .

With kindest wishes for your success,

Very sincerely yours,

R. M. JOHNSON, Associate Editor.

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